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They Started the Crossword

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Eat your ABC's

THE most daring raider that sailed the seas during the World War was forced to dash for port after more than eight months of buccaneering—with more than 100 of the crew sick unto death and the remainder on the verge of the same peculiar illness.

What had happened? All had been rugged, picked men. They had lived well, seemingly, during their months at sea on a fare consisting mainly of meat, mashed potatoes, white bread, sweet cakes, tea and coffee, with occasional treats of fat and cheese. Yet it was found that the lack of certain vital food elements had made these strong men sick! The minerals and vitamins that must be part of a life-sustaining diet were missing. When these were supplied in the form of fresh vegetables, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh milk and the juice of oranges the men quickly recovered.

Medical authorities are giving more and more study to the prevention and cure of disease by use of proper foods. If we wish to be well, happy and efficient, we must eat the right food.

We eat three supposedly good meals a day—and still we may be starving for the vital elements our bodies need. Some of the "prepared" foods of today have been robbed of important health-giving elements which Nature put in them. It is very easy to over-eat and still be under-nourished.

Many of our physical ailments could be avoided by giving proper attention to the selection of food. Nutrition is an individual problem and it varies according to age., For instance, the person of advancing years needs a greater amount and a greater proportion of "roughage" than a child. "Roughage" in the form of whole wheat, whole cereals, bran or bulky vegetables and fruits is necessary for health.

Variety in the diet is absolutely essential. Children, especially, need pure milk, vegetables and fruit. An insufficiency of these foods is frequently the cause of thinness and stunted growth.

The mistake that many people make is in neglecting to use enough milk, whole wheat bread, fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals from which the outer covering has not been removed—rice, wheat, oats, corn, barley—the *natural* foods in which vitamins and minerals are most plentiful. Without them the teeth, blood and bones will suffer, and bodily functions will be interfered with. Without vitamins there can be neither growth nor health.

Make no mistake—the most important health law is the law of keeping well by eating the right food.

According to the American Medical Association vitamins are constituents of our food that are essential to health. Three are known at present designated as Vitamins A, B and C. (see chart below.)

A deficiency of "A" in the diet may result in symptoms of rickets and a disease of the eyes as well as lack of normal development.

A deficiency of "B" may result in the loss of appetite and symptoms of a disease of the nerves called beri-beri.

A deficiency of "C" may result in symptoms of scurvy.

A deficiency of *any* of the vitamins in the diet of children will result in impaired growth and health.

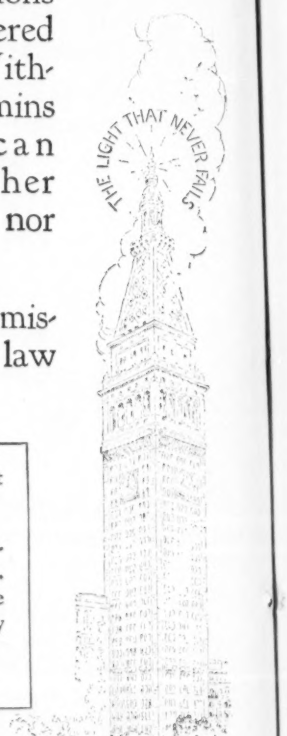
Vitamins in Foods

	"A"	"B"	"C"		"A"	"B"	"C"
BREAD, WHITE (WATER)	?	+	−	TOMATOES (RAW OR CANNED)	++	+++	+++
" , " (MILK)	+	+	?	BEANS, KIDNEY	*	+++	*
" WHOLE WHEAT (WATER)	+	++	?	" , NAVY	*	+++	−
" , " " (MILK)	++	++	?	" , STRING (FRESH)	++	++	++
BARLEY (WHOLE)	+	++	−	CABBAGE, FRESH, RAW	+	+++	+?
CORN, YELLOW	+	++	−	" , COOKED	+	++	+?
OATS	+	++	−	CARROTS, FRESH, RAW	++	++	++
MEAT, LEAN	− to +	+?	+?	" , COOKED	++	+	+
BEEF FAT	+	−	−	CAULIFLOWER	+	++	+
MUTTON FAT	+	−	−	CELERY	*	+	*
PIG KIDNEY FAT	++	−	−	CUCUMBER	*	+	*
OLEOMARGARINE	+	−	−	DANDELION GREENS	++	++	+
LIVER	++	++	+	EGGPLANT, DRIED	*	++	*
KIDNEY	++	++	+?	LETTUCE	++	++	+++
BRAINS	+	++	+?	ONIONS	*	++	++
SWEETBREADS	+	+	*	PARSNIP	−?	++	*
FISH, LEAN	−	+	*	PEAS	++	++	+?
" , FAT	+	+	*	POTATOES (BOILED 15 MIN.)	*	++	+?
" , ROE	+	++	+?	" (" 1 HOUR)	*	++	+?
MILK, FRESH	+++	++	+V	" (BAKED)	*	++	+
" , CONDENSED	+++	++	+V	SWEET POTATOES	++	+	*
" , DRIED, (WHOLE)	+++	++	+V	RADISH	*	+	*
" , SKIMMED	+	++	+V	RUTABAGA	−?	++	+++?
BUTTERMILK	+	++	+V	SPINACH, FRESH	+++	+++	*
CREAM	+++	++	+V	" , DRIED	+++	++	*
BUTTER	+++	−	−	SQUASH, HUBBARD	++	*	*
CHEESE	++	*	*	TURNIPS	−?	++	*
COTTAGE CHEESE	+	*	*	APPLES	+	+	+
EGGS	++	+	+?	BANANAS	+?	+?	+
ALMONDS	+	+	*	GRAPE JUICE	*	+	+
COCONUT	+	++	*	GRAPEFRUIT	*	++	++
HICKORY NUTS	*	++	*	LEMON JUICE	*	++	+++
PEANUTS	+	++	*	ORANGE JUICE	+	++	+++
PECANS	*	+	*	PRUNES	*	+	−
WALNUTS	*	++	*	RASPBERRIES (FRESH OR CANNED)	*	*	+++

+	contains the Vitamin	?	doubt as to presence or relative amount
++	good source of the Vitamin	*	evidence lacking or insufficient
+++	excellent source of the Vitamin	V	variable
−	no appreciable amount of the Vitamin		

A WELL BALANCED DAILY DIET

1. Milk—a quart for a child, a pint for an adult—as a beverage or used in cooking.
2. Vegetables—Two daily.
3. Fresh Fruits—At least once daily.
4. Meat, or Fish, or Eggs or Cheese or Beans or Lentils.
5. Bread and Cereals—Preferably whole wheat and other entire grain.
6. Fat—Butter or other fat in some form every day.
7. Sweets—Best when taken in a moderate amount at mealtime.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Keep this page where you can refer to it readily for guidance. If upon your judgment depends the choice of food for your family, remember that you have their health in your keeping.

Good food is not necessarily expensive. The cheapest food is often most nutritious. The most expensive food is frequently harmful. The important thing is wise selection. Select your diet from the Vitamin Chart on this page so that the proportions of Vitamins A, B, C are equally well balanced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the great importance of making certain that good food is not spoiled in the cooking and has prepared a practical new Cook Book which tells how to prepare food to obtain the greatest amount of nutriment.

This book, containing hundreds of delicious, economical recipes, is free to all. Your name on a post-card asking for the Metropolitan Cook Book will bring it by return mail.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

The drawing at the left was made from an authentic X-ray photograph supplied by a leading New York X-ray laboratory which serves many dental surgeons in their study and treatment of diseased teeth—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR X-RAY WOULD SHOW?

Back of beauty may lurk dread disease

Do you realize this?

The dreadful thing about tooth abscesses is that so often the person afflicted may be utterly unaware of having them. And meanwhile these poison pockets at the base of the teeth may be gradually undermining the health. They seep their deadly bacteria through the entire system and bring on any one of many serious and ofttimes fatal illnesses.

"Suppose, for instance," says one authority, "that every alveolar abscess (tooth abscess) pointed on the face instead of in the mouth, the hideous disfigurement resulting therefrom would long ago have arrested attention; yet probably in this case the harm to health would be infinitely less, because the products of disease would be to a certain extent outside the body, and not, therefore, absorbed into the system."

Troubles that result

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, while ordinary dentifrices require much more effort and even then often leave you in doubt.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis*, U. S. A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

WILL YOU BE ALIVE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW?

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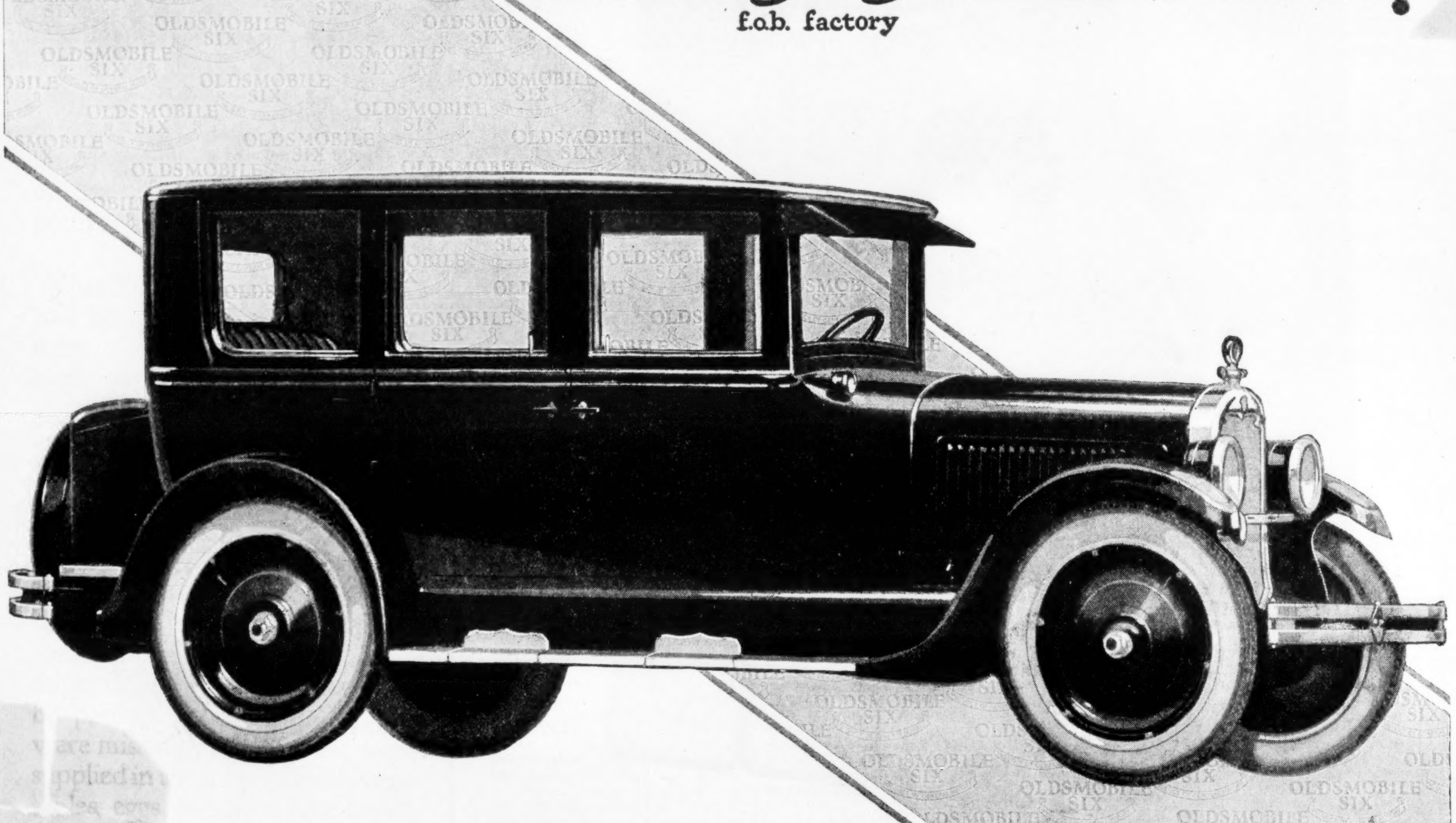
A Deluxe Sedan *and* $1375 is all it Costs!

f.o.b. factory



FRANKLY, we know of nothing that would enhance the beauty, utility, or comfort of this De Luxe Sedan. To a mighty good car, we've added everything essential to convenience or utility. You expect a capable heater and an automatic windshield cleaner—but here you also find a fuel gauge on the instrument board, a capacious trunk, and similar *ultra*-refinements. Of course, it has a Fisher body, finished in lustrous and enduring Duco. And because that body is mounted on the *proved* Oldsmobile chassis, with a six-cylinder L-Head engine, you can feel confident of the car's mechanical excellence. Stop at a showroom and see this latest word in aristocratic luxury at a democratic price.

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, 2 Passenger Coupe $1045, Coach $1065, Coupe $1175, Sedan $1275, De Luxe Sedan $1375. The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

The following certified accessories, which are standard equipment on the DeLuxe Sedan and other sport models at no extra cost, are specially designed for perfect fit and quick installation on the other Oldsmobile Six body types. They can be procured from any Oldsmobile dealer in the United States at these net prices, complete with necessary attachments:

Front Bumper	$15.00
Rear Standard Bumper	15.00
Rear Sport Bumper	15.00
Radiator Cap, with Bars	2.50
Road Spotlight	5.00
Windshield Cleaner	1.25
Rear-View Mirror	1.75
Trunk Rails [set of four]	6.80
Sport Tire Carrier	7.50
Trunk Platform	7.00
Enameled Steel Trunk	25.00
Windshield Wings [pair]	17.00
Running Board Step Plates [pair]	4.75
Instrument Board Gasoline Gauge	10.00
Roadster Deck Rails [set of four]	5.75

OLDSMOBILE-SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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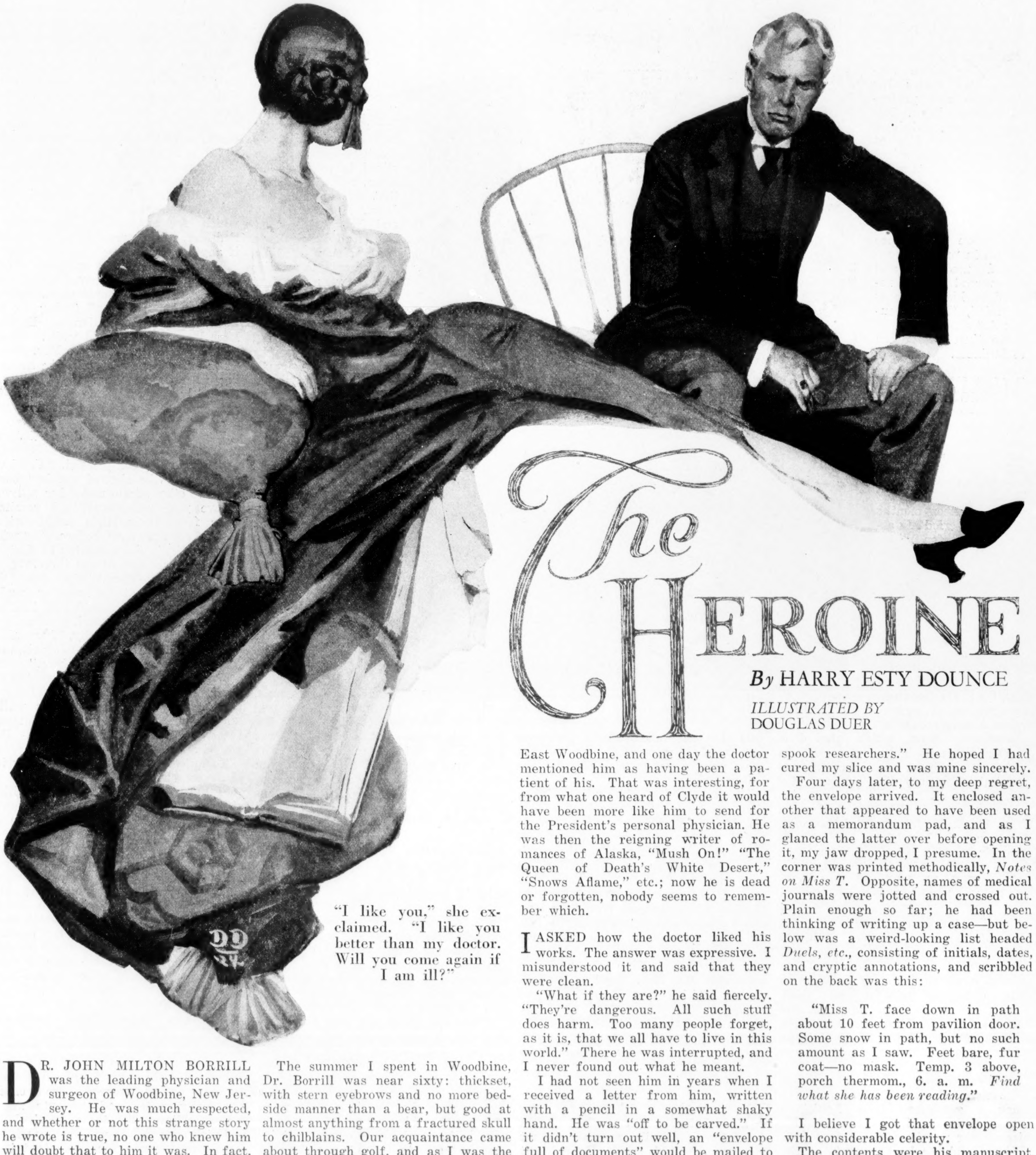


The HEROINE

By HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

ILLUSTRATED BY
DOUGLAS DUER

"I like you," she exclaimed. "I like you better than my doctor. Will you come again if I am ill?"

DR. JOHN MILTON BORRILL was the leading physician and surgeon of Woodbine, New Jersey. He was much respected, and whether or not this strange story he wrote is true, no one who knew him will doubt that to him it was. In fact, he wrote it most scrupulously as a scientific paper, and if I omit long passages of that character and simplify medical terms, it is only because as science it would stand no chance of getting printed.

The summer I spent in Woodbine, Dr. Borrill was near sixty: thickset, with stern eyebrows and no more bedside manner than a bear, but good at almost anything from a fractured skull to chilblains. Our acquaintance came about through golf, and as I was the golfer he could beat, we grew intimate. When not talking our games we talked novelists, among whom his hobby was Thackeray.

It happened that a living one, Winterton Clyde, had lately removed from East Woodbine, and one day the doctor mentioned him as having been a patient of his. That was interesting, for from what one heard of Clyde it would have been more like him to send for the President's personal physician. He was then the reigning writer of romances of Alaska, "Mush On!" "The Queen of Death's White Desert," "Snows Aflame," etc.; now he is dead or forgotten, nobody seems to remember which.

I ASKED how the doctor liked his works. The answer was expressive. I misunderstood it and said that they were clean.

"What if they are?" he said fiercely. "They're dangerous. All such stuff does harm. Too many people forget, as it is, that we all have to live in this world." There he was interrupted, and I never found out what he meant.

I had not seen him in years when I received a letter from him, written with a pencil in a somewhat shaky hand. He was "off to be carved." If it didn't turn out well, an "envelope full of documents" would be mailed to me. Now that his sister Matilda (she kept house for him) was gone, he didn't know what else to do with them, and he couldn't bring himself to burn them up. Whatever I did would be all right—unless I should go to "the spook researchers." He hoped I had cured my slice and was mine sincerely.

Four days later, to my deep regret, the envelope arrived. It enclosed another that appeared to have been used as a memorandum pad, and as I glanced the latter over before opening it, my jaw dropped, I presume. In the corner was printed methodically, *Notes on Miss T.* Opposite, names of medical journals were jotted and crossed out. Plain enough so far; he had been thinking of writing up a case—but below was a weird-looking list headed *Duels, etc.*, consisting of initials, dates, and cryptic annotations, and scribbled on the back was this:

> "Miss T. face down in path about 10 feet from pavilion door. Some snow in path, but no such amount as I saw. Feet bare, fur coat—no mask. Temp. 3 above, porch thermom., 6. a. m. *Find what she has been reading.*"

I believe I got that envelope open with considerable celerity.

The contents were his manuscript, hand-written on yellow foolscap, and bunches of papers ticketed Appendix A and so on. The references to them, sprinkled through his narrative, I omit. One was two letters from alienists whom he seemed to have consulted;

they assured him that he was in excellent mental health. Another, the bulkiest, was made up of pages torn from works of fiction.

There was nothing to show for his ever having tried for publication. My guess is that he thought of having it privately printed and gave it up. He begins as though he were qualifying as a witness. He states his education and professional experience. His age, he acknowledges, is a time of life at which "eminent scientists" have "astounded their fellows" by "embracing the occult." He, however, is "an inveterate skeptic"; he has more than once helped in "exposing so-called mediums and clairvoyants"; with regard to his soundness of mind, "see Appendix A."

He then gets down to business.

MISS THILACIDE TYSON, a young woman of American and (Louisiana) French parentage, lived near my home from June, 1915, until her death, which occurred on February 20, 1918. Through the last fifteen months of that period I attended her for minor ailments, also paid her some visits of a social nature, in order to observe her. During an absence of mine from Woodbine she contracted influenza and walked out of her house at night, insufficiently clad, in zero weather. It either brought on or aggravated a severe case of pneumonia, from which she died.

These are most of the very few facts about Miss Tyson that I could substantiate. My account of her must rest upon my word.

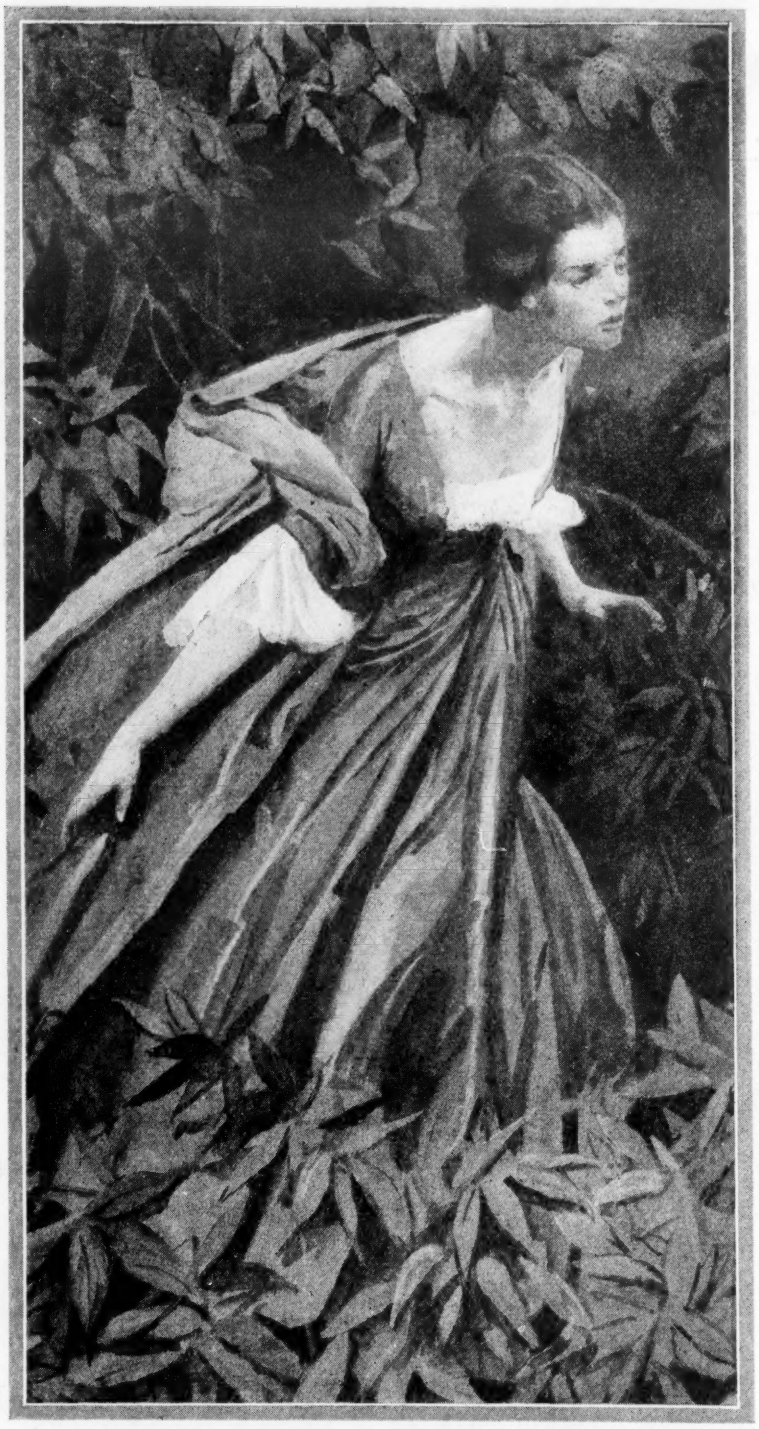
Her coming to Woodbine attracted some attention in our neighborhood. The house she bought, on Linden Avenue, six blocks west of mine, had been empty and for sale for several years. It was desirable in itself, but beside the location being rather lonely it stood well back in its plot, and the corner plot adjoining was covered with trees, tall underbrush and creepers, so thickly that when the leaves were on, you could hardly see twenty feet into it. The growth came close to the house, with only a narrow path between; there were trees at the other side also, and the shading and dampness were such that no one would live there, for the corner belonged to an eccentric who refused to allow it to be cleared.

Real-estate men have told me they were tired of showing that property when a gentleman from Louisiana turned up in search of a home for his niece. Her requirement, he said, was privacy, and the house was "just the thing."

In due course the niece, Miss Tyson, appeared, wearing heavy veils, though the weather was unusually warm. While transacting the business of the purchase she kept them on, and it was said that she talked like a foreigner and seemed extremely nervous, but those present got no idea of what she looked like.

It was the last close view of her that anyone in Woodbine had, except myself. If called upon she was "not at home" and the calls were not returned. When she showed herself on the porch or in the yard, as she seldom did, she was always veiled, and she never was seen off the premises afoot. She had brought a housekeeper, Weed by name, and a colored couple, servants; the latter lived in a room in the garage. Ice men, inspectors of meters, and others whose duties took them into the house invariably saw Mrs. Weed or the colored woman, not Miss Tyson. She had a closed car and at first went for drives, but early in 1916 the car broke down on a country road, and she was forced to leave it and come home in a hired vehicle. After that she used it no more.

THE next piece of neighborhood news about her was that she had bought the corner. Naturally we expected that the growth would now be cleared, but instead the colored man soon put up a substantial fence around it, and though chopping and hammering were heard from within it no visible clearing was done. The only further improvement that a passer-by could see was a lattice-work with very small openings, concealing the side door of the house and extending apparently into the thicket.


Through the boughs a young lady burst into view

Needless to say, these habits and proceedings of hers "made talk." There was a belief at first that she was herself of Negro blood, but a lawyer who had served her as attorney had been convinced that she was not. There were then wild conjectures. She might be a leper or a criminal in hiding. The local authorities properly declined to pry into her home, and after a time that sort of thing died down. More charitable and imaginative theories had proponents. [*My sister Matilda,* crossed out.] A relative of mine was sure that she must be an exiled princess, or a Woman in the Iron Mask.

Busybodies tried vainly to pump the members of her household. Mrs. Weed was a taciturn woman who kept to herself, while the Negroes spoke, or professed to speak, no English. The one visitor was an elderly medical man, who came a few times by train and made brief calls.

My own idea, that she might have some considerable facial disfigurement, proved to be the nearest to the truth. On the evening of November 12, 1916, her housekeeper rang my bell. She had slipped on a polished floor in the afternoon and hurt an ankle; her regular doctor in Newark, whom she was "used to," couldn't come; the pain was severe—would I come? I was getting my hat and coat when I was told, with hesitation, "She wanted you should promise you won't notice her appearance. I wasn't to bring you unless you'd say you won't."

"What's wrong with her appearance?" I said thoughtlessly. Mrs. Weed again hesitated before saying, "She don't let no one see her face."

"If what she's hurt is her ankle," I said, "I won't want to."

"And you won't talk of it?"

I said I was not given to talking of patients, but perhaps she would better go elsewhere. She quickly explained that she had meant, talk to Miss Tyson, and added, "She wouldn't have no other doctor here. They're young. She's saw you going by and knows you ain't."

I was not impressed with the woman's tact. I accompanied her, however.

There was nothing out of the ordinary about the interior of the house, unless it was the number of bookshelves. I was shown upstairs. Miss Tyson lay on her bed in a plush robe, of a hue that I believe would be termed peach color, making no outcry, but indeed in pain, to judge from clenched hands and sharp intakes of breath through her teeth. In view of the foregoing it did not surprise me much that she was masked—not with iron but with grayish-green cloth, the familiar masquerade affair, stiffened down to the nostrils and falling loose to below the chin. Her eyes, through its shadowing eyeholes, were dark and bright. In a rich, deep voice with a very marked French accent she bade me good evening, then took up a book and read, or pretended to, while I examined her ankle.

I am a confirmed bachelor and am reputed a woman hater, yet even if I had not been prepared to find her masked I am not sure I should have thought it the most striking thing about her. At a glance, her form and proportions were exceptionally beautiful; in my place, a susceptible young fellow might have said that a goddess or a sultana lay before him. Like her voice, her hair, which was lustrous black, arranged in heavy braids, denoted a most vital constitution. Her skin was clear and white without morbid pallor or transparency. Her hands were fine, healthy, and shapely, and her unswollen foot and ankle (from which, for anatomical comparison, I had Mrs. Weed remove a slipper) were, if anything, finer.

The other ankle was sprained. While I strapped it she behaved quite well for a woman of her evident sensibility, gripping her book and trying not to writhe. Our conversation was limited. How long till she could walk? When told, she sighed and said to Mrs. Weed, "You can get me a crutch; I'm not going to stay in from the pavilion." Presently she asked me if it hurt to read in bed. She had a light arranged for that purpose.

I said, "I suppose it does. I do it myself."

She seemed much pleased. "You love reading?" She showed me her book and two others from under her pillows. "Have you read these?" I recalled them from their titles as historical novels popular long before. I said, "Not lately." As a matter of fact, I had read only two of the three.

"Did you like them?"

Perceiving that a negative reply would hurt her feelings, I said that as I remembered them I had.

"Oh," she said, excitedly, "I wouldn't be without them! They're favorites of mine—I have some more there." She indicated a shelf on which were ten or a dozen such volumes. "When I have read one too much I rest it a while and it comes back. I do so want some fresh ones, but can't find them. Do you know any?"

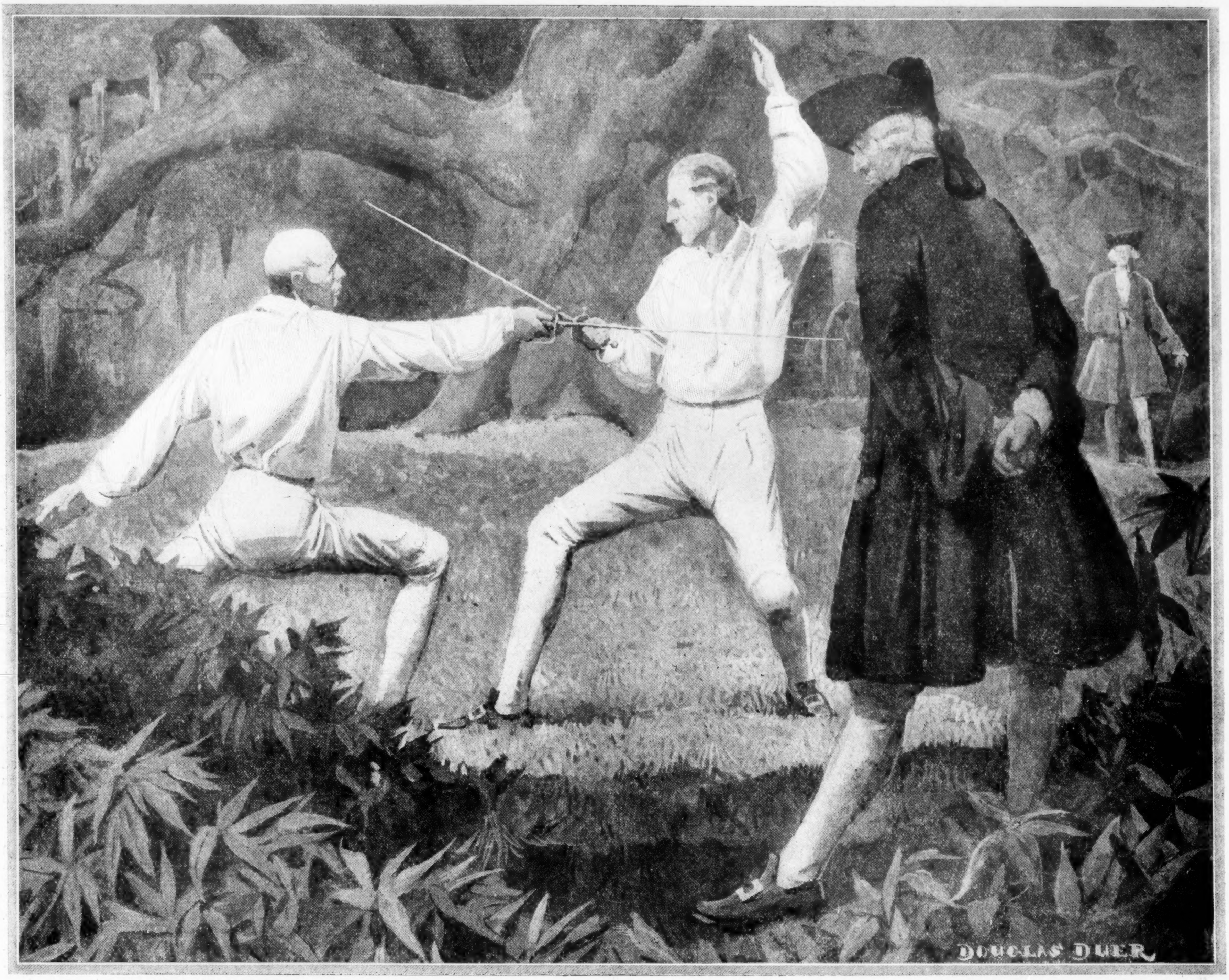
To humor her I said I would try to think of some.

"I like you," she exclaimed. "I like you better than my doctor. He doesn't read. Will you come again when I send, if I am ill?"

I gave her a qualified assurance, prescribed a sedative, and left. The childish woman is the bane of every honest physician's existence, and although Miss Tyson affected me more like an actual, demonstrative child, and despite my appreciation of her person and whatever interest I took in the trumpery mystery of her face, I was not made especially eager to see her again.

YET now began those incidents which, as I realize, tax belief. On the evening of the 14th I was driving home late from a meeting of the board of our golf club—at which, by the way, no liquor had been served. The avenue was badly rutted and the ruts were frozen, obliging me to go dead slow and pick my road. I was feeling wide-awake and, except for this slight inconvenience, in the best of spirits.

The night was cold and blowy. As I neared the wooded corner there seemed to have come, through the noise of my car and the wind, a cry for help. It seemed that I had heard my name,



One was fighting murderously, less with skill than fury, while the other had his hands full defending himself

but I had really heard nothing distinctly, and could have sworn to no more than the impression. I had no reason for having any fancy of the kind, had not been expecting to hear a cry, or thinking about hearing one. I stopped the car and listened, then went on.

I WAS opposite the corner when it happened again, and that time I was sure. Somebody was calling me from back within the thicket—which was impossible, until I remembered Miss Tyson's mention of a "pavilion"; any such structure on her land must be there. I stopped again. Whatever I had heard was not repeated. But instead of going on I got out and approached the fence.

My surroundings now rapidly became pitch dark, rapidly but not abruptly as though the street lamps had gone out, nor dizzily like fainting. They lightened at once in the same way and I saw that they were changed. The whole thing resembled one of those "dark changes" in the theatre, or the similar hocus-pocus in moving pictures. I did not lose consciousness. On the other hand, I was not at all disquieted. I did have a definite feeling that some solemn issue was before me.

Instead of leaving my car I had dismounted from a horse, and, although I have not been on horseback since my boyhood, it was natural. There were other horses, with Negroes to hold them, and two carriages. Two small parties of gentlemen had arrived together in a grove; I knew them and was walking with them among the trees. I knew what they were there for, and that I was there as surgeon. I had my instruments loose in a limp cloth bag. They clinked together.

It appeared to be just before sunrise. The grove was full of white mist, the trees rose out of it dim and vague. They were not very tall, but had massive trunks and wonderful spreads of branches, which dripped gray moss and in several cases rested on the ground. At the time they were commonplace; I remembered them afterward, and mention them to show how realistic this phantasmagoria was. I had never been south. When I went, two years later, I recognized the live oaks as such trees.

We came to an opening where the ground was examined and a pair of thin swords unwrapped. Two gentlemen, young fellows, threw off their cloaks, and after some formalities and mutual flourishes, took fighting postures.

I know nothing about swordsmanship. I seemed able to follow it then, yet all I could make out against the steamy sunrise light was that one was fighting murderously, less with skill than fury, while the other had his hands full defending himself and was forced to back away. Matters were looking grave for him when, across from where I stood, low boughs were agitated and a young lady burst into view. She was Miss Tyson. I knew her at once by her face—which I never had seen. It was not at all marred, and even in her frantic distress it was most beautiful.

I had time to be dismayed at her imprudence and to motion her to keep quiet, for if she distracted the attention of the hard-pressed duelist his enemy would kill him, before everything blackened out again and I was restored to reality, standing by the fence in a whirl of blown leaves, with my coat-skirts flapping in the wind.

WHATEVER the seizure had been, I was no worse for it. Its only effect was accelerated heart action, due to the excitement. I had not fallen, was not dazed or giddy, could not feel concerned about myself, though I knew I should. I thought about it a good deal in the next few days, and must admit that on more than one evening I made occasion to pass that corner, for my common sense did not succeed in dislodging a queer suspicion, and I wanted to see whether anything further would happen.

As nothing did, I was persuading myself I had nodded to sleep in the car, and that even my getting out of it had been part of a singular dream, when a genuine errand took me past the place on foot in daylight, about two o'clock in the afternoon of November 21st.

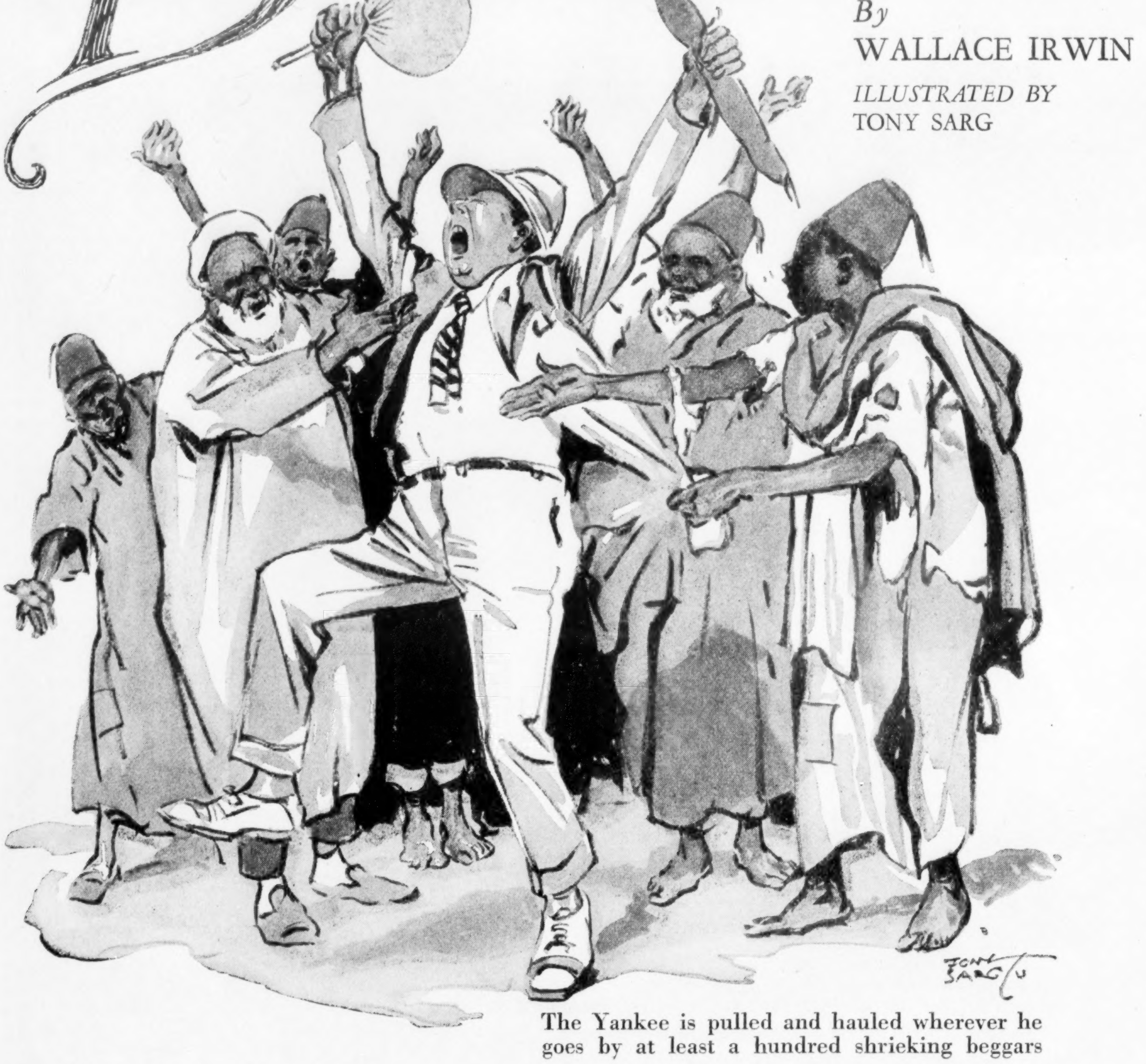
It was a fine day, and my thoughts were less of dreams than of my chances of getting in some golf. I did, however, walk slowly by the patch of wilderness, peering into it. Any "pavilion" was well hidden. Even with the leaves off, a house could have stood there and I have been no wiser. As I looked I grew abstracted; I came to a standstill and stared with vacant eyes; then —there was no "dark change" this time—I saw, where I should have seen the thicket, a cleared field, the rear of a small and very rustic-looking church, and the edge of a forest of pines with a red sun rising.

As before, there was no bewilderment. I was at home here. At the same time I was conscious, as I had not been before, that this was less than real. The church and the forest had something of the look of a good stage setting. I was with two men, one of them young and theatrically handsome, dressed in black and scarlet, the other, his second, an elderly alcoholic. Two plainly dressed men awaited us. The more formidable of them and the dandy were impatient (*Continued on page 38*)

Does the World

By
WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY
TONY SARG



The Yankee is pulled and hauled wherever he goes by at least a hundred shrieking beggars

TWO years ago last summer a certain trans-channel boat was bumping her way toward Ostend, and such passengers as could make the grade had reeled into the dining saloon to face the sort of food that Bleeding Belgium is now offering to the sympathetic world. Four Germans were already seated and making asthmatic noises over their soup. Enter the Irwins, weakly, greenishly, to tumble into the unoccupied chairs. Our appearance caused a mild sensation. Four spoons were poised, four pairs of hostile eyes opposed us. Soupy sibilance ceased. "And who have we here?" asked a ponderous voice in German. "It is easy to see," answered another in the same language, "that they are Americans—very rich and very vulgar."

From a people still smarting with the wounds of defeat such remarks are, if not justifiable, accountable. But what shall we say of England or of France, our sisters in civilization, our brothers in arms? Less than a fortnight before my Channel experience I went into a little shop in Folkestone and asked the price of a rather mediocre wool sweater. When the shopkeeper informed me I told him I could do a little better in New York. "Undoubtedly," he responded with a hostile smile. "You can jolly well afford to outsell us now. You came into the war a year too late and England's paying your bloody bills."

A month later France contributed this: We were in a railway carriage, going from Brussels to Paris. As we gazed out on the tragic, scarred countryside a little French officer engaged us in conversation. He had suffered in a German prison, his father had been killed, his family had been disrupted by the war—he had cause for bitterness, God knows; but he showed very little toward Germany. It was for us that he had reserved his gall. With all the humility of the traveling American I confessed my pride in our little share. We had done very well, he admitted none too fervently, but on the whole it would have been better if America had stayed out. Why? Oh, well—with a shrug—we did nothing but complicate the peace treaty.

THESE are merely examples, plucked here and there, in an attempt to answer the question, does the world hate America? It would be grossly unfair to show just one side, and the unpleasant one, of the picture. In Europe there is undoubtedly a concerted official attempt to be amiable toward Americans. By the chances of war we blundered into a strategic position, and, although our politicians have done their best since 1918 to weaken that position, we are still embarrassingly strong. The Europeans want our trade, our money, our good will. They don't understand us for the very reason that we don't understand ourselves. They can't see why we offer a Woodrow Wilson with a program of world harmony, then pop up a Henry Cabot Lodge with a program of world discord. Well, neither can we. . . .

To that superficial philosopher, the tourist, the degree of love and hatred toward America varies with the climate. The casual Britisher whom we meet in railway carriages is much less stiff-collared and stand-offish than his prototype of 1912. The average traveling American has become a little gun-shy; perhaps he is sensitive of his reputation as a pusher and a butt-in. Myself, when I journey through British territory—which seems to be most of the world east of Suez—I make it a point never to begin the conversation. I let the other fellow do all the wooing, and as a consequence I have made any number of pleasant acquaintances. The average Englishman, who is a little less ignorant about America than we are about England, shows a wistful desire to know about us. He has heard that we are some sort of curious colonials who made a mess of things in 1776, have lived to regret it, and want to get back into the empire. His cousin Basil didn't like America; he loved California, but found he had to go through America to get there. And have they any song-birds in America? No! It can't be possible, old boy—they have none in Australia.

As the Modern Roman or General Manager of the Visible Globe the Englishman, at his best, does his utmost to be agreeable. With such it has long been my policy never to admit any error in the United States. We are perfection's self, the rose of Sharon. But should I grow careless and hint at the least little flaw in our Constitution, our finance, our political morality, our national habit of mind, I am at once horrified by the honest cordiality with which my Englishman agrees with me. Nevertheless, I am willing to concede that the offense he gives, if any, is childishly unconscious; and I leave him with the feeling that we have done no end of work for the international fellowship, have become jolly good pals and all that sort of tosh.

Having recently completed a tour around the world I have brought back the following conclusion, subject to revision, if not to veto: if the world hates us—and I'm not sure it does—it is for the money we have and the money they think we have. In Java one of the Dutch overlords of the island, after a futile attempt to sell me town lots in Batavia, blandly informed me that the ancient carvings on the temple of Boroboedoer had been defaced by rich Americans in search of souvenirs. I was later to learn that the defacements had been caused by English shells in Britain's brief occupation of the island, and by Moslem vandals and by a few Dutch archæologists. But somebody had to be the goat. Why not the rich American who comes annually to admire and always leaves Java a little poorer than he came?

THE rich American. In foreign parts Richamerican is one word, just as Damyankee used to be in some sections of the South. We ooze, we reek. We are walking cash registers. Without understanding the value of the local coinage, or of any, we strew with both hands, vain of our prodigality. In India, where an Englishman pays a Hindu with two cents and a kick for carrying a six-hundred-pound trunk over two miles of sunstruck asphalt, the American usually hands out two shillings and an apology. This large liberality does not earn for us the love of the English or the respect of the native. In Cairo, where the picturesquely nightshirted Arabs stand aside when the lowliest British Tommy passes by, the Yankee tourist is pulled and hauled wherever he goes by at least a hundred shrieking beggars. The Egyptians, the Algerians and the Hindus regard us as wandering morons who, by the grace of God, have been given a lot of money to throw away. Our pockets are made to pick, our legs to pull. May Allah, Siva and the Perfect Buddha send many more like us.

In Egypt the native attitude was not unfriendly. It was tolerant and a little contemptuous. And yet mixed with all this there was a certain leaven of admiration; the admiration which most of the freedom-seeking peoples of the earth show for the modern pioneers of republican government. Coming down from the lovely Alabaster Mosque one morning I found a group of young men in fezzes whooping and dancing after the jubilee fashion of Mystic Shriners. I stopped to inquire and found that they were celebrating the return of the liberator to Cairo; the king had borrowed a camel and left town by a back lot. When the young radicals saw me they stopped their demonstration long enough to ask me to make a speech. "But why?" I asked. "Because," said their ringleader, "we are starting a republic just like America."

In mentioning a republic just like

HATE AMERICA?

America the young Arab undoubtedly referred to Mexico. But I went away with a feeling that one people, at least, held us in a little regard. That night with a few of my fellow tourists I dined in a little hotel to the windward of the Pyramids. It was a cold desert evening, and overcome by the inferiority complex which sometimes oppresses the wanderer in strange places we huddled in a drafty corner and watched an Englishman who had seated himself in such a way as to act as a combination fire-screen and heat-absorber. His right leg, which was long, was thrust out as a barrier to all who desired to share his felicity.

He sat quite unmoved until a tall lady with a pronounced London accent approached. Then he snuggled over and gave her half the fire while they chatted amiably and loudly on an interesting topic—namely, ourselves. Thus:

She—(*glaring toward our frozen group*) Amerrrican trippers!

He—(*seeing us for the first time*) They're dreadful this year.

She—They do spoil the Pyramids, don't they?

He—Raw-thur! But they'll be gone soon. The season's nearly over.

She—One has to be patient, doesn't one?

After experiences like this the American, provided he hasn't demonstrated his vigorous vulgarity by giving and taking a black eye, is apt to go away with the feeling that he belongs to an outcast and a persecuted race.

But my personal feelings aside, I realize that there is a certain justice in the Anglo-Egyptian and Anglo-Indian and Anglo-Everything point of view. Egypt, perhaps, was not created for the English; but that's an academic point. Certainly old King Cheops did not erect his three-cornered alabaster wonder for the purpose of attracting post-card booths, soda-pop stands, Coney Island camel drivers and all the desecrating abominations which gather wherever tourists gather. And since the majority of tourists are American, it is reasonable to hate them for the camp-followers they unwittingly attract. For my part—and in this I speak for a million trippers of my class—I should prefer to view the Sphinx alone, as Cæsar did. But I'm denied that luxury by the Arab who's always there, two jumps ahead of me, waiting to pick my pockets. Therefore, on the principle that we kick the dog for the fleas he brings in, I'm regarded as a nuisance on the banks of the stately Nile.

In the parts of the East where the people are yearning eagerly, if footlessly, for self-government, I found the same theoretical admiration of America as was shown by the young students of Cairo. Such Hindus as I could awaken from their lack-luster contemplation of Nirvana avowed an intense liking for the United States; this was generally voiced at the pregnant moment when I was reaching into my pocket for the tip. Some of the dark-skinned reformers went so far as to declare that they would like to have everything in India just like America—including, I fancy, a Teapot Dome, a baseball scandal and a Leopold-Loeb trial. One of the native servants was frank enough to admit that he preferred Americans because we let him sleep so much and never complained about articles missing from our luggage. Others were quite certain that India would be an ideal republic if it had an American king.

BUT upon personal investigation I found that the black men who are not ruled by us like us best. In the Philippines we are regarded just now with a particularly violent detestation. At street-corner meetings we are described as a race of Herods, baby-butchers, grinders of the poor. When our ship arrived at Manila, the islands were enjoying a conversational revolution, conducted mostly in flivvers with anti-Yankee sentiments pasted on the windshields. The natives, when not asleep or betting on the chicken-fights, were discussing ways and means of freeing themselves of the cursed American yoke without losing any money thereby. During our week in Manila, the American wasn't popular with the Filipino. Perhaps he has changed since then. They say he does once every so often.

Then there's China. We're supposed to be liked in the largest and most shifting of the republics; and I found in Shanghai and Peking that this was mostly so. But, as a matter of fact, the average Chinese nowadays is too busy finding out what army he's fighting with to pay much attention to foreigners. On the whole, they like us. We've promised to loan them a lot of money and even kept faith now and then; but some of them resent the fact that we gave them an inspiration to adopt a form of government which seems to grow nothing but war lords and mortgages. Because the average Chinese has an enlarged sense of humor, and can laugh at his own expense, he keeps laughing most of the time nowadays. He all but splits his sides when you tell him that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. He's tried the experiment, and found that the joke is, as usual, on him.

I found one Chinese without any great sense of humor and, in consequence, no abounding love of Americans. At the time I interviewed him—last April—he was president of South China. Perhaps he still is. Anything can happen in China. His name is Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and the day I sauntered into his palace he was surrounded by a Yunnanese guard with machine guns, aided by a New York prizefighter named Cohen, employed to separate the president from his admiring constituents.

I had rather a long talk with Dr. Sun, and in his hour he outlined quite vividly his reasons for looking upon the United States without charm or illusion. All the powers, he began, were out for a little slice of China; and when I brightly suggested that the United States had no such selfish motives, he informed me in his artless Oriental way that the United States was not only as bad as the others, but an oily old hypocrite into the bargain. We sent out sweet-voiced orators, he said, to boost the Open Door, then when a reformer like Dr. Sun came into the world and gave birth to an ideal republic, what did America do? Send money? No, by all his ancestors! We sent a flotilla of destroyers up the Pearl River to seize the custom house. Freedom and liberty? Bunk! And he liked our nerve, the way we maintained a civil court in Shanghai. How would we like it if China should start a civil court in Boston?

"But perhaps, Dr. Sun, our foreign policy—"

I got no further, for he snapped out, "Foreign policy! My dear boy, who ever told you that America had a foreign policy?"

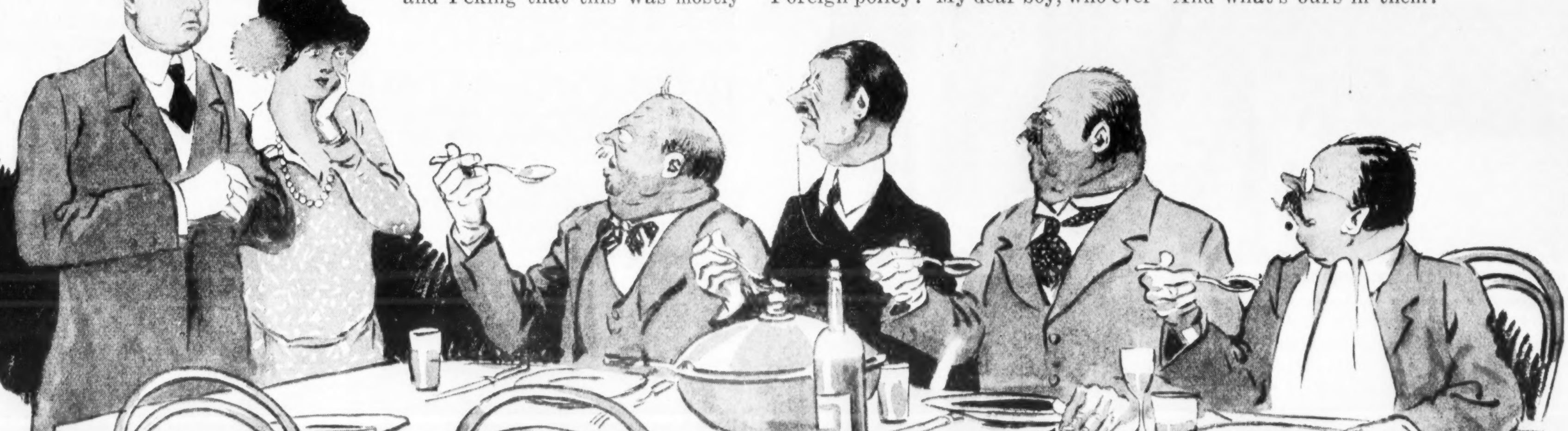
When I walked out of his palace to the banks of the junk-strewn Pearl River, a captain of the guard howled, "Ho-*yoy!*" and two hundred yellow doughboys snapped to attention. I almost fainted, thinking they were going to shoot me. They were merely giving me the presidential salute.

But I went away from Canton with Sun Yat Sen's words burning my left ear. America, my dear boy, has no foreign policy. We want the world to love and respect us, and to fructify our desire we set Congress to muddling and meddling with things they know nothing about, and care less. We wanted a foreign policy, but Senator Lodge wouldn't let us have it. When I went to Peking that rebuke of old Sun's was still blistering.

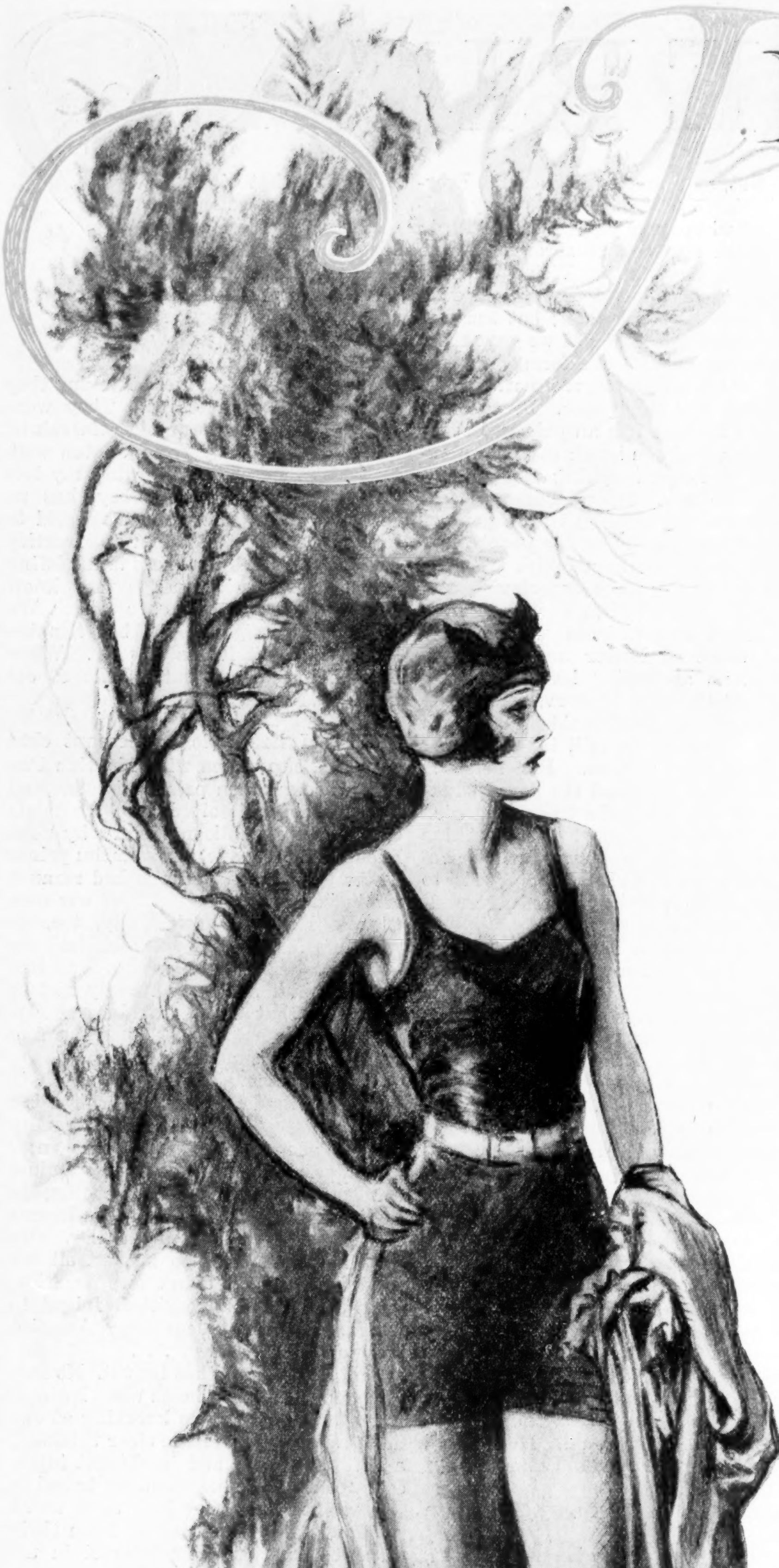
THEN I had a long, pleasant chat over a cup of tea with Mr. Sun Pao Chi, who was then prime minister, and has probably dissolved into the mists of Chinese republican history by now. I found him a suave, tall Manchu prince whose gray beard and polished manner reminded me ever so much of our own Charlie Hughes. Spiritually, too, he was like Mr. Hughes, for he told me gently to believe nothing Dr. Sun had told me, and not to feel badly and to remember that China would never forget America's kindness in returning the Boxer indemnity.

That interview did ever so much to soothe me, and I departed through the lacquer gates of the Forbidden City puffing one of Mr. Sun's very nice Havanas. But once outside, amidst the barefoot rabble and the raggedy soldiers and the pompous Rolls-Royces of that new-made republic, Dr. Sun Yat Sen came back to me, an all too candid ghost. He didn't love America. We had been a hypocritical friend to China. And, my dear boy, America has no foreign policy. . . .

And I wonder if that isn't it. No foreign policy. Nobody home when Europe, Asia, and Africa come knocking at our door, and request a little clear thinking, a little sustained and intelligent interest. That's it. And when we travel is it a wonder that they look upon us as so many fools to be parted from their money? That is their interest in us. And what's ours in them?



Four spoons were poised, four pairs of hostile eyes opposed us. Soupy sibilance ceased



Rose Saleeby, in a dripping bathing suit, came up the lawn

JESHURUN

By ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

MRS. COLLETT crossed the porch of her bungalow with the majestic deliberation of a portly lady of seventy who has outlived the acuter pleasures of life but still enjoys a hearty meal. Vangie, the maid, has placed her rocking chair where thirty years' experience had shown that it commanded the best view of Punquit Lake and the wooded Connecticut hills around it; Mrs. Collett sat down carefully, leaned back, and drank in once more the still charm of a prospect whose beauty was fresh each summer.

Peace—that was what Punquit and the hills meant to Mrs. Collett. Every summer Punquit gave her three months of sedative quiet which restored her strength against the coming winter in the city. In the city she clung grimly to an ancient brownstone house in a block that had been invaded and conquered by business. Loft buildings soared around her, making her real-estate taxes soar too; rumbling trucks jammed the street before her windows, and alien swarms of factory workers crowded her off the sidewalk when she ventured out. Because she had lived fifty years in that house, because her husband had lived and died there, she meant to stay on there till the end, which couldn't be far away. But she couldn't have done it without the summers in Punquit.

For Punquit was always peaceful. This summer, indeed, it would be more peaceful than ever, with those four noisy nuisances, the Harreld children, in Europe. Mrs. Collett's grateful glance roved down the lake shore to the Harreld cottage, on the property adjoining hers; then she sat up with a start, took off her gold-rimmed nose glasses, and called to Vangie, unpacking trunks within:

"I didn't know the Harrelds had rented their cottage."

"Seems they have," Vangie grumbled. "It's open."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Collett. "You don't know who it is, do you?"

"I asked Jethro Vail when he brought the trunks up from the village, but he didn't seem to want to talk about it. Said they was folks from Washington, and that's all he would say—to me. Maybe he'll say more to you when he comes around to tell you his troubles."

BUT Jethro Vail's troubles, which she heard annually, were of no present interest to Mrs. Collett. She had worries of her own.

"From Washington?" she repeated. She knew several kinds of people in Washington and not all of them would fit into Punquit. Most of the members of the summer colony had been coming there for thirty years; many of them had been born there. They knew each other well enough to make allowances for visible faults, and to discount too aggressive virtues. But the advent of a new family was always disturbing. There were so many kinds of people in the world, and so few in Punquit.

"Anyway," said Mrs. Collett after reflection, "Lily Vine will know, and she ought to be here any minute. What time is it, Vangie?"

"God's time or fools' time?" Vangie sniffed.

"What in the world—"

"That's what they call it in Connecticut. Standard or daylight saving? They got a law here now you can't show anything but standard time in public, else you get fined and sent to jail. But inside the house you can keep what time you want, and it's a quarter to twelve by fools' time."

"Then Lily Vine will be here before long, and she'll tell us just which of the too many kinds of people from Washington these may be."

Silence fell again. Mrs. Collett's glance traveled down her sloping lawn to the sparkling sunlit mirror of Punquit Lake, its stippled surface broken by the distant flash of paddles, the glimmer of red bathing caps. From the weathered shingle clubhouse, across the lake, came shouts and laughter faintly blended; white streaks shot downward as bathers dived from the springboard.

WHEN Kate Collett had first come to Punquit, thirty years ago, ladies bathed in shallow water, heavily clad; they played guitars on their porches in the evenings, and took an occasional glass of sherry while the gentlemen rejoiced in the new drink just becoming popular, Scotch whisky and soda water. The daughters of these ladies did twenty-five-foot dives in skin-fitting swimming suits, and collaborated with the youths of their period in cocktails of synthetic gin. Punquit got its music by radio, and the automobile had replaced the surreys and phaetons of the nineties. But Mrs. Collett couldn't see that there was any essential difference. Even the automobile hadn't punctured the placidity of Punquit. Now, as in the nineties, Punquit amused itself with decency, quiet, and discretion.

And for an old lady who must soon join her friends in the cemetery—an old lady who in the city was only a property owner and a taxpayer, vaguely known as "dear Mrs. Collett" to a less than vaguely interested rector—it was something to spend the summer in a place where she was Aunt Kate to the whole neighborhood from selectmen and justices of the peace on down. All the more so since she was not very auntlike by nature. In the city she passed as reserved and severe, but in Punquit even the Harreld children called her Aunt Kate. She was living proof that Punquit absorbed and assimilated everybody—if it had a chance.

With a contented sigh Aunt Kate adjusted her gold-rimmed nose glasses and opened the leather-bound volume that lay in her lap—a Book she read more and more of late, not because she was so near the next world but because she had seen so much of this one, and had found more stimulating comment upon it in this Book than anywhere else. She opened it at random, and the first line that struck her eye was strangely apt. "He will establish the borders of the widow."

In the city her borders were more and more constricted as new loft buildings shut off light and air. But in Punquit the borders of the widow seemed established pleasantly and securely, for so long as any earthly borders might be needed by Aunt Kate.

A car rattled along the hill road behind her and stopped at the gate above the bungalow. Down the winding path came an angular lady of middle age who would certainly know all about the people from Washington. Lily Vine, reporter for the local weekly and correspondent of all the New York papers, not only gathered news but dripped it wherever she went. By the time it got into the "Weekly Herald" everybody knew it already. Mrs. Collett rose, with a welcoming smile.

"Hello, Aunt Kate! The summer's never really begun till you get here."

"Now, Lily, I'm sure all sorts of exciting things have been happening. Sit down, and tell me the news."

"Mighty little news," said Lily disconsolately. "At least nothing that interests the New York papers. Haven't had a thing in them all summer. There just wasn't any news, that was all, but I'm afraid they'll be looking for a new correspondent if something doesn't happen."

"I have to read the New York papers all winter," said Aunt Kate. "Tell me what's news for the 'Weekly Herald.' "

"Well, Jethro Vail's a justice of the peace now—maybe you knew that. Hardest thing in the world to get his jitney now—he might be holding court anywhere in the county. There's a young fellow from New York visiting the Saleebys—a newspaper man, works on the 'Record.' He and Rose are engaged, I guess, or will be before he leaves. The young people have been having parties for him all week. And I must say, Aunt Kate, the way these boys and girls behave—"

"Oh, they'll get over it. We all did."

"Well," said Lily with dignity, "I must say that when I was a girl we didn't smoke cigarettes, or wear these scandalous bathing suits—"

"You couldn't swim," said Aunt Kate severely, "so it didn't make any difference what you wore. I remember wnen I learned to swim, in 1872, people thought it was quite unladylike. As for cigarettes—well, each generation to its own ways. We weren't so slow, back in the seventies."

"Well, I must say—"

Aunt Kate took off her glasses and looked at her visitor very soberly.

"Lily Vine, that's the third time you've told me you must say. That's what's the trouble with this world, Lily—so many people must say. Since when have you begun to worry about the young people's bathing suits? It isn't like you. It isn't like Punquit."

"Mr. Beam thinks it's quite serious," Lily protested.

"Ah! Now we're getting down to it. And who is Mr. Beam?"

"Why, your neighbor—the man that rented the Harreld's bungalow. Dr. Beam, I should say—Dr. Jeshurun Beam of Washington. He's a very prominent man, Aunt Kate—secretary and superintendent of the Universal Law Enforcement League."

"LAW enforcement is an excellent idea," Aunt Kate admitted. "How about his family? Children? Noisy?"

"No children—only a wife. They don't go about at all—don't belong to the club, or anything. He's writing a book, or something—he works nearly all the time, but I've met him and talked to him down at the village. He's opened my eyes to things about Punquit that don't occur to us that see it year after year. Really, Aunt Kate, something ought to be done."

"About what?" Mrs. Collett inquired. "I've never seen anything about Punquit that needed being done about."

"Well, Dr. Beam was out for a walk the other evening, just for exercise, when he happened to pass the Hawkses and saw them having a cocktail on the porch. He went right up and told them who he was and was going to swear out a warrant and have them all arrested, but Jethro Vail was meeting a train so he couldn't get a warrant and Mr. Hawks got him quieted down. But he said if it happened again he'd send for the state police."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Kate. "Why, I don't suppose anybody was ever arrested in the town of Punquit."

"Maybe not, but Dr. Beam says it's about time a stop was put to some of these practices. And the bathing suits—"

"Dear me!" said Aunt Kate again. The trumpet blast of militant reform was a new note in Punquit, and already it had cracked and shattered the summer's peace. "But there's no law against one-piece bathing suits, is there?"

"Dr. Beam said something about indecent exposure," Lily confessed, with a blush at the obscene thought. "I don't know if he—"

"And here come some of the criminals," Aunt Kate interrupted. "Now, Lily, use your own brains, if you've got any, and tell me what's wrong with dressing to swim when you go swimming."

TWO young people had beached a canoe at the foot of her lawn and were coming toward the house. Rose Saleeby and a dark-haired eager youth Aunt Kate didn't know; clad alike in black swimming suits and white belts, both slim and strong and graceful. Rose, with her boyish bob and slim boyish figure, might have been his brother but that as they hurried up the slope their fingers found each other and linked for a moment and broke away.

"Well, Aunt Kate!" Rose called. "Welcome home again." She ran up on the porch, then shrank away as Mrs. Collett rose and held out her arms. "No, no, don't hug me, my bathing suit's all wet. Aunt Kate, this is Ted Hamill. We're going to be married in the fall. . . . Please, Lily, don't put it in this week's paper, we're going to have a party to announce it Monday night."

"Oh, Miss Vine's safe," Hamill assured her. "A good newspaper man never violates a confidence, eh, Miss Vine?"

All the concentrated essence of journalistic ethics stiffened Lily Vine's shoulders as she nodded assent.

"Well, bless my soul!" said Aunt Kate. "Come here, Rose. I'm going to hug you even if you are a bit damp. My, it doesn't seem yesterday that I remember your father and mother coming up here as bride and groom, and now— You'll keep on spending your summers here, won't you? Oh, you must let her come back, Mr. Hamill. We'd miss Rose."

"I'd miss her worse," said Hamill, "but we'll both be coming up here whenever I get a vacation. I love Punquit. So peaceful—"

"Not since Dr. Beam got here," Rose sniffed. "Have you heard, Aunt Kate, about your neighbor who wants to put everybody in jail?"

"Lily was just telling me. She takes him quite seriously."

"Oh," said Hamill, "we newspaper men thrive on trouble, don't we, Miss Vine? You'd get plenty of space in the New York papers if Beam did have somebody arrested."

"Really?" said Aunt Kate. "I'm afraid nobody in Punquit is prominent enough to break into print."

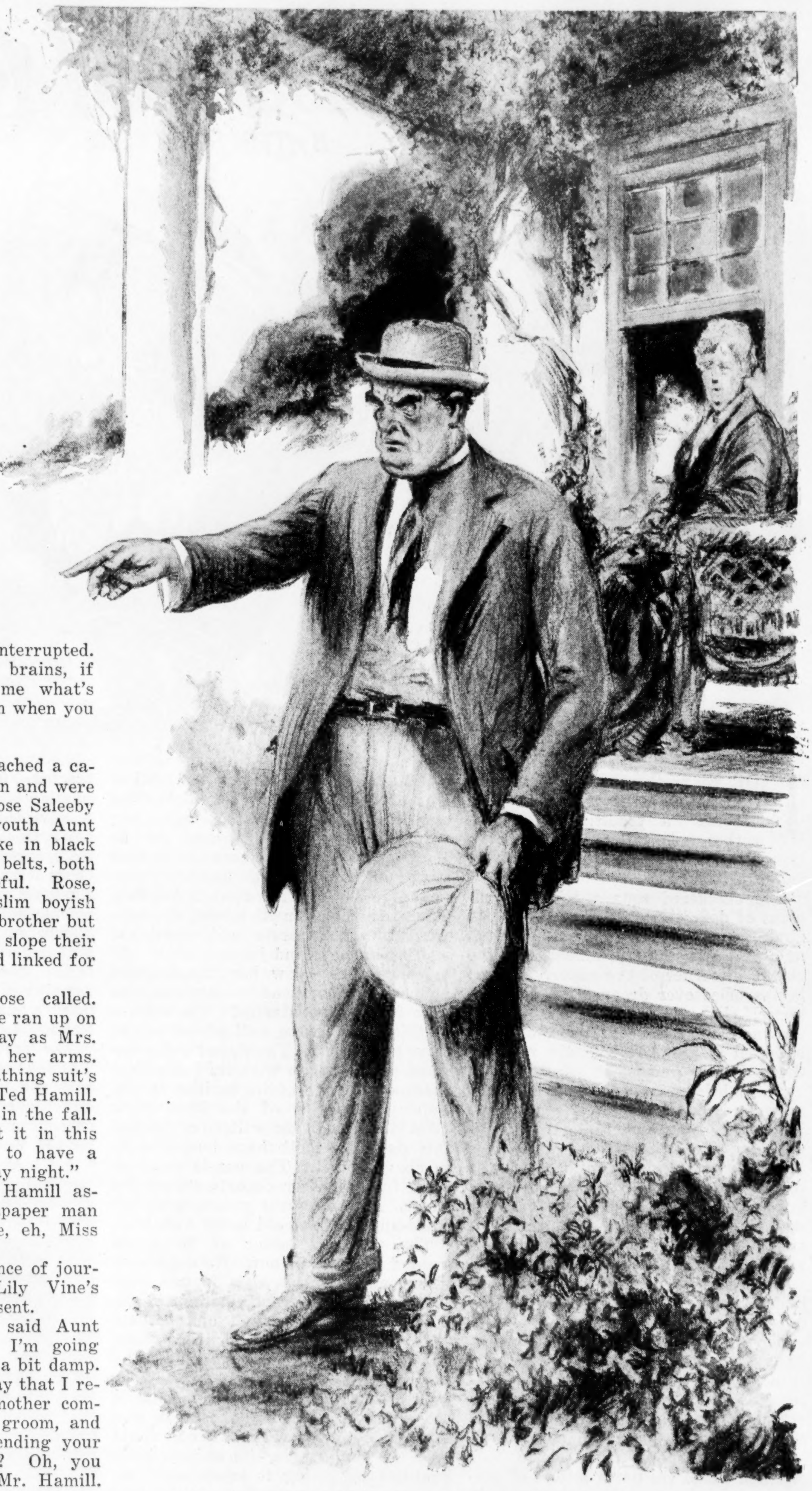
"It's Beam that's prominent, Mrs. Collett. Oh, yes, he's really quite a person in Washington. He stops prize fights, gets prohibition directors fired; Congress eats out of his hand—he's got three or four reform laws enacted by worrying people till they'd do anything to shut him up. Jeshurun Beam is news. If he has somebody arrested, even on his vacation, every New York paper will carry it. Keep on your toes, Miss Vine; you'll have a front-page scandal in Punquit yet."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Kate. "In thirty years I haven't heard of a scandal in Punquit."

"He wrote to Mother," said Rose fierily, "and said it was his duty to warn her that my bathing suit wasn't the thing to wear in mixed parties, assuming that it was advisable to let the sexes go swimming together, anyway. I wish you'd seen the letter Mother wrote back! Told him he was a nasty-minded old man and that he ought to keep his long nose out of other people's business. We haven't heard a peep out of him since."

"He's probably trying to get a warrant from Jethro Vail," Hamill suggested, laughing.

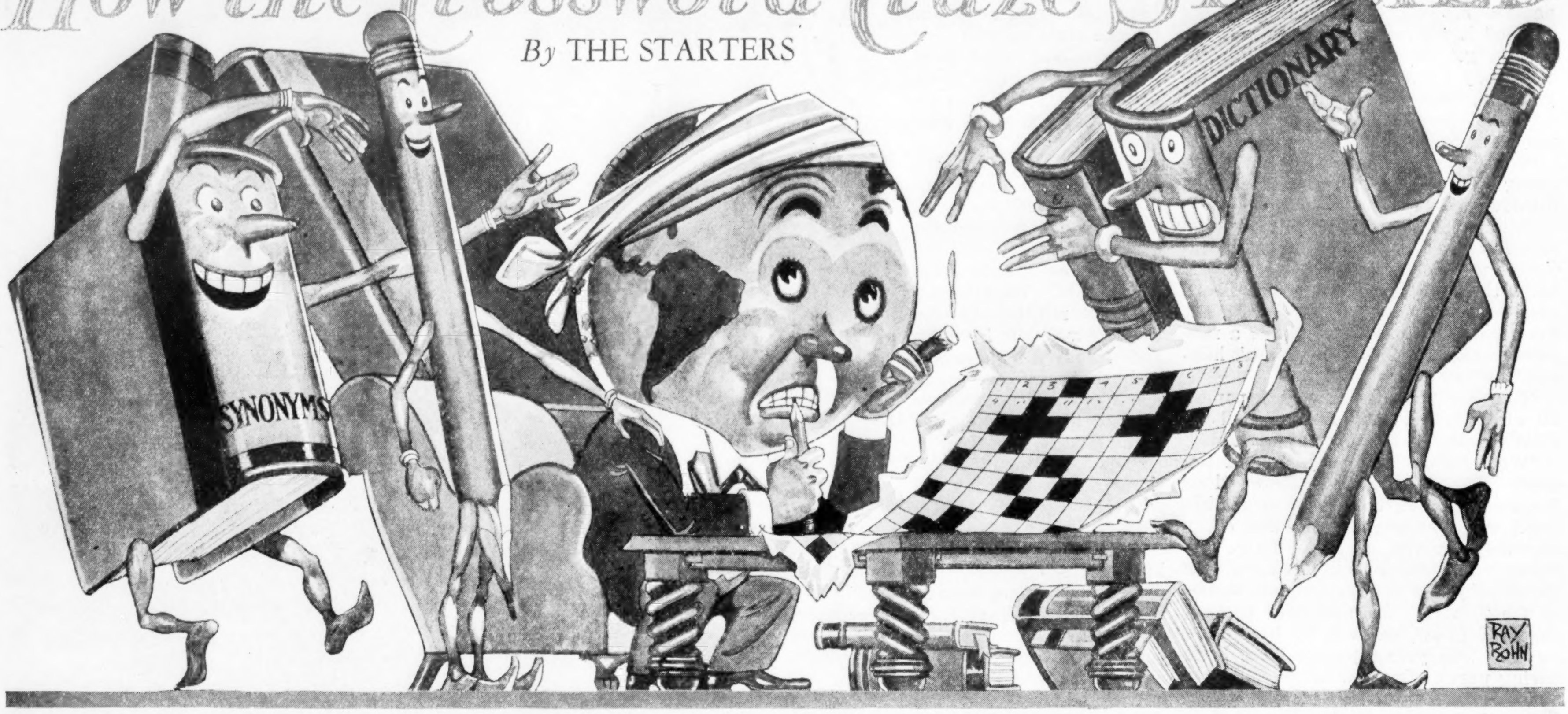
"Don't take men of his type too lightly," Aunt (*Continued on page 32*)



"Young woman," cried Dr. Beam, "go home and put on some more appropriate clothes. This is the last warning"

How the Crossword Craze STARTED

By THE STARTERS



FOR years there persisted in the Sunday office of the New York "World" a tradition that was rather mystifying. It was a notion that the crossword puzzle was worth printing.

The checkered square, with its columns of definitions, was unsightly, had no decorative value, and was published, as a sort of necessary nuisance, in the obscurest corner of the paper. No one in the office ever dreamed of amusing himself by working out one of the strange-looking constructions, or even bothered to inquire about the rules of the ridiculous game.

Nevertheless, it was dogma that the crossword puzzle had a certain following among the readers. It had appeared regularly in the newspaper since 1912 when Arthur Wynne, who was editing a department devoted to jokes and tricks, racked his brains for some steady space filler, and remembered a kind of puzzle he had seen in magazines when he was a boy in England.

He did not remember its name, but he held enough of its operation in his mind to construct and print several under the name of crossword puzzles. There was a prompt response from readers in the form of puzzles constructed by themselves.

They came in at the rate of only half a dozen a week—but with steady persistence. Whenever the puzzle was crowded out of the paper letters of protest appeared promptly, not strong in numbers, but indignant in tone. A "bug" following—that was the necessary inference—not large, but faithful; sufficient in numbers to justify the small space given to the feature. And so, year after year, the crossword puzzle was printed. It was despised, but it lingered on, supported by a little band of devotees somewhere out in the vague mass of the public.

And now, all of a sudden, it becomes the fad of a lifetime! You see on every side people putting pencil to the numbered squares. "What is a steen-letter word meaning blah?" is as much in the public ear as "Yes, we have no bananas" was a year or two ago. Probably more than eighty per cent of the newspapers of the country print crossword puzzles daily. The sale of crossword puzzle books is around a million. One of them is a best seller—beating any book of fiction. The vogue has spread to England, and even on the Continent there are crossword puzzles in various languages. Jewish newspapers in America run them in Yiddish. There are endless news stories of crossword puzzle contests and meetings; endless cartoons and jokes.

How come? How has the despised and languishing head-breaker risen to such feverish popularity? The writers of this article were well placed to observe the process. The rise of the crossword puzzle began with its being featured on a page of ingenuities in the Sunday magazine of the New York "World." One of the writers originated this page and both have been jointly in charge of it. The puzzle came to them from another department of the paper. It was forever gumming up the make-up, and it would never look well.

The unhappy editor of the page wanted to throw it out. He did throw it out one Sunday when it was particularly obnoxious. Letters of complaint were in the mail on Monday. There were only half a dozen of them, but they ran something like this: "The only thing I give a hang about on your page or in your Sunday magazine is the crossword puzzle." Since it was impossible to get rid of it, one could only try to minimize its objectionable qualities by giving it less space. So the cuts were run smaller and the definitions were set in agate (the smallest newspaper type). The crossword puzzle was immovably established on the page of ingenuities. The page attracted attention, and the crossword puzzle got its share.

Now, the crossword addict is a savage correspondent. A mistake in a puzzle brought burning condemnation, and there were many mistakes. It was on the basis of this interminable stream of complaints that the policy was formed which brought the crossword puzzle to its present vogue. A sustained attempt was made to avoid the things complained of; and there was formulated a standard of merit based upon letters of condemnation—and praise.

The first matter to be looked after was that of errors, wrong numbers on cuts and in type, incorrect definitions, and the omission of definitions. You can imagine the fury of an enthusiastic puzzler when, after a heroic attempt to fill in a corner and a vain waste of much time, he discovered that his difficulty was caused by a wrongly defined word, which had led him to fill in "horse" where "crate" was needed. The checking up of crossword puzzles presented special problems which were largely outside of the scope of the proof-reading force. It was finally discovered that the only way to avoid errors was for the editor to work out each puzzle on the proof sheet.

Another question was that of interlock. The readers constantly complained that the puzzles printed were often sets of small puzzles in squares, rather than squares that were unified puzzles. They demanded that all parts of a puzzle interlock.

Then there were demands that foreign words be tabooed, that only dictionary words be used, and that crazy abbreviations be abolished. (A constructor, upon getting into a tight corner, and not being able to escape such a combination of letters as "GPJU," would calmly leave it and define it as "Grand Potentate of the Johnstown Union." The solvers didn't like that sort of thing.)

These requirements were met by selecting puzzles for publication that more nearly fulfilled them, by editing puzzles to fit the standard and by sending instructions to contributors. These methods gradually raised the quality of the contributions, and it was obvious that the crossword puzzle was gaining in favor.

At this stage the crossword began to be taken up by the so-called intelligentsia. Paladins like F. P. A., Heywood Broun, Ruth Hale, Briggs, Gelett Burgess and Kathleen Norris became interested in it. Soon the crossword puzzle was mentioned in smart writing, and about two years ago it (*Continued on page 42*)

PROSPER BURANELLI

MARGARET PETHERBRIDGE

THEY are gentle, inoffensive persons, but for calculating cruelty their work makes the Spanish Inquisition look like kindergarten punishment. They started the crossword puzzle craze—nursed it and fought for it before it could crawl. And now look at the thing! We shall lure them to the office some day. An open elevator shaft, a quick shove—and we can go home in peace.

TEN COMMANDMENTS *for Young Husbands*

By JEAN H. NORRIS
Magistrate, New York City

© *Paul Thompson*

New York's famous woman judge dips into her court experience for rules to avoid domestic squalls

THE man's name was Robinson and he was in my court recently on the charges of abandonment and non-support. The abandoned and the non-supported were there to confront him—a shabby wife and three bedraggled little children, sniffling, underfed creatures not as clean as they might have been. The delinquent father, however, was sufficiently well dressed. Indeed, yes. He could have walked through the corridors of the Ritz and not been conspicuous.

I have found that I can get more closely to the truth, which floats in those submerged streams of thought that do not ordinarily find expression in speech, under the new system of permitting only one family in the small courtroom at a time. In a small room, by some chemistry of altered background, I cease to be a judge and become a friendly listener. Sometimes the man and wife forget all about me and get to squabbling with as much freedom as if they were in their own homes.

"Mr. Robinson," I began with this man, "why don't you support your family?"

"Judge," spoke up the wife, "he's living with his mother. She thinks I'm not good enough for him; me, that bore him three children. It's his mother who buys him those expensive clothes, Judge. When he ain't working or the rent is due he just up and goes home."

I found out by investigation that it was perfectly true. Mr. Robinson was a male of the human species of a kind that in my opinion is not sufficiently rare. The country could get along without any of his sort. He had no more feeling about walking off and leaving his wife and children confronted by starvation than would a papa alligator. The protective instinct had simply been left out of him. Besides he was inordinately selfish and thoroughly spoiled by a foolish mother.

The basic trouble there, though, was the fact that the man's interests were not centered on the people in his home. But these cases are not laid before me in sharply defined tones of black and white. It is easy enough for me to say that the man is neglecting his wife, and incidentally, their children, but I've got to go farther sometimes and recognize something that the man may not be articulate enough to explain, that his wife has killed his interest by falling into slatternly ways, by nauseating him by her appearance at breakfast, by boring him by the stupid repetition of minor complaints. Nevertheless, one of the biggest counts against men is that the sense of parenthood does not exist in their character to the extent it does in women.

In my court I find that the only way to deal with such creatures is by using the methods of animal trainers, by punishing them or by threatening to punish them.

Next to that kind of husband I think that the least desirable must be one of those who are invariably and eternally right. There is such a large percentage of this type among the deficient husbands who pass in review before me that I am afraid I shall form an exaggerated opinion as to the extent of this trait among men. But, then, none knows better than I that it is not an exclusively masculine failing.

I took a fractious pair into chambers the other day. By their appearance they should have still been honeymooning. Instead they were glaring at each other and thinking about divorce. I invited them to talk and they started into a competition of recrimination, but I hushed the husband while the girl said:

"No matter what my husband says or does he is always right. Whatever I do or say is wrong. I'm not going to live with him another day." Tears were streaming and her nose was red and the husband was shuffling his feet and appeared thoroughly unhappy.

"Of course, I'm right in our arguments," he began. "I'm older'n she is. I'm a man. Shouldn't she obey me? I tell her things for her own good. I'm a man and she's just a kid." Not the faintest notion in his head that they were equal partners in their enterprise.

I managed to send that couple home with tears dried and pretty well pleased with each other and themselves, but I suppose they'll be back again. They will as sure as fate if that man resumes his dictatorial "I'm-right-and-you're-young-and-ignorant-and-wrong" manner.

But the dogmatic husband is probably a more interesting household companion than the grumpy cog that detaches himself from the economic machine to come home to sleep and eat, takes his wife's affection for granted, never looks to see whether her hair is bobbed or curled or whether she has any hair. There are some of that kind and many of them finally get into the Family Court. Jealousy does it.

Usually these wives reach the conclusion that if their once loving husbands are no longer interested in them they must be in some other woman. This makes a fine mess. It seems to me that if a husband really is philandering and wants to be undisturbed in his philanderings he would be cunning enough to flatter his wife from time to time. Nine times out of ten, I should say, there is no real cause for the jealousy displayed in the Family Court. Usually, I find in these cases the man has about 25 per cent as much affection for his wife as she has for him. But her pride won't let her accept any such explanation. Where the quality of the love is (*Continued on page 44*)

TEN COMMANDMENTS for Young Husbands

I. Don't marry unless you want a family.
II. Don't be dogmatic in your home.
III. Love your wife as you love yourself.
IV. Strive to get your wife's point of view.
V. Don't lie to your wife about finances.
VI. Remember that you married a human being; not an angel.
VII. Don't stray from your own fireside too many nights out of the week.
VIII. Kiss and make up quarrels before going to sleep. Hang-over fights lead to the divorce court.
IX. Don't complain about your wife to some other woman.
X. Be generous with praise.

"Ten Commandments for Young Wives," by Magistrate John Kochendorfer appeared in last week's Collier's.

She NEVER HAD

By
DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PRESTON

HER name was Deborah—she was Widow Pincomb's only daughter—and until that May morning she started to lead a double life her record was as blameless as any Deborah's ought to be.

She lived with her mother, who was "well-fixed," in the comfortable Pincomb place, the big white house with its square tower and green shutters which stands on the outskirts of Indian Creek village. Her days were well-ordered, serene and industrious. And she was a pretty girl—she knew she was pretty, a girl always knows that. And everyone was friendly to her, no one was ever rough. And her mother doted on her—Mrs. Pincomb was, in fact, one of those women who make a tyranny out of mother love. Yet Deborah's heart was secretly unhappy.

She had never had a beau.

This might seem strange in view of Deborah's starry-bright prettiness, yet the neighborhood young men appeared to dread going to the Pincomb place. Perhaps it was because the widow gave all the young men a dour welcome, perhaps because the daughter had grown up to be shy with the opposite sex and ill at ease. About the only male she could be spontaneous and *insouciant* with was old Ben Stubbs, who was whiskered and gnarled and mowed the lawn.

This was her secret cross, and there was one special crux to her sorrow: she was in love with Lew Worthen. Not that Deborah put it to herself in so many words, but Lew was her Knight of Dreams—her Launcelot, her Lochinvar, her Valentino. He was the handsomest young man in Indian Creek, he was dark and beautifully grave, with a fascinating cynical tinge to his smile. He was some years older than Deborah, and had charge of her mother's legal matters; to Deborah he showed the kind tolerance he might have shown a bashful kitten. And he was, as everyone knew, in love with Anita Blair, Charlie Blair's wife and recent widow. Perhaps it was Lew Worthen who was unwittingly responsible for that sudden plunge into madness; perhaps it was something old Ben Stubbs said all unawares; or perhaps it was just the Maytime weather—who knows? Only there was no advance portent of Red Burns and the part he was incredibly to play.

On that May morning the Widow Pincomb, who was abed upstairs suffering from one of her recurrent "heart spells"—which never seemed to concern old Doc Robinson greatly—had sent her daughter with a message of displeasure to old Ben, who was mowing the yard.

"Wa-al," old Ben drawled in reply, "I couldn't git over yisteddy. I was into Macon City, a-buyin' my tombstun."

Deborah ejaculated astonishment, and the old man partially straightened his old body which was as gnarled as the apple-tree flowering above his head. "Wa-al, it's this way," in cheerful explanation, "most folks don't git their tombstuns till arter they're dead, but I say what's the use of 'em then? I aim to enjoy mine whilst I'm here to enjoy it. Git your hold on to-day, I say—fer who knows what'll happen termorrow? Mebbe you'll be dead."

THE girl frowned slightly even as she laughed, though her tone carried no reprimand as she replied:

"Well, you'd better get the yard finished to-day or you'll be in for a good scolding to-morrow. Mother's pretty cross with you."

"Let 'er rare an' tear," said old Ben imperturbably. "That's all the wimmin air good fer—rarin' an' tearin'."

Ben was the neighborhood's well-known misanthrope; he proudly proclaimed he had "no use fer the wimmin;" he lived a hermit's life in a little shack a mile down the road—an unlike house and master, truly, for the romantic rôles they were shortly to assume.

As Deborah turned back to the house Ben bumped into a low-hanging branch which knocked off his cap; he picked up the cap, then shook his fist at the tree.

"Tryin' to knock my head off, air you, gol-darn you! Wa-al, jes' go ahead—*I'm* ready fer you!"

And again the girl frowned as she smiled. Why did Ben persist in introducing tombstones and death into the glory of such a day?

She heard a little call bell tinkling and obediently answered; her mother had decided Deborah should go "into town" to deposit the egg-and-butter-and-chicken money.

"Do you think I ought to leave you, dear?" demurred Deborah, not so much out of any great worry as from long filial habit.

"Oh, I'll have a bad day, probably"—sighing. "Mandy's so heavy-footed and rough-handed, she gets on my nerves when I have a spell. But I'd feel better if that money were in the bank."

The Widow Pincomb preached and promulgated the practice of industry and thrift; each month the chicken-and-butter revenue was deposited in the Macon City bank, which Mrs. Pincomb favored over the smaller Indian Creek institution.

So it came about that Deborah was carrying forty-odd dollars in cash when she rode into Macon City on the interurban, that morning.

She was carrying too a strange, heavy restlessness. She was wearing the simplest of homemade frocks, and she knew it looked homemade; her hair, though brightly chestnut under her cheap and not too becoming hat, was done in the tidiest "sensible" way. Withal she knew she was pretty—a girl always knows that; but she was wondering why her looks did her no good. She thought of Marie Jenkins and her Sam, of Doris McNalty and her Albert; and particularly she thought of Anita Blair.

Anita Blair, who had already had one husband, had been married for several years and was quite old—she must be past thirty! Nor was she so compellingly beautiful; some said she "touched" her hair to give that yellow color. Nor was her manner or disposition greatly admired by Deborah: she was too languishing and rolling-eyed with men, and she was catty about women behind their backs, and she had indubitably nagged at and lied to poor Charlie Blair. Yet everyone knew it was because of Anita that Lew Worthen had left Indian Creek and his good law practice, and had stayed away the distance of three states for nearly two years.

Deborah gazed dully out of the open car window.

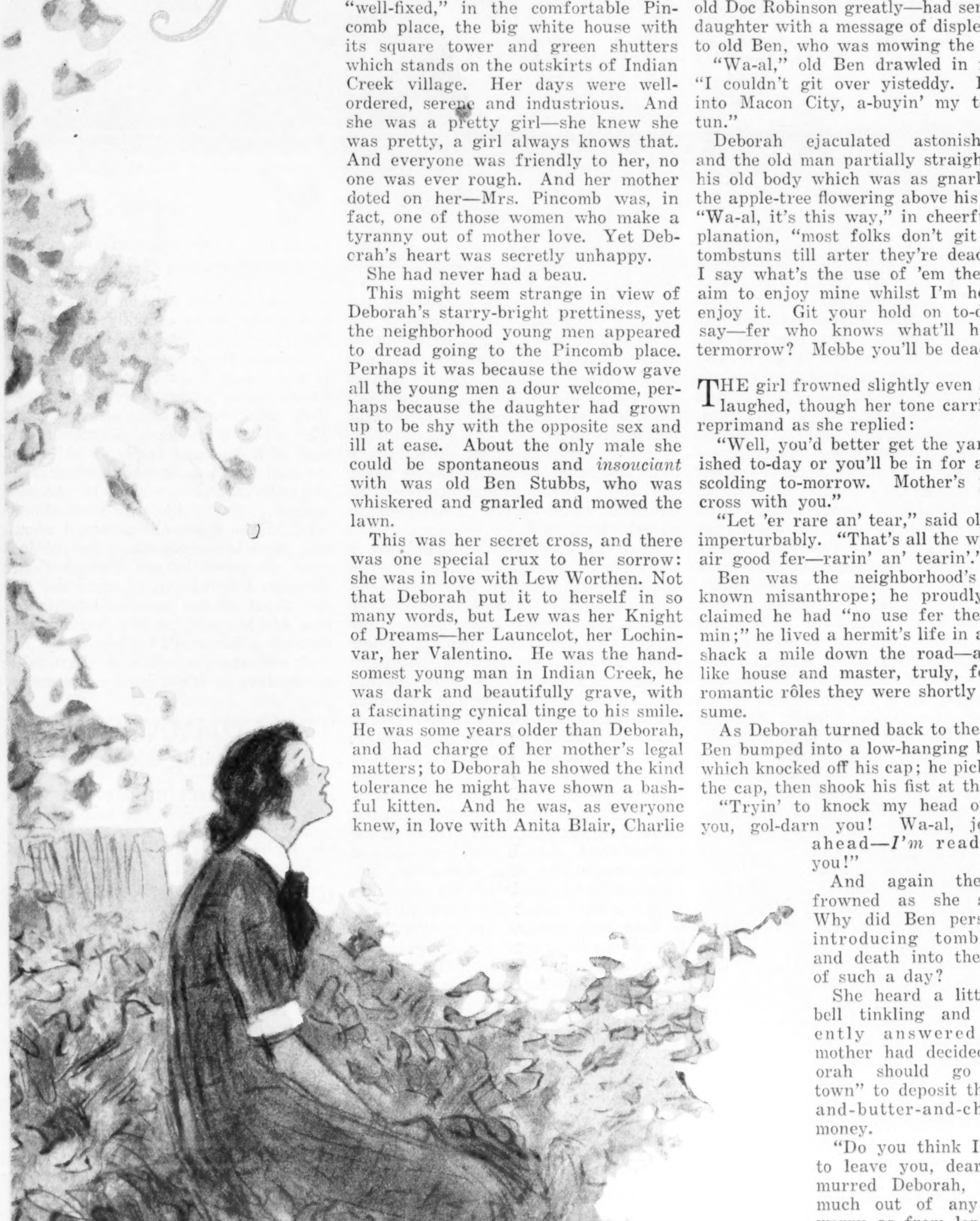
The world stretched out glimmeringly bright. Apple orchards were tremulous blurs of blossom. The grassy reaches were carpets of soft green fire. There was something so sharply sweet in the air it cut you like a knife. A quivering joy—a hushed expectation. . . .

And like a thrumming dirge kept sounding what foolish old Ben had said: *Git yer hold on to-day—fer who knows what'll happen termorrow? Mebbe you'll be dead.*

DEBORAH could never have later explained just how her mad criminal impulse was born, but this is what happened presently:

There is a shop with a marvelous display window adjoining the bank of the Widow Pincomb's patronage and before Deborah entered the bank she paused to view a marked-down "sale," then she entered the shop—there had been one dress in the window, a soft shining crêpe of a blue that was heaven's own color—and presently Deborah Pincomb was trying on that dress.

The vivid blue made her so radiant she was half afraid of her own reflection; yet there was an intrepidity in her voice, a vibrant ring that astounded herself, as she heard herself saying:



"I saw a girl yesterday," Lew told her, "who made me think of you. She drove off in a car with some fellow"

a Beau

"I'll take it—I think I'll wear it out."

The price, although "marked down," was forty-two dollars and fifty cents. The Widow Pincomb's heart might have given Doc Robinson cause for actual concern had his patient had the power of second sight.

How true that the first misstep easily brings the second; having bought the dress, Deborah bought an adorable little hat to match, and some gray *suede* slippers and sheer gray stockings that were utterly frivolous and delectable. In the end she visited the bank—to make not a deposit but a withdrawal.

She was still a little dazed, astonished, and considerably frightened; but she seemed a stranger to herself—everything was strange and unreal, Indian Creek was as if a thousand miles away, the workaday world had become a place of miracles, and her heart was giddily soaring as if trying to fly away.

SHE hadn't the remotest plan. She first thought of a movie show but could not bear the thought of shrouding her brilliant new plumage; on a fluttering breath of dare-deviltry she decided on the St. Royal, the city's biggest, most splendid hotel. She picked out a big chair in the lounge of the hotel, a huge chintz-draped chair, it looked to her like a throne; and she felt like a queen sitting there, dressed in the regalia of queens. Whenever someone glanced at her and made her feel shy she would quickly glance into a mirror hanging opposite, and then she would quickly feel better. Perhaps she preened just a little.

She still hadn't the remotest plan, but that didn't seem to make much difference; her heart was still trying to fly away—something might happen, almost anything might happen.

Here and there a man and girl sat together, she saw couples meeting; her heart would throb with a queer little pain—then she would glance quickly into the mirror. People kept drifting into the dining-room toward luncheon, but Deborah, curiously not hungry, didn't care whether she ever ate again.

Once as she glanced at the mirror she chanced to encounter another pair of eyes, a young man was staring at her in the mirror. A quite nice-looking young man too, though not handsome in the way Lew Worthen was handsome; he had red hair, but his eyes were extremely pleasant, besides having an expression of arrested admiration.

Almost at once he vanished out of the mirror, only to reappear walking past her chair. He threw her another glance as he passed in the flesh. The glance said as plain as words that he liked her looks, that he wished he had the luck to know her.

Deborah's heart did a flip-flop—was it entirely terror, or partly the sad realization she could never "pick up" a strange young man if she knew how to go about it?

A slight cloud had already begun to dim her mood when—oh, dear Lord!—entering a far doorway, brushing elbows with the red-headed stranger as they passed, she saw Lew Worthen and Anita Blair.

She cringed back in her chair, no longer a preening queen. Indian Creek suddenly came very near. Her finery would never escape Anita's eye—or tongue. And why must she bump into Lew, playing the lover, just when she was feeling so happy? She scarcely knew whether it made matters better or worse that they never even glanced in her direction; they seemed absorbed in each other, Anita talking up at him in her languishing, rolling-eyed way and Lew smiling down with his air of indulgent devotion.

All of a sudden Deborah felt foolish, wicked, futile, and terribly forlorn. With no thought but to get quickly away from a dreadful place she deserted her throne and went fleeing out of the St. Royal. She fled out the nearest way, a side exit, and, whether because of heedlessness or the blinding sun or a smarting mist in her eyes, she missed a descending step and went in a heap on the pavement.

And almost simultaneously came a pleasant deep voice: "I'm so sorry—are you hurt?"

"Oh!" said Deborah. It was the young man with the red hair and nice eyes; his eyes were filled with concern as he reached down to help her up.

"I missed a step—I fell down," she explained rather absurdly.

"Did it hurt you?" he repeated, in his nice warm voice.

"My ankle—I think—it hurts a little."

"Let me get you a taxi." He was still half supporting her; he glanced around, but there was no taxi visible on the side street. Anyway, Deborah did not want a taxi—she could not go taxying out to Indian Creek! Then a sharp recollection assailed her.

"I left a package in the hotel! I must get it at once!"

No wonder she gasped; the package contained her discarded habiliments, the insignia of her Indian Creek life.

"I'll go get it," offered the young man. "No use your running around on that ankle."

"Oh, would you be so kind?"—more grateful than he could guess. "It's on the floor beside the chair where I was sitting, a big chair in the—"

"I know the chair," said the young man. At his smile she could not to have saved her life help smiling back, nor did she feel brazen about it, either; nor was the young man brazen—only friendly and generous and nice.

AS SHE waited for him on the pavement she began noticing again how the sun was shining and how the air was all tingly-bright.

Then, chancing to glance toward a window, her heart gave another flop; in a window on a line with her head, beyond the glass but so close she could almost have reached and touched it, showed the handsome profile of Lew Worthen.

Had he seen her? Apparently not yet! She turned her back squarely. She couldn't make the hotel entrance without facing him; her eyes darted about wildly, she saw an empty car standing by the curb, and with only one spasmodic thought—the thought of refuge—she hobbled swiftly to the car and climbed inside.

She was sitting there, breathing very fast, her back rigidly presented to Lew's window, not daring to turn, when she heard the red-headed young man's voice:

"Well, this is fine. Dumb of me not to offer the services of my car straight off."

"Is this *your* car?" asked Deborah rather wildly; she ventured a darting backward glance—Lew was looking out. Was he peering in her direction?

"It has that good fortune," replied the young man. "I mean it's Angie's lucky day—that's what I call her, the car—"

"Jump in, then,"—interrupting—"and drive away—drive off quickly!"

"Right-o," said the young man cheerfully. The car started with purring ease. At the end of the block she directed:

"Turn off this street—just go a block or so, then you can let me out. There was someone back there," she felt bound to explain, "that I—didn't want to see."

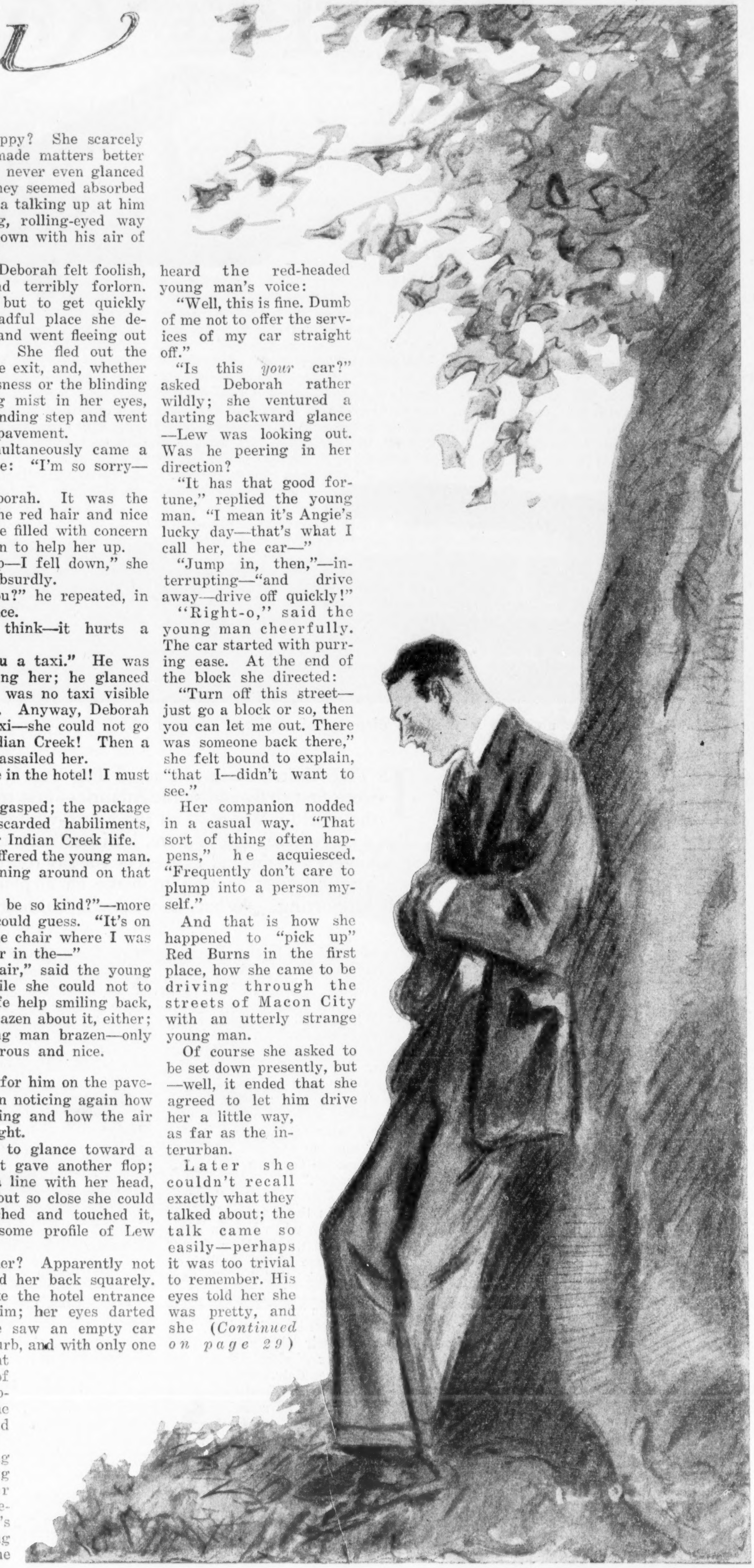
Her companion nodded in a casual way. "That sort of thing often happens," he acquiesced. "Frequently don't care to plump into a person myself."

And that is how she happened to "pick up" Red Burns in the first place, how she came to be driving through the streets of Macon City with an utterly strange young man.

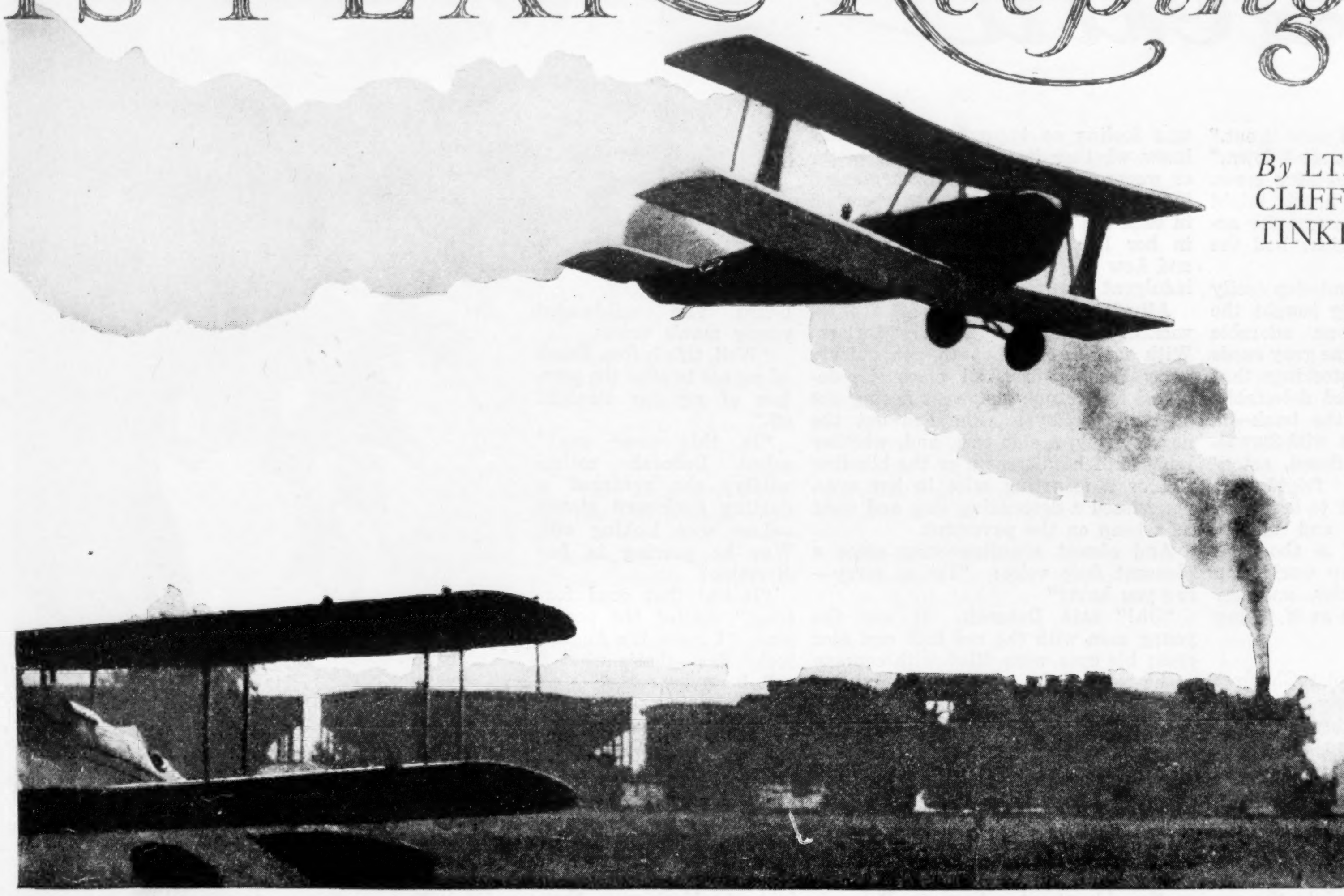
Of course she asked to be set down presently, but—well, it ended that she agreed to let him drive her a little way, as far as the interurban.

Later she couldn't recall exactly what they talked about; the talk came so easily—perhaps it was too trivial to remember. His eyes told her she was pretty, and she

(*Continued on page 29*)



IS FEAR *Keeping Us*



By LT. COM. CLIFFORD A. TINKER

Formerly of the Bureau of Aëronautics, U. S. Navy

The airplane is the one element of national defense which can be made to pay for itself in peace time

IS THE United States the aërial Rip Van Winkle? We were first to fly across the Atlantic—first to fly around the world. We hold all the worth-while air records. But everywhere, except here, business men are sending passengers, freight and express by the sky route. Certainly we have business enough to make an airplane industry self-supporting. What is it that's holding us back?

DID you ever get into a "state of mind"?

If you have, you know what's wrong with aviation in this country, you know what's keeping it back. Men, being nothing but grown-up boys, always have on tap in the immediate background of their minds the dislikes and fears implanted there by the outstanding experiences of youth. That's what's the matter with us in America, when it comes to aviation. We are a trifle weak-kneed. We haven't summoned up the courage to identify ourselves with its development.

You know how it is. Remember the old county fair and the three-ring circus? There was the "death-defying aërial demon" who went up in a balloon and swung by his neck or heels from a trapeze and then let go a parachute to come drifting down among the tents or in the Midway, or somewhere off cross-country. Occasionally one of these chaps did fall to his death.

Didn't you, like every other youngster who ever went to a county fair, hang around the old balloon while it was being inflated with hot air? And when it was filled the "aërial dare-devil," with a wild look around, would grasp the bar of the trapeze and set himself for the nerve-racking upward rush. But just before the "Let go!" a woman and perhaps a child or two dashed out of a tent, hurled themselves on the aëronaut and sobbed as if their hearts would break, only to be torn loose by overgrown, red-shirted attendants and dragged, weeping and shrieking, back into the tent. Then, with a swish, away went the balloon with the swaying piece of humanity hanging from the trapeze by one foot. Then didn't you run as fast as you could to the locality where you expected the "dare-devil" to fall and break his neck?

And isn't it true that when you think of flying, of going up in the air yourself, you immediately recall the "death-defying" parachutist of your boyhood days?

I am sure that these childhood impressions color the decisions of most of us when we are importuned to engage in aviation, either passively or actively. How many times have you heard it said by persons watching an aviator threading his speedy way across the sky, "Well, this is all very thrilling, but as for *me*, I'll stay on the ground. You couldn't get me up there in that thing for love nor money."

So it is that *fear* is one of the controlling factors in the "state of mind" affecting the nation when human flight is under discussion. Another factor which has the same kind of effect on our ability to think straight, aëronautically, is the impression, now nationwide, gained by the wartime use of aircraft and the continued widespread statements of their ability to spread death and disaster wholesale across the land in future conflicts. Due to this assault on the average brain, most of us think of aviation as something entirely devoted to military and naval activities and particularly effective as an agency of destruction.

Thanks to science, however, we find that aviation, aside from its flexibility and dreadful efficiency as a war arm, has already become an indispensable agency among those of greatest usefulness to commerce, industry, and the broad fields of engineering. It is one among other instruments of man's devising which put hobbles on "Father Time," which annihilate space, pleasantly and profitably. It makes for widespread economy. It merits the earnest attention of our commercial and industrial leaders, whatever may be their "state of mind."

These matters are not unknown, for all over the world, except here in the United States where aviation was born, business men are carrying to success commercial air traffic, transporting passengers, mail, express, and freight. But it is not to transportation alone that the commercial use of aircraft is confined. They lend themselves to such a variety of necessary everyday pursuits in the industrial and social fields that a list of aviation activities reads like a combined manufacturing, trade, and social "Who's Who" or "What's What."

There are two lines of aëronautical development vital to the public welfare—the expansion of civil and commercial aviation. By civil aviation we mean the governmental use of aircraft other than for war purposes. This is covered by such activities as the air mail, the forest fire patrol, the use of aircraft for crop spraying by the Department of Agriculture, the chasing of rum-runners, and any other federal use of air navigation. Commercial aviation, as indicated above, means many things; not only transportation by air, but aërial surveying, mapping, cattle ranging, timber ranging, commuting, and the thousand and one things for which the airplane and its big sister, the rigid airship, are adapted.

In the field of civil aviation the largest single aëronautic enterprise in the world is operated by the Post Office Department in the transcontinental air mail service between New York and San Francisco. This is the first night-flying, 24-hour service of any magnitude to be instituted. Its success is phenomenal in that its percentage of performance is higher than any other known method of transportation covering long distances. The planes leave and arrive on time nearly 100 per cent perfect, and deliver the mails in either direction in thirty-six hours, despite rain, fog, hail, snow or darkness. This service gives a striking example of the usefulness, dependability, and safety of flying.

Other governmental civil aërial activities are not on so large a scale as those of the Post Office Department. Yet they cover so wide a range that they are notable in the annals of flight. For instance, in the fishing industry, through the coöperation of the Bureau of Fisheries and the navy, fish spotting was undertaken along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Fish which congregate in large shoals were located and their location given by radio to the cruising fishing fleet with the result that the average seasonal catch was increased from 100 to as much as 3,000 per cent. Again, in the matter of aërial surveying, take the case of the coast and geodetic survey of the Mississippi delta, where, after years and years of effort by surface methods, large portions of the delta remained a closed book and many river currents affecting silt deposits unknown. In one month a single navy plane mapped the entire delta with complete accuracy and at a

Back?

cost of less than $8,000. As many hundreds of thousands had been spent previously with only partial results.

It is estimated by field agents of the Bureau of Entomology that the loss to the cotton planters of the South by the depredations of the cotton boll-weevil and leaf-worm have averaged $600,000,000 a year for nearly a decade. By dusting the leaves of the cotton plants with calcium arsenate, these pests can be controlled, if not exterminated. The old method of distributing this poison was by means of mule-drawn machines, operated by Negroes, who carried on their work during the night when the foliage was wet with dew. An average ground-dusting machine, drawn by one mule and operated by one negro, can dust from 75 to 100 acres during three months. Airplanes used on this work were so efficient that one airplane replaced fifty ground machines and in a single season dusted 15,000 acres. If airplanes were used generally throughout the cotton-growing district, $16,000,000 could be saved each season in the operation of fighting the pests, while the probable saving to the crop itself would be $250,000,000.

Other demonstrations of the value of aircraft in fighting insect pests have been made in the case of locusts, the gypsy moth, and various fruit-destroying moths and flies. More startling, however, is the economic value of aircraft engaged in forest fire patrol. In the United States there are approximately 600,000,000 acres of forests with nearly 3,000,000,000 board feet of standing timber thereon, valued at $6,000,000,000. Heretofore, nearly 30,000 forest fires have occurred annually throughout the nation. Thus many millions of dollars have been lost, to say nothing of the loss of life, crops, buildings, domestic animals, and general improvements. And when it is remembered that from 40 to 60 years are required for reforestation, it will be seen that forest fires contribute materially to the national waste. Starting in 1919 with practically no funds, the Department of Agriculture, with the aid of the Army Air Service, has discovered and put out 3,924 fires. During this work, principally in California and Oregon, there was a reduction of 62 per cent in the burned areas.

These civil air activities of the government (to which may be added humanitarian work, such as the rescue of marooned and shipwrecked persons, the locating of lost surveying parties, the transportation of doctors and surgeons on missions of life and death, the rescue of miners and other occasional life-saving expeditions) serve as a guide for commercial aviation. Some of these governmental projects are approaching a magnitude which warrants their continuance in the hands of commercial companies, but the pioneer work was rightfully undertaken by the federal government. Future operations, however, along these lines belong to the realm of private enterprise.

It would seem reasonable to presume that with general knowledge of such economies as these, the business men of this country would have long since financially supported the development of air navigation. Such is not the case. Isolated instances occur where men of vision and means have attempted to establish commercial air lines on something more than a local scale, but no great progress has been made.

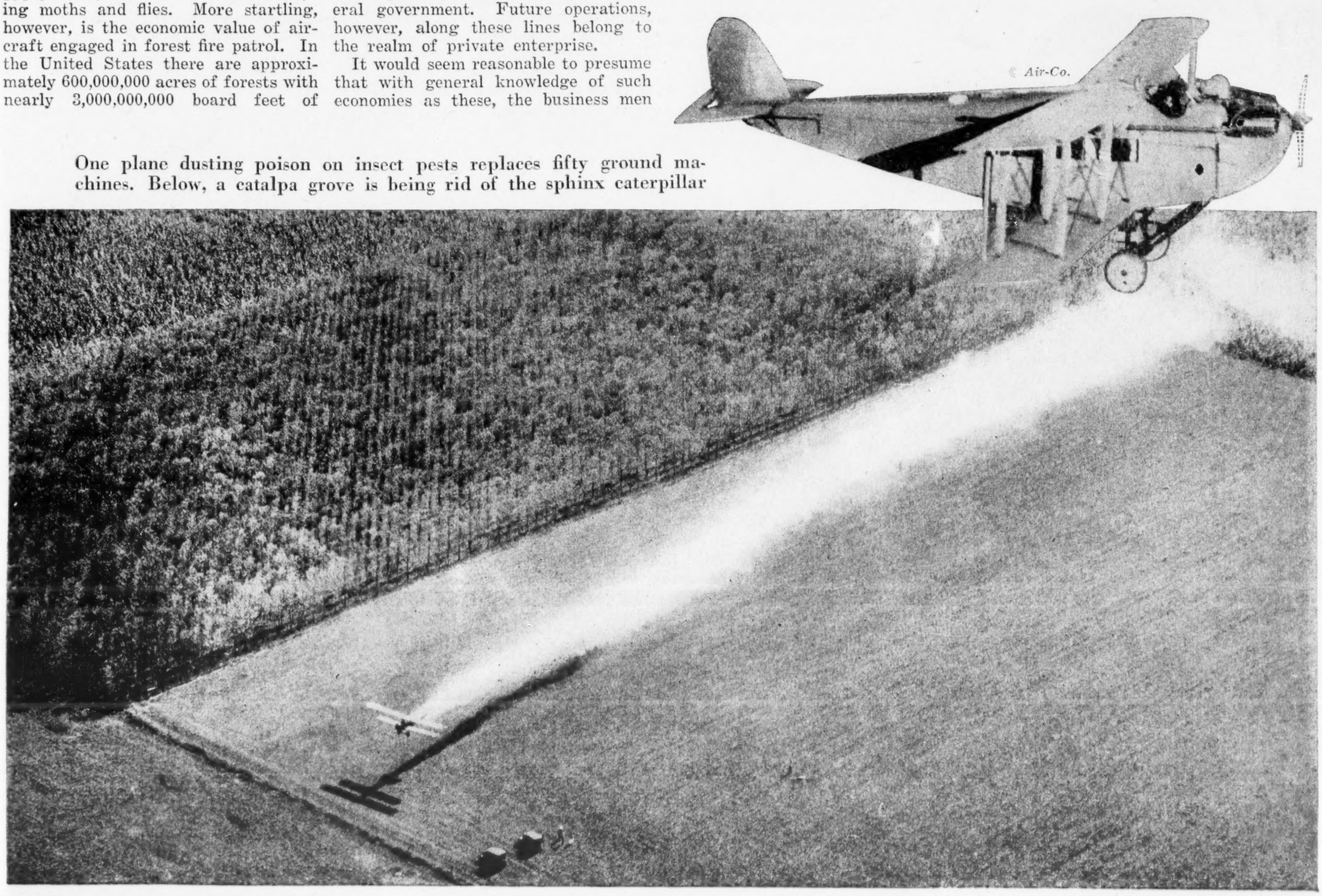
In the application of air navigation to general industrial enterprises we find a large number of uses; and considerable headway has been made in their adoption.

All such activities have been conducted with great economy, that is, with large profit to the industries served and, in some instances, the work has been done from airplanes at a very small fraction of the cost under surface conditions. Consequently we may, with reason, assume that aviation can become a self-supporting, profitable factor in our industrial and business life and, inasmuch as commercial aircraft lend themselves very quickly to transformation into war machines, they are always a reserve agency in the scheme of national defense. Moreover, a nation-wide aircraft industry will provide factories for quantity production of wartime aircraft, available the moment national emergency requires; besides, the personnel engaged in the operation of peace-time aircraft will be a ready-at-hand reserve in time of war. This is what we mean when we say that aviation works while it protects. It is the one element of the national defense which most nearly pays for itself during the piping times of peace.

In passenger and freight transportation during the three years 1921-1923 inclusive, there was an average of 126 operating companies equipped with 600 airplanes. These companies altogether made 327,512 separate flights, carrying 278,668 passengers and 442,186 pounds of freight, the total distance flown being 8,767,893 miles. Itinerant fliers, with another 600 planes, flew about 9,000,000 miles more. Now, all this flying has been done in the face of a dwindling aëronautic industry, one which depends almost entirely on governmental orders for its continuance. This indicates that in most cases old machines were used, particularly those war-built planes which were sold by the government as excess material at prices a mere fraction of their original cost.

Because of this latter fact, we find an increase in accidents in 1923 over the two previous years. The old equipment is giving out and the itinerant flying and barn-storming, being without governmental control, resulted in risky flights and, in consequence, further increased the accidents. From comparatively accurate sources we learn that in the three years beginning with 1921 there have been 221 persons killed and 391 injured in 470 accidents in commercial flying. Of this number, 179 accidents occurred in 1923, in which 85 persons were killed and 162 injured. In a great majority of these cases the accidents were preventable, but the details are sufficiently gruesome to add another straw to the business man's well-nigh flattened bump of courage.

This timidity on the part of the business man and the general public in the use of aircraft finds reflection in Congress. Congress gives the public what it asks for, and, inasmuch as the public has not called upon Congress for legislation to foster and aid the development of air navigation and to establish requirements on the part of the manufacturers and operators of aircraft, safeguarding the public interests and placing aviation in the position of a fully recognized (*Cont'd on page 42*)



One plane dusting poison on insect pests replaces fifty ground machines. Below, a catalpa grove is being rid of the sphinx caterpillar

They "DOUBLE

There are jacks of all trades who master none. There are also versatile ones, like the trouper of an Uncle Tom show, who could act two parts in the cast and play in the band too

This isn't just a picture of a young man rendering "The Maiden's Prayer." Milton Sills can really play. He is neither mute nor inglorious. You know him best as a favorite movie actor. He is also an orator and a lawyer. Once he took time off to get a Ph. D. Last year he looked around and noticed something he hadn't been yet—motion picture director. So now he is that too and seems to like it

Underwood & Underwood

When you're up at Yale keep your eye peeled for a quick-stepping man with a good figure for clothes, bright brown eyes and a coat of tan, who looks as if he did his dozen daily. That's Walter Camp, who writes about sport and health. He's sixty-six come April, and as keen today to watch football as he used to be to play it or coach it. On the sidelines he's chairman of the board of a clock company

Keystone

There's no stopping the Scotch. William McFee was an unco guid sailor, so he becomes the engineer who runs the ship. Then nothing will do but he must write books; good ones. But how to get them read? "Well, nothing beats a trial," says William; and he makes himself ship's librarian. When anybody asks him, "Can you tell me a good book about the sea?" William, with no hesitation, answers, "Aye!"

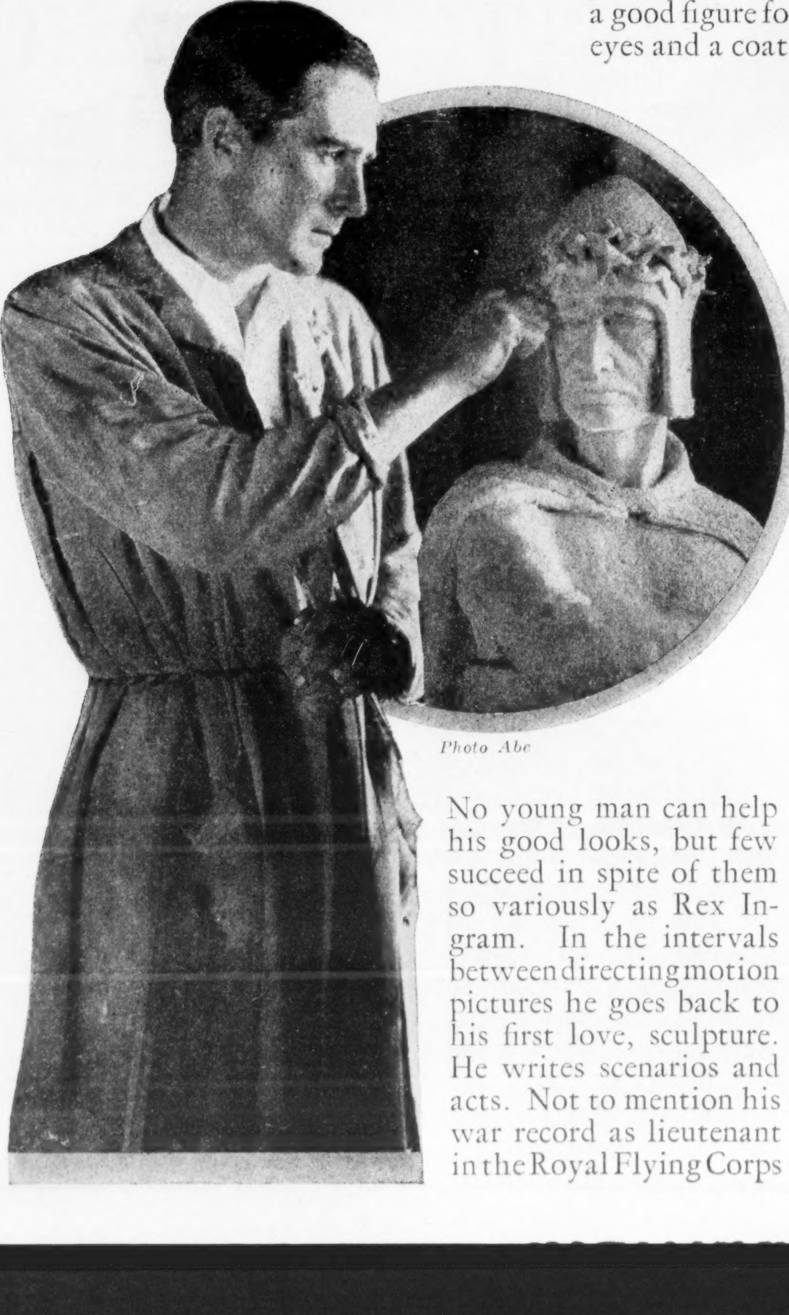


Photo Abe

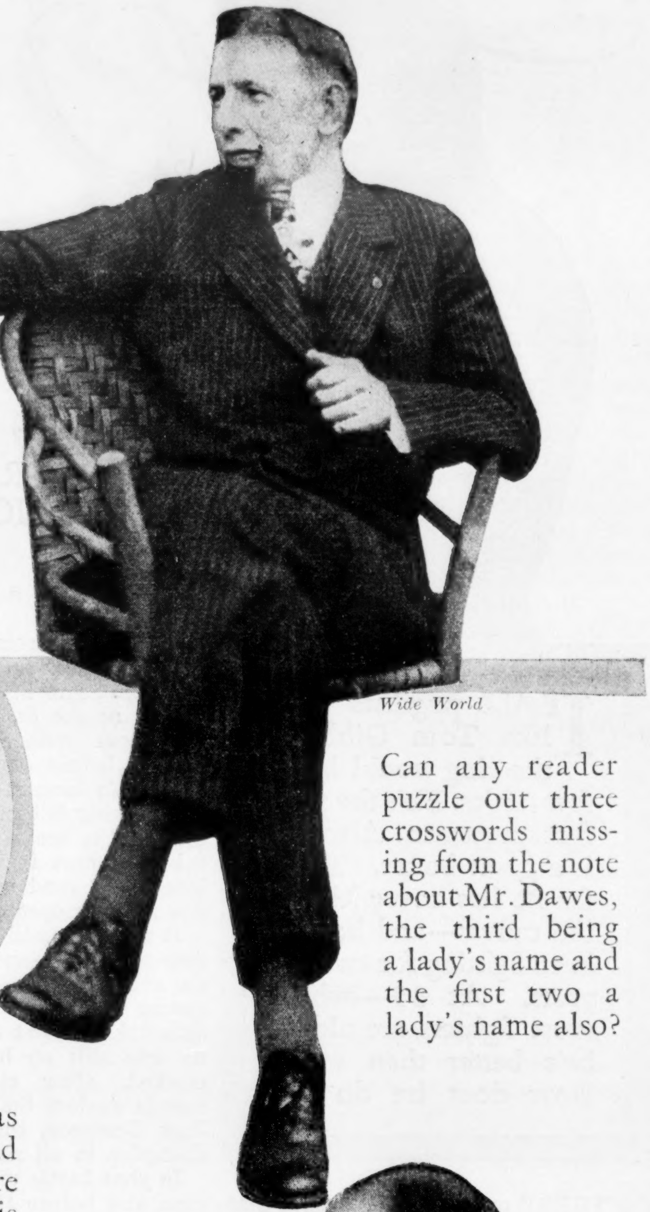
No young man can help his good looks, but few succeed in spite of them so variously as Rex Ingram. In the intervals between directing motion pictures he goes back to his first love, sculpture. He writes scenarios and acts. Not to mention his war record as lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., reading this page, will stop right here and say, "There's my grandniece Isabelle at the horse show." A Columbia University student will say, "Here's that nice-looking girl who does something over at Teachers College." He'll be right, too. She's an instructor in biology. Evidently she isn't always talking about her work, for a few weeks ago someone discovered she had held her job for two years

Wide World

in BRASS"

He doesn't seem to want us to hand it to him, but we've got to. Our next vice president, Charles Gates Dawes of Evanston, Ill., is an expert on international finance and on railroads. He isn't a beggar man or a thief, but he has been a business man and a soldier. Musician and composer are two of the other things he is. Would you know his secret sorrow? The nation he budgets to prosperity fails to name for him a good 5c cigar. So he seeks consolation in the pipe that has lately grown so famous and that bears his name



Wide World

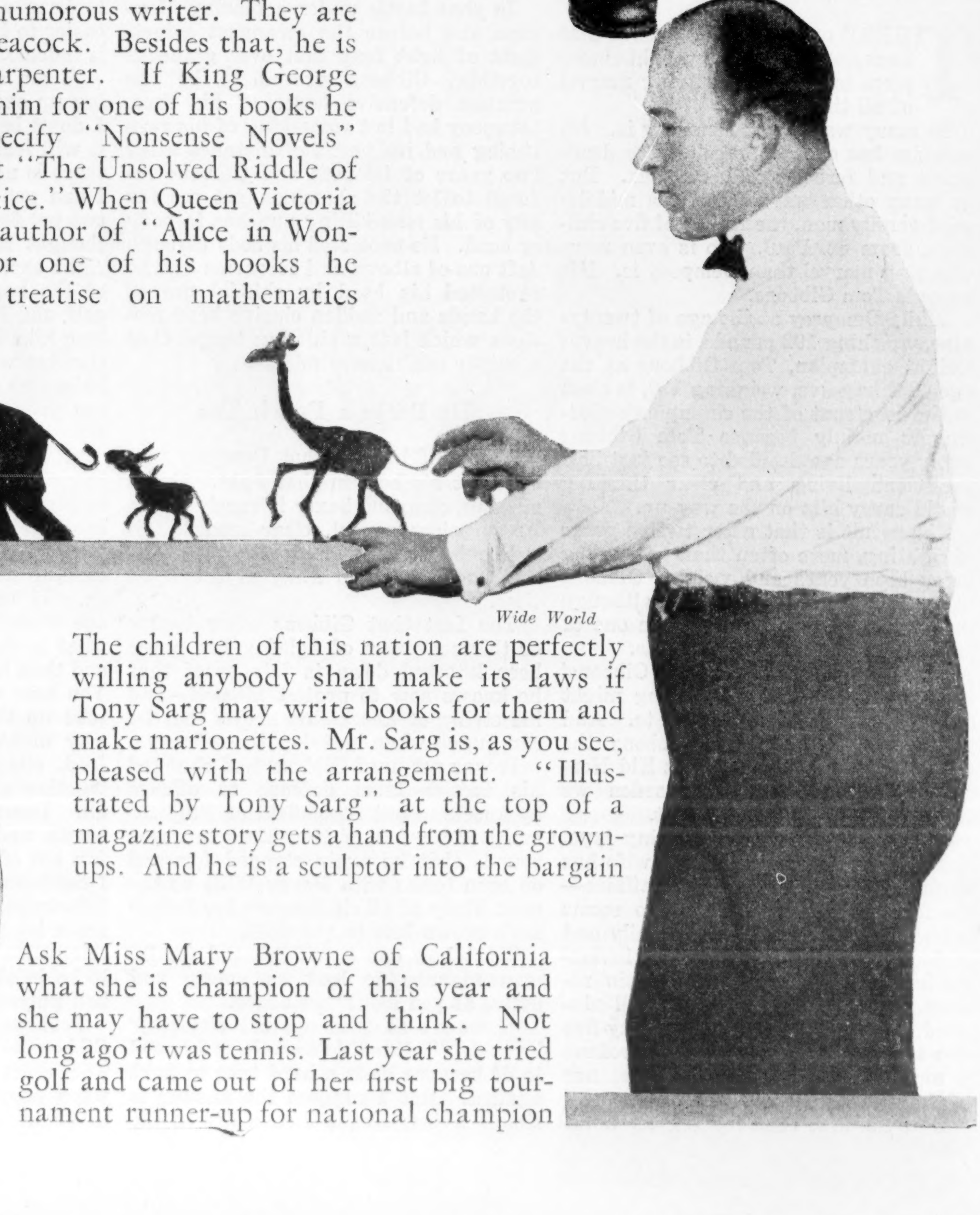
Can any reader puzzle out three crosswords missing from the note about Mr. Dawes, the third being a lady's name and the first two a lady's name also?

Wide World

John G. Cooper drove an engine for 15 years. And then his neighbors in Youngstown, Ohio, switched him into Congress five times. That might be a chip on his shoulder, but it isn't

Keystone

McGill University, in Montreal, has on its faculty a famous economist and a famous humorous writer. They are Stephen Leacock. Besides that, he is a good carpenter. If King George ever asks him for one of his books he should specify "Nonsense Novels" lest he get "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice." When Queen Victoria asked the author of "Alice in Wonerland" for one of his books he sent his treatise on mathematics



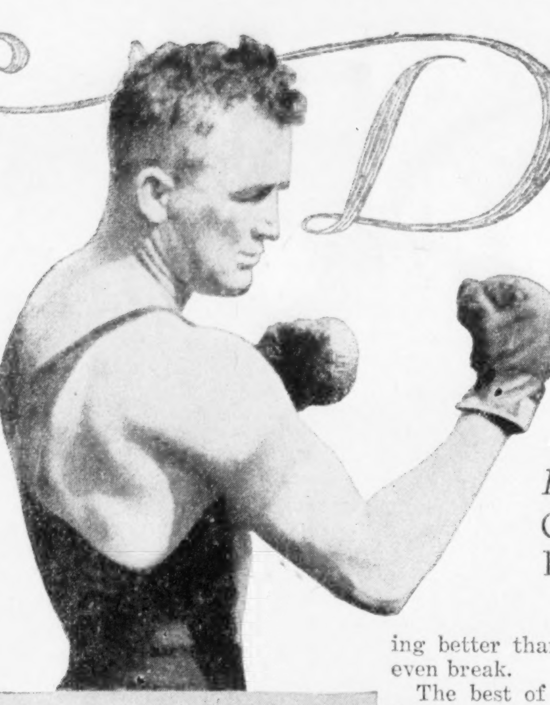
Wide World

The children of this nation are perfectly willing anybody shall make its laws if Tony Sarg may write books for them and make marionettes. Mr. Sarg is, as you see, pleased with the arrangement. "Illustrated by Tony Sarg" at the top of a magazine story gets a hand from the grown-ups. And he is a sculptor into the bargain

Wide World

Ask Miss Mary Browne of California what she is champion of this year and she may have to stop and think. Not long ago it was tennis. Last year she tried golf and came out of her first big tournament runner-up for national champion

Dempsey couldn't knock HIM down



By
GRANTLAND
RICE

IF ALL pugilists were like Tom Gibbons the ring would have few critics. He's the perfect sportsman. Also, he is a great boxer. Thus far he has never kissed the canvas—and he has been fighting for twelve years. At 35—when most fighters are old—he's better than ever. How does he do it?

THERE are many who believe that Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion, is the greatest ring marvel of all time.

In many ways Jack Dempsey is. No one else has ever approached the deadliness and ferocity of his attack. But in many other ways there is a middle-aged family man, the father of five children, from St. Paul, who is even more of a ring marvel than Dempsey is. His name is Tom Gibbons.

While Dempsey at the age of twenty-nine, weighing 192 pounds, is the heavyweight champion, Tom Gibbons at the age of thirty-five, weighing 180, is close to the forefront of the champion's challengers mainly because Tom Gibbons many years ago decided to see just how far clean living and clear thinking would carry him on the way up.

The result is that after twelve years of fighting, more often than not giving away both years and weight, Gibbons has never been knocked down, although the slashing Dempsey was once one of his opponents for fifteen rounds.

It seemed to us that Tom Gibbons' habits and methods of training might be something worth listening to. And after a long talk with Gibbons the morning after he knocked out Kid Norfolk at Madison Square Garden we found the surmise was correct.

Gibbons is no ordinary boxing type. Here is a married man whose wife has no particular interest in ring affairs—the father of five children who seems to be more interested in his family and in looking after his business investments than in any glory of resin renown. A quiet, pleasant, well-educated, well-dressed man of thirty-five who isn't conceited, slangy or profane in any sense, who neither smokes nor drinks, and who, in addition, is a sportsman of the first rank looking for nothing better than a square deal and an even break.

The best of record books show that Gibbons was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1889. His brother Mike Gibbons, known as the St. Paul Phantom, was a famous welterweight and middleweight before Tom was ever heard from. In fact, it was not until 1913 that Tommy Gibbons, then twenty-four, managed to break into the records and take his first important step up the long, hard road which leads only the few into the open country of success.

It was not until Gibbons was thirty-four years old—an age when most boxers are forgotten—that he bounded up among the elect. This happened on July 4th, 1923, at Shelby, Mont., when he was still on his feet, almost unmarked, after standing up fifteen rounds against the devastating fists of Jack Dempsey, the most annihilating champion in all ring history.

In that battle under a blazing Montana sun before the strangest assortment of fight fans that ever gathered together, Gibbons proved to be the greatest defensive boxer of his time. Dempsey had lost something of his rare timing and judgment of distance after two years of idleness and Gibbons refused to let the champion get set for any of his man-killing punches to body or head. He protected his body through deft use of elbows and forearms and he protected his head by skillful use of the hands and sudden elusive head motions which left a shifting target that a sniper might have missed.

He Packs a Punch Too

IT MIGHT be said that Dempsey was not at his best in that fight. But a rushing, slugging boxer is rarely at his best against a cool, clear-headed, scientific boxer who knows how to block and duck and keep away at the right time.

The fact that Gibbons after twelve or thirteen years of fighting has never been knocked down is fair proof that he knows how to protect himself—and his string of knock-outs shows that he can punch when he takes the offensive.

It was not until Gibbons had changed his tactics from defense to offense by knocking out Bloomfield of England and Kid Norfolk of New York in a few rounds that he again stepped forward on even terms with Harry Wills as the most likely of all challengers for Dempsey's crown left in the field.

"Just how can a middle-aged family man manage to look as young and active as you look?" we asked.

"I wasn't so good against Norfolk," he said. "I didn't do as well as I hoped to do because he is a hard type to fight against. But I suppose the answer is simple living, simple diet, a life in the open and exercise that is part fun and part routine.

"I have never smoked in my life and I have never taken a drink, because I could see no sense in deliberately handicapping myself. As someone has said, a sprinter doesn't go into his race with a ball of lead tied to his right foot. If anyone is looking for stamina and strength and speed, why smoke or drink? When I am out all day hunting or fishing, as I am a good part of the time, I eat three plain meals and even take a hot cup of coffee to warm me up. But when I am in training for a fight I take neither tea nor coffee and I eat only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner. My two beverages then are milk and water and my diet is as plain as I can make it—eggs, milk, fruit, vegetables and now and then chops or a steak. I find that, in my case at least, two meals a day are much better than three." (This is also the system which Christy Mathewson always followed through a pennant season.) "There is always a tendency to overeat. There is also the temptation to eat foods that are more injurious than helpful. My hunting (and I hunt all I can) consists largely of long tramps through the woods and a lot of rowing. There are not much better combinations than walking and rowing to keep a man in shape. It is much easier to keep working outdoors than it is indoors.

"I am also a great believer in mixing up exercise between fun and work. I don't believe in too much routine as it will lead to staleness. For example, there is no finer exercise than walking. I can get this in hunting and in golf, two pet forms of diversion, without any thought that I am merely taking the right exercise. I have found that two of the best training combinations are golf and handball. Golf gives you the long hike needed for general health and stamina while handball gives speed and builds up the wind. And both games are good for timing and for different types of coördination.

"It is also my belief that the best way to get in condition for a fight is to keep in condition all the time. My weight rarely changes over a pound or two unless I am taking off flesh to make a certain weight, which I don't like to do. If one likes an athletic life, if one likes to feel fit most of the time, what is the object in breaking training and then having to start all over again? You hear that many champions hate to take up the routine of training. But why make it a routine? Good, plain food, simple living, fun and exercise together are not so hard to face after all. Doesn't a fellow who is in good health and in good training get more fun out of life than the one who isn't? I can't understand why a lot of young fellows never stop and figure that there are a lot of years left beyond thirty or thirty-five where it means just as much to be in shape as it means for a football player or a fighter."

Perhaps it is no wonder that Tom Gibbons at thirty-five is now at his best. The great competitive years were always supposed to be from twenty-six to twenty-eight. But perhaps this is wrong, if one has happened to live correctly. Stenroos at forty proved to be the best of the marathon runners.

Most of our ring champions have passed on and out before they were thirty-six. Yet Fitzsimmons had slipped by thirty-five when he whipped Jim Corbett. And Tom Gibbons at thirty-five has slipped on by the younger challenger to take his place as one of the two leading contenders left when the next big ballyhoo starts.

Good Living Turned the Trick

WHEN Gibbons faced Kid Norfolk at Madison Square Garden late in the year the big crowd gathered saw a new Gibbons. The old crafty, defensive boxer was gone. In his place a new type had arisen, just as skillful as ever, but keen now to take up the hunt. Norfolk is no mean opponent for any man to face. The bounding black, colored light heavyweight champion of the world, had been poison to most of those looking for trouble. Norfolk is game, fast and a good puncher. But in place of holding back to win on points the new Gibbons sailed in to get his man as quickly as possible with an attack just as cool and as scientific as his defense had always been. There was no aggressive rush such as Dempsey uses. But there was a certain cool determination to cut his man down, using both hands in the right way for this purpose. And the scientific plan backed up by years of correct living turned the trick.

Would Gibbons have a chance against Dempsey? It is quite possible that Dempsey, a mighty hitter, would close out the act in a few rounds. It is quite possible that Dempsey might knock any challenger out in a round or two. When that much dynamite explodes upon a vital spot the resulting damage is sure to be large and immediate. But Dempsey would find Tom Gibbons the hardest man to hit that he ever faced. He would find that Gibbons is a difficult type against which the heavy hitter must get set for any killing punch. For the St. Paul family man is the best boxer now in the game, one of the best boxers the ring ever knew. He has been a bit slow and methodical in his development, but he has banked upon science and condition and they have carried him a long way uphill.

Gibbons isn't flashy, but there is no waste movement. He knows how to use his feet and his hands. He knows when to shift his head just an inch or two, when to roll his head away from the blow. He started a trifle late in life, which gave him no chance to burn himself out in youth. At thirty-five he is still coming on, better than ever.

Gibbons has proved that a man can be physically better at thirty-five than he was at twenty-five or thirty. He doesn't feel that he has missed any fun in life and what fun he might have missed has been more than paid for in the knowledge that after twelve or thirteen years of fighting he has never been knocked off his feet. His investment in clear thinking and right living seems to have been pretty sound. At least it has paid him big dividends in gold and health and happiness.

SPARE THE ROD—
and Spoil the Party

Uncle Henry hears that the Senate will be run on business principles, with a time clock and a noon whistle

"IT LOOKS like the Republicans had come to their senses at last," remarked Uncle Henry. "They've rolled up their sleeves, moved back the furniture, an' started in to clean house. Every leader's got a towel around his head an' a mop in his hand."

"High time," grunted Mr. Stubbs. "There never was anythin' more terr'ble than that oil mess, an' the Veterans' Bureau business was even worse."

"Oh, for the love of Pete!" exclaimed Uncle Henry in exasperated tones. "Can't you ever get your mind off the past? And off money? What's a few millions more or a few millions less to a country so richly blessed by nature that every prospect teases?

"It's men like you that bring shame upon us, givin' America its bad name as a nation of dollar worshipers. No wonder England an' France an' other older an' more cultured nations look down on us as a vulgar people, unable to lift our souls above the mean level of a cash register. For heaven's sake, 'Lonzo, forget the material things of life for a little while, an' invite your soul.

"What I mean by cleanin' house is that the G. O. P. is goin' to clean in what might be called the spiritual sense. All the radicals are to be kicked out an' the whole place fumigated.

"That's where the Republicans have it on the Democrats. They've got a lot of leaders that can read. La Follette, Brookhart, an' all the rest of the infidels who tried to kick over the sacred apple cart, have been called upon to turn in their party fig leaves, an' from now on they'll have to provide their own protective colorin'.

"No more borin' from within. For a long time the Grand Old Party has worked on the belief that sufficient to the day is the boll weevil thereof, but that time is past. In the future any radical that wants to bore has got to do it outside the party. Borin', 'Lonzo, isn't a right but a privilege, an' from now on, as far as Republicans are concerned, only true party men like Moses an' Smoot will be allowed to bore.

"Already the radicals are bein' thrown out of every position of honor an' trust. Not a single member of the La Follette crew is goin' to be allowed to sit on a congressional committee of any kind, not even on the Committee for More an' Better Cuspidors. No wonder your face blanches an' your eyes protrude. Not since the Democrats limited the number of Presidential candidates to five hundred at any one convention, cuttin' each state down to ten Favorite Sons, has there been anythin' more brutal.

"Think of the plight of a congressman who hasn't got a committee room? Instead of a nice soft sofa, only the corridor chair, the park bench or the public library. Pitiless publicity for his naps. Open sleep openly arrived at. An' look how the poor devil is left at the mercy of people who have business with him? Havin' no committee room, what chance has he to send out word that he's 'in conference'? Where can he find a clerkship for his wife or daughter?

"Nor is that the worst of it. No radical is goin' to be allowed to share in the fruits of victory, not even those that have spoiled in transit. Next March, when the post offices are bein' handed out, only Republicans bearin' union cards will be recognized in the distribution. Don't talk to me about the Spanish Inquisition! Surgical science has progressed to a point where they can give a man new eyes, new features, an' new glands, but there's nothin' that can be done for a congressman who's lost his post office.

"Nor will the Rivers an' Harbors Committee extend its favors to any member of the La Follette-Brookhart group. Only loyal party workers will be able to have their creeks widened an' deepened so as to take their places among the navigable streams of the world. Radicals may come forward with maps showin' that their districts have perfectly marvelous sites for rivers, but it won't do 'em any good. An' when it comes to seeds, all they'll get will be the Scotch thistle an' the wild carrot.

"The dread circle of the party has also been drawn around junkets. Next summer you'll look in vain for the names of insurgents on those committees that Congress appoints annually for the purpose of investigatin' an' reportin' on the recreational life of the wild animals in our national parks, the labor conditions governin' the manufacture of Mah Jong sets in China, European reconstruction as seen from Monte Carlo, the workin' of the Volstead act in Porto Rico an' other of our insular possessions, Abyssinian folk lore an' government operation of bathin' beaches in Norway an' Sweden. Any radical that wants a pleasure trip will have to pay for it himself.

"Of course, it *does* sound like the cruel an' unusual punishments forbidden by the Constitution, but we must recognize the fact that a party has jes' *got* to have discipline. If the rank an' file of a political organization once gets the idea that it can think for itself, disaster is only a matter of time, for you know how one thing leads to another. Look what happened back in 1912 when Roosevelt led the bolt that put the Democrats in charge of the destinies of America, not to mention the Post Office Department an' the Department of Justice?

"At the time a mistaken policy of mercy was permitted to prevail, an' the Progressives were allowed to come back into the party without other condition than a pledge to quit singin' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Roosevelt, Pinchot, McCormick, an' the rest, still wet with the sweat of Armageddon, plumped theirselves down in the laps of loyal party workers an' magnanimously announced that they bore 'em no malice for havin' called 'em burglars an' second-story men. About the only man punished was poor old Taft. They threw him down an' held him while Teddy kissed him in token of reconciliation.

"Well, you saw the result of that clemency in this last election. Rememberin' how Roosevelt had got away with it, La Follette thought he'd try the same game, an' before the Republican leaders could say Jack Robinson or Truman Newberry the whole West was speakin' disrespectfully of the Fordney-McCumber bill an' otherwise indulgin' in blasphemy. Why, if the price of wheat hadn't gone up, the maddened creatures might have gone so far as to lay impious tongues on the Constitution.

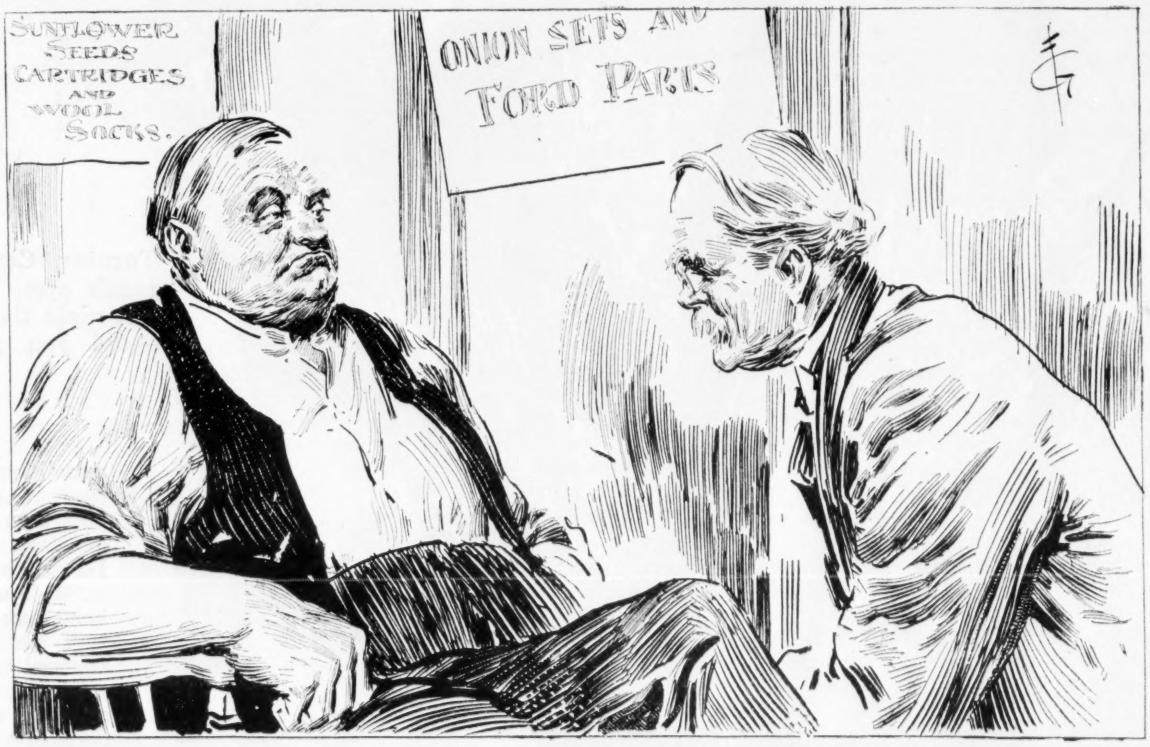
"Thank the Lord, the Republicans have finally got a man in charge who isn't afraid to use the whip. William M. Butler of Fall River, Mass., is the boy that'll show 'em. He knows how to handle politicians. He's handled 'em all his life. An' he's got the authority, too, bein' senator, chairman of the Republican National Committee an', they say, President Coolidge's spokesman.

"Yessir, Butler will show 'em. He's a business man an' he'll run the Senate on business principles. They tell me he's got a time clock put in already, an' is havin' his noon whistle brought over from Fall River. Before he gets through I wouldn't be surprised if he had Congress wearin' a nice, tasty uniform—checks, of course, not stripes—an' doin' the goose step with ease, grace and precision.

"Never think that agitators are goin' to bother Butler. The minute La Follette gets gay, Butler will jes' step before a federal judge an' get out an injunction against him. An' not a short-time one, either, all over in a few years, but a *temporary* injunction. Take my word for it, 'Lonzo, inside of a year the Smithsonian Institution will be sendin' out expeditions in search of a radical, beatin' the river bottoms of Wisconsin an' pokin' holes in the caves of North Dakota. Borah certainly knew what he was about when he came out of his burrow, saw his shadow an' ducked back into the party."

"A party ought to punish its traitors," stoutly asserted Mr. Stubbs. "What puzzles me is why the Democrats don't punish Wheeler by throwin' him out of the party."

"That wouldn't be punishment," said Uncle Henry.

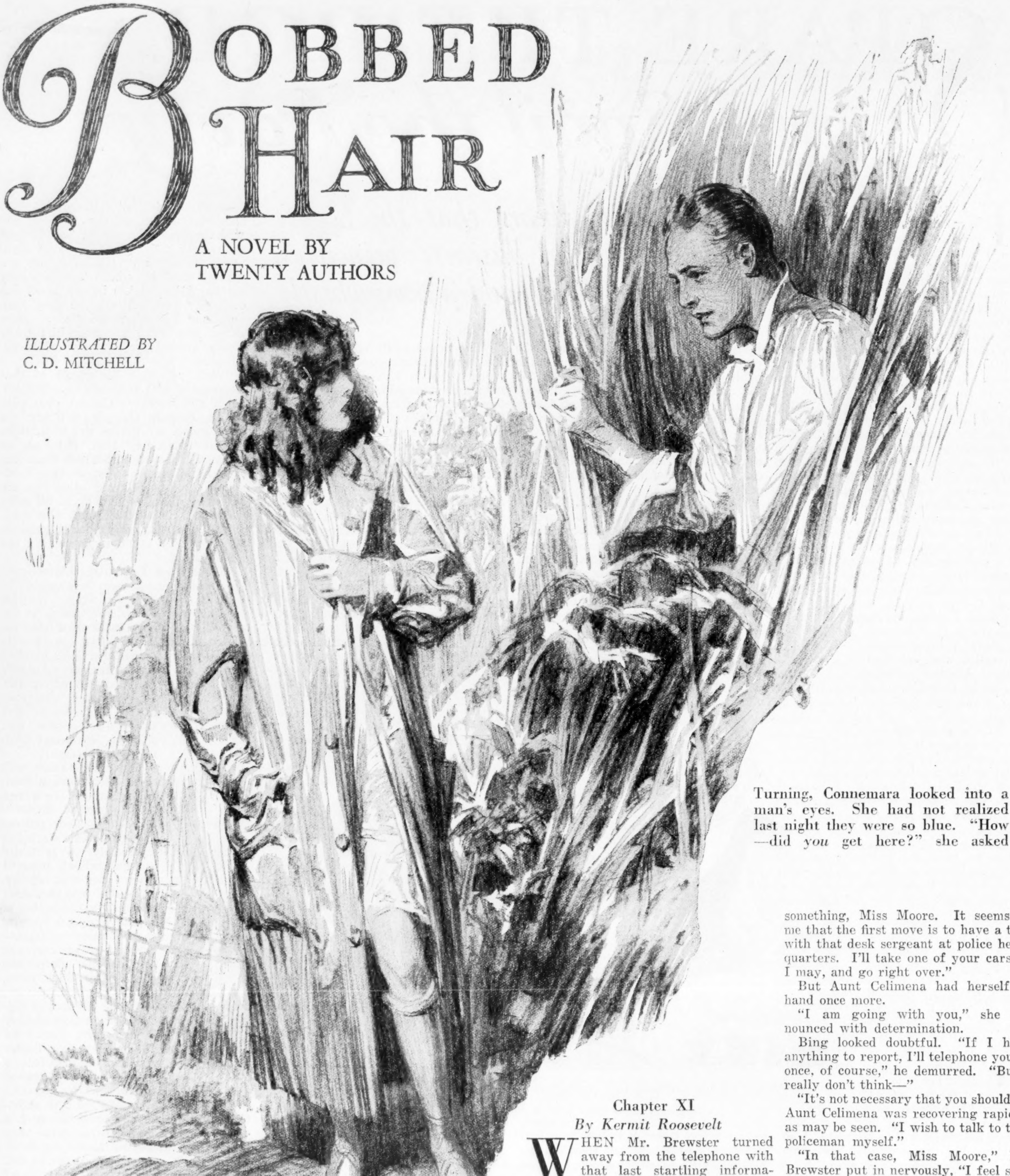

SUNFLOWER SEEDS CARTRIDGES AND WOOL SOCKS.
ONION SETS AND FORD PARTS

"What's a few millions to a country so richly blessed that every prospect teases?"

BOBBED HAIR

A NOVEL BY
TWENTY AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. MITCHELL



Turning, Connemara looked into a man's eyes. She had not realized last night they were so blue. "How —did *you* get here?" she asked

Chapter XI

By Kermit Roosevelt

WHEN Mr. Brewster turned away from the telephone with that last startling information about Connemara's flight, there was a moment of decidedly tense silence, which was finally broken by Aunt Celimena.

"There—must be some mistake," she said in a trembling voice almost ludicrously unlike her usual dictatorial assurance. "What are we going to do? We—we can't just stand around and wait for news."

Bing Carrington took an impulsive step forward. "You're not to worry," he said gently. "Of course we'll do something, Miss Moore. It seems to me that the first move is to have a talk with that desk sergeant at police headquarters. I'll take one of your cars, if I may, and go right over."

But Aunt Celimena had herself in hand once more.

"I am going with you," she announced with determination.

Bing looked doubtful. "If I have anything to report, I'll telephone you at once, of course," he demurred. "But I really don't think—"

"It's not necessary that you should—" Aunt Celimena was recovering rapidly, as may be seen. "I wish to talk to that policeman myself."

"In that case, Miss Moore," Mr. Brewster put in nervously, "I feel sure I had better accompany you."

Aunt Celimena nodded absently, fixing an inquiring eye on Saltonstall Adams, who had as yet taken no active part in the discussion.

The latter roused himself hurriedly from the dazed abstraction which had enveloped him ever since that soft and shining red curl of Connemara's had slipped out of its tissue-paper package into his astonished palm.

"Naturally I'm going too," said Saltonstall Adams simply. "Shall we keep together, Carrington, or divide our forces?"

"Better keep together at first," Bing decided. "Later we'll see."

It was Bing, with his usual cocksure assertiveness, who fell naturally into command of the situation, and none of the other three cared, apparently, to dispute him. Even Aunt Celimena seemed rather relieved than otherwise, in spite of her earlier snappishness, to rely on his judgment now.

Therefore, ten minutes later, with Bing at the wheel, the searching party of four was heading by motor for the Greenwich police headquarters. Here, to their relief, news awaited them. The stolen car had been traced to the ferry.

"At least we'll know we're not traveling in the opposite direction, as we might easily have done," Aunt Celimena sighed. She had lost a good deal of her usual belligerency during the short run from Moorelands, as Bing noticed with appreciation. She had become further depressed, too, after a few words exchanged with a very noncommittal and unimpressed desk sergeant in the Greenwich police station. The fact that the heiress presumptive to Moorelands had disappeared without explanation, and under decidedly questionable circumstances, appeared to mean little or nothing in Sergeant Flynn's existence. But he did exhibit a lively curiosity as to why two of the searchers should wear fancy dress under their long polo coats. He seemed, too, to entertain wholly unreasonable suspicions of a slight somewhere, aimed at his official dignity.

BEFORE proceeding further, Bing set to work to raise Bayville by telephone, and after much exasperating delay succeeded in rousing a sleepy Central, but the ferry office wouldn't answer, and apparently no police station existed. So, after a brief consultation with the other searchers, Bing headed the car back to Stamford.

"I've thought of the very thing," he announced triumphantly. "Harry Harvey's got a motor boat that will take us to Bayville in no time. Harry's in Saratoga, but his engineer knows me, and he lives in the boathouse down by the inlet. You're not to worry, Miss Moore," he repeated soothingly. The rôle of protecting and advising Aunt Celimena was so novel that Bing couldn't resist playing with it from time to time. He had always had an uneasy conviction that the indomitable old lady preferred Salt to himself as a future nephew-in-law, which naturally did nothing to detract from his enjoyment of the present situation.

A winding country lane led from the Boston Post Road to the particular little inlet from the Sound they were headed for, and at the end of this they found Harry Harvey's boathouse readily enough, but no engineer. The motor boat, a fairly large one, was locked into a slip over which the boathouse straddled.

The unforseen absence of the engineer was disconcerting, but Bing was in a mood to-night to ride rough-shod over obstacles, ethical or physical as the case might be, and he declared boldly that since there was no one to give permission, they must do without.

Mr. Brewster was inclined to demur at the forcible removal of another man's property, but his protests were swept aside without formality, and he found himself, somewhat to his own astonishment, following the resourceful Mr. Carrington, gingerly, through a broken window into the boathouse.

Salt and Aunt Celimena waited outside until the doors of the boathouse swung open, after which Bing once more disappeared into the darkness within, to loose the motor boat from its moorings.

Nothing marred their start, but it was not until they were within sight of the Long Island shore that the moon broke through the clouds, conveniently in readiness to light their passage into Bayville.

Mr. Brewster pointed it out to Miss Celimena as complacently as though he, personally, were responsible for its reappearance.

"A good omen, my dear Miss Moore," he suggested, rubbing his thin hands ingratiatingly.

Miss Celimena ignored him. "What's that?" she demanded of no one in particular, lifting a hand for silence. Salt, who was near her, bent forward in a listening attitude.

The sound was repeated, and this time resolved itself into muffled shouting and a few straggling shots at what appeared to be no great distance from them; though, since the moon once more chose to retire behind the heavy wind clouds racing across the sky, it was impossible to see anything.

"Sounds as if rum runners were out to-night," Bing grunted. "Guess they're in a clash with some patrol boat."

Mr. Brewster was evidently of the same opinion, for he immediately began to urge Aunt Celimena to give up the expedition and order the Filomena's nose pointed back to Connecticut.

"My dear madam, there isn't the slightest need of your undertaking this wild-goose chase," he pleaded. "Let us go back, I beg of you, and these young men can—"

"*Pish!*" said Aunt Celimena with a brevity and decision that would have been crudeness in anyone less naturally majestic. Unfortunately the full effect of the retort was somewhat marred by her having risen to her feet to peer into the darkness ahead, just as a particularly playful wave hit the Filomena's bow. Aunt Celimena sat down a little too hurriedly for either dignity or comfort, and panted, glaring about her.

Bing shut off the engine, and they floated for a time, listening for a repetition of the sound of firing, which did not come. Then the moon made one of its periodic reappearances and showed them a motor boat only a few hundred yards away. She had no lights, and the irregular *put-put-put* of her exhaust spoke of trouble. She was distinctly down by the bow, and even in the uncertainty of moonlight and shadow it took no expert to see that she had been badly stove in.

Evidently someone on board her caught sight of the Harvey boat at the same moment, for a vigorous hail came across the water, requesting the Filomena to stand by.

THE three chapters of "BOBBED HAIR" in this installment were written by KERMIT ROOSEVELT, BERNICE BROWN and WALLACE IRWIN.

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ELSIE JANIS
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MEADE MINNIGERODE
DOROTHY PARKER
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GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
GERALD MYGATT
GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

"I don't altogether like the look of this," Bing confided to Salt Adams under his breath, his face troubled. "But she's sinking, that's sure. We'll have to take 'em on board, whoever they are."

THE other craft was heading directly for them now, laboring heavily, and Bing, leaving Salt to start their engine, went forward again to the wheel.

What happened next was as perplexing as it was unexpected. The navigator on the approaching boat suddenly put his helm hard over, so that the battered newcomer lay full in the path of the Filomena.

Bing, with no time to consider, instinctively selected the side that seemed to offer the better chance of passing, and swung his own wheel. For a moment it looked as though he would get by, but hope was short-lived. The nose of the Filomena grazed, jarringly, along the other craft's side, and Bing found himself sprawling in the bilge.

Before he could disentangle himself from Aunt Celimena, who had clutched him with determination at the moment of impact, a man climbed agilely over the Filomena's rail and swung himself down on the deck. He was a big man in a wet and torn jersey, and as Bing struggled to his feet he had a glimpse over one shoulder of a section of pipe, wielded by one of the brawny arms the jersey covered, descending deliberately in the direction of his own unprotected head. He also saw, to his amazement, that five or six bulky figures had followed the first over the side, and appeared to be hitting senselessly and indiscriminately at anything they saw moving.

Then the moonlight was obscured abruptly for Bing Carrington in a shower of red and golden stars, and, his feet slipping from under him, he shot head first over the Filomena's low rail.

The pipe wielder had struck him a glancing blow, stunning him momentarily, but the plunge into the water revived him sufficiently to realize the advantages of the depths over the surface just then.

By the time bursting lungs had forced him to come up, he was fifty feet or more from the two boats and well in the shadow. A log was bobbing along in the path of the moonlight. Somebody on one of the boats caught sight of it, and immediately a revolver sang out several times, and two bullets spattered the water close to the log. The firer, however, discovering his mistake, desisted, and Bing, with cautious intervals of swimming under water, made his way to the near-by shore.

Behind him, on the deck he had left so precipitately, pandemonium reigned for the space of a few long-drawn-out minutes, but at the end of that time the boarders, owing to the surprise of the attack and superior numbers, had things their own way, and proceeded to lay the two boats side by side.

THE moon, shining impartially on victors and vanquished, showed the original ship's company of the Filomena in sorry plight. Salt was propped against the thwarts, his arms pinioned behind him, but his legs free. His classic features were somewhat marred through contact with hob-nailed boots, as well as the length of pipe whose acquaintance Bing had made. He was still a perplexing distance behind the tide of events. Semiconsciously he spelled out the name on the battered bow of the aggressor, Bloody Nuisance, and, still hazily, tried to attach some meaning to the name, to grope for some connection, but failed.

Aunt Celimena was stretched out, not far from him, on a bench. She was very pale except for a dark streak of blood that stood out diagonally across one cheek. Mr. Brewster lay in a confused and terrified heap in the bottom of the boat.

"I guess I like to croaked the old dame, but she shouldn't have grabbed my legs the way she done, and pinched me too." The speaker removed a loudly checked cap, possessed of an abnormally long peak that had thrown his face into the shadow. The moonbeams played caressingly upon a polished dome of surprising magnitude.

Pooch, for it was he, kicked meditatively at the prostrate form of Mr. Brewster, and the man in the torn jersey, who had been the first to board the Filomena, came over to stand beside him, staring down at the lawyer.

"This old geezer ain't much better off neither. I guess the other bird's drownded; little Mary here, has a way with her that don't call for much back chat." He patted the section of pipe tenderly. "This here's the hell an' all of a fix Doc an' you have bin and got us into," he added in a different tone. "What're you going to do about it?"

Pooch contemplated the speaker a minute with an expression of virtuous indignation.

"We got you out of, you mean. I'd like to know where you'd bin if Doc hadn't figgered out a way to flash that message to you. Walking plumb into a trap, that's where you'd bin, by now. That little Scotch devil had it all baited an' set for you."

Before the other could reply to this, a slight, trim figure appeared on the deck of the crippled boat and announced in a calm voice:

"You won't have to bother with the old Bloody Nuisance no more. She's pretty near filled. One o' you heave this guy over."

Without a word Doc clambered over and picked up a limp bundle of clothes, lowering it none too gently into the Swede's tender possession.

"Say, bring a bit of rag with you, Sweetie, to plug up this old Jane," called Pooch, turning. "She's bleeding some."

Sweetie stooped to pick up from the deck something that looked like a white scarf, and, jumping briskly down onto the Filomena, bent over Aunt Celimena. After a brief examination, she straightened, casting a glance of withering scorn at Doc, who happened to be nearest. Involuntarily that gentleman retreated a step or two, his face assuming swiftly an abashed and hangdog expression (*Continued on page 26*)

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WHO SHALL LOOK AFTER THE CHILDREN?

THE campaign for the ratification of the Twentieth Amendment in the state legislatures now in session has awakened one of the oldest and angriest debates in American history.

The states have the admitted right to prohibit the employment of children below certain ages and to regulate the conditions of work at which others are engaged. The tendency has been to keep those under fourteen out of industry and trade and to supervise the labor of those above fourteen.

Should Congress have concurrent power to pass such laws?

The advocates of the Twentieth Amendment say that the United States, as well as the individual states, has a natural interest in safeguarding young people from premature or dangerous employment. They insist that the national safety depends on the integrity of the citizens and that unless the young are allowed to develop normally the nation will suffer. Congress took this view when in submitting the Child Labor Amendment it asked that its authority be broadened.

The opponents of the Twentieth Amendment assert that Congress has too much power now. They point to prohibition as a dreadful example of letting the national government do what the states might have undertaken.

That the federal government has assumed many new functions is not to be denied. The regulation of interstate commerce expanded as commerce grew in volume and complexity. The automobile sent the national government back into the road-building business and many other activities have been added to the older obligations of Congress.

The question in each case is the practical one: How can the work best be done? Is Congress better fitted to act than the state legislatures or should both be empowered to deal with the situation? So far as the railways, good roads and prohibition are concerned, the answer has favored both state and national action. Is child labor an exception?

Labor which stunts the bodies or the minds of future citizens ought to be prohibited. Where the states are ready to act, local legislation is preferable, but the apathy or conservatism of particular states should not be allowed to injure the United States. The national well-being surely is superior to local interests. Our children are Americans as well as citizens of the forty-eight states.

Examination shows that most of the fears expressed concerning the possible dangers of national legislation have little foundation in experience so far as child labor is concerned.

The previous federal child labor laws did not result in the development of a swollen bureaucracy. Fewer than twenty inspectors were employed by the administration. The burden of enforcement was carried by state officials. The existence of a federal law did not dry the springs of local initiative. On the contrary, state enforcement officers were among the first to ask for a constitutional amendment when the Supreme Court decided that the earlier child labor laws were beyond the powers delegated to Congress.

If the defenders of state rights defeat the amendment in the legislatures, they will incur a heavy responsibility to see that children are actually protected by local authority. On the primary issue of assuring every child security from the menace of premature employment, there can be little difference of opinion among good citizens. For self-government can endure only where all children have the opportunity to develop normally.

What's the Good of Rhinos and Gorillas?

DOUBTLESS when first a thrown stone killed a rabbit, man was a puny killer, yet then and there he sealed the fate of every other animal. To-day, of the kinds that survive, more and more do only by his sufferance, and to-morrow when the earth is really peopled—which, according to some calculations, will be within two hundred years—there will be no beast on it bigger than a rabbit that man does not need to maintain.

As long as man subsists by crops, wild birds will have to be conserved, unless artificial controls of destructive insects take their place. But no such necessity safeguards wild animals; broadly speaking, nothing does but sentiment. They could all vanish now, and humanity would never feel the loss—in a practical way.

And yet, when the earth is so populated that the beasts are crowded off, what a horribly cut-and-dried place the world will be! The feeling for animals dates from man's imagination's dawn. This is why, whenever a government acts to save a dwindling species—when the Briton puts game laws even on the misanthropic rhino, when the Mexican stops hunting of the Pinacate bighorn, when the Belgian creates a gorilla refuge—intelligent approval is heard everywhere. Even if the feelings were as childlike as Tommy's joy in his Noah's Ark, who wants to take his ark away before it is outgrown?

Athletics and Clothes

GLOVEMAKERS and shoemakers find that the hands and feet of women are a size larger than they were twelve years ago. Tennis, golf, hiking—all kinds of athletics—are the cause of the change. And it is no longer thought that a capable hand and a substantial foot are incompatible with beauty and refinement. Athletics explain why the armor-plate corset is gone, why short skirts, bobbed hair, and the outing costume are bound to stay.

Women have not simply been emancipated *from;* they have been emancipated *into* something. That's why the gain is permanent. Mary Walker and other dress reformers should have preached athletics when they sought to improve women's clothing instead of —just preaching.

What Would You Tell This Boy?

"WHY," asks a question-minded schoolboy, "must I study algebra and geometry? Wouldn't a course in checkers or chess playing do me more good?

"Mathematics is an exact science—the only science dealing in exact quantities. There are no exact quantities in the human equation; people are all x's and unknowns. The most successful man is the one who knows what people are going to do or want next. The best chess player is the fellow who can figure out how the other fellow is going to jump. So wouldn't it be more practical for schools to teach chess instead of geometry?"

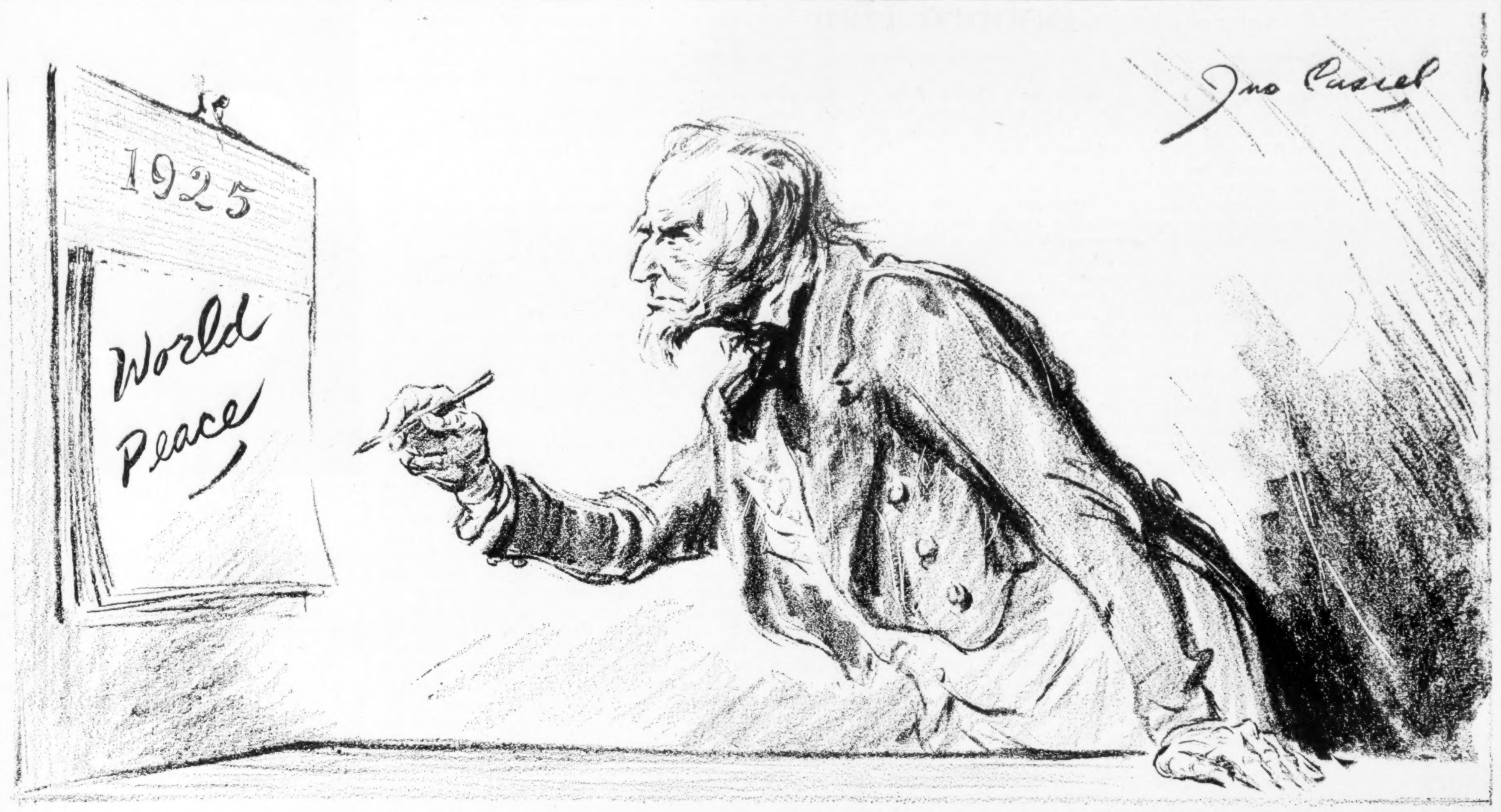
It isn't uncommon for a boy to object to courses in the school curriculum that he doesn't like. But nothing need always be merely because it always has been. We spend millions for schools, and our future citizenship attends them. We can't think too often or too deeply about them. Few school questions are too trivial to discuss.

What are *your* children studying? What do they think about *their* courses, and what do *you* think?

When You Order Another Ton, Think of This

JUST now, when winter is doing its meanest, and each weary descent to the furnace is saddened by sight of the dwindling coal pile, there is a certain tepid comfort in the thought that the next generation will heat its houses by electricity. Most of us have cherished a dream of that, and wondered why not. Now an authority, W. S. Scott of the Westinghouse Company, says that "it is only a matter of time before heating houses by electricity becomes practicable." Indicators in each room will turn the current on and off as may be necessary to keep an even temperature. The cellar will be an unfamiliar cavern, and the ashman a rare visitant.

Already $40,000,000 is spent annually on electric heat for industrial purposes, such as baking bread, melting glues, enameling automobiles and scores of others. In cities where there is plenty of hydro-electric power, many homes are now electrically heated. Elsewhere, the cost is too high because there is not enough power. Super-power development holds great hopes, not only for industry and for the farm, but for the growing sons of every plain citizen who now swings a scoop or shakes a grate.



His best everyday memorandum

What the Monroe Doctrine Really Means

By William E. Borah

Chairman, Senate Committee on Foreign Relations

THE Monroe Doctrine was the announcement of the law of self-defense as applied to a particular state of facts. It could have no justification and rest upon no other principle than that of self-protection. The moment it departs in its application from that principle it becomes obnoxious and mischievous. In it there is no right, expressed or implied, to interfere with the sovereignty or challenge the independence of any American government. It does not give to us the right, or the color of right, to invade territory, to tear down governments and set up others.

By reason of the fact that the Monroe Doctrine may be easily misunderstood by other governments and peoples, we are enjoined to be scrupulously careful in respecting the rights and the national integrity of other governments and peoples. The doctrine does not devolve upon us the duty or give us the slightest implied request to censor institutions set up by other peoples of the Western Continent. We are under the most solemn obligation to respect their efforts and their methods and to permit them in their own way to work out their own salvation—friendly counsel, constructive sympathy, unselfish coöperation at all times, but the invasion of territory and the setting up of military governments are not within the implications of the Monroe Doctrine.

The Monroe Doctrine is not a stepmother's creed; it was called into existence because we felt that the European maneuvers threatened our security and not in any sense because we wished to dominate the Western States or dictate their course.

The league for peace, popularly called the Holy Alliance, became a league of despotism under the false claim of "security"—security for those who had been victorious and had divided the spoils.

Naturally, one of the first things which attracted the attention of this league was the restlessness of peoples who wanted more freedom and greater liberty. Thus it came about that at Troppau in 1820 the Alliance, or the league, put out a circular in which is found the following kindly suggestion:

"The powers have exercised an incontestable right in commonly concerting measures of safety against the states in which an overturn of the government effected by revolt can only be considered as a dangerous example which must have for a result an attitude hostile against all constitutions and legitimate governments."

The league provided no means by which treaties or the status quo could be changed and declared that all who wanted a change were enemies of peace and hostile to legitimate governments.

Then from a different source came another menace. The Czarist government of Russia, the most cruel and brutal government that ever cursed the earth, had begun to show a lively interest in Oregon Territory.

Under these conditions the Monroe Doctrine took form and finally ripened into a great policy. John Quincy Adams, one of the noblest advocates of human liberty, was sleepless at his post.

So in July, 1823, he said to Baron Von Tuyll, the Russian Minister, with peculiar bluntness, a quality of speech from which fortunately he was not always able to escape: "that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for new European colonial establishments."

Shortly thereafter followed Monroe's famous message and the doctrine became the cornerstone of our foreign policy. The debt which liberty and progress and peace upon this Western Continent owe to the sublime pronouncement, human language is inadequate to tell.

Maintained and carried out in the spirit of its birth and in the integrity of its original purpose, this doctrine must continue to be for all times a shield of incalculable worth to the whole Western Continent. We know that of late years much criticism in the Central and South American countries has arisen in regard to this policy. But I venture to believe that the criticism has arisen not because of the doctrine but because of its false construction. There can never be just ground for criticism while we adhere to the construction placed upon this policy by Mr. Root during his visit to South America and while he was Secretary of State: "We wish for no victories except those of peace, for no territory except our own, for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic."

Wm E Borah

that sat incongruously enough upon it.

"You're a rough lot, banging a woman about this way. That ain't no manners," the girl said fiercely. "Clear out now, an' leave me fix her." Deftly she bathed the victim's face and neck, discovering the gash on her head to be only a superficial wound. She completed her first-aid ministrations by winding the white scarf about her patient's brow turban-wise, giving the old lady a rakish, piratical appearance. Then she stood back and cast an appraising eye over the scene before her.

SWEETIE had spoken correctly. The Bloody Nuisance had been slowly settling. Now, with a final lurch, she dived forward, following her battered bow under.

The Swede watched her disappear, stolidly unconcerned.

"Gets rid of some o' the evidence," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. His glance went to Aunt Celimena's turbaned head, and the little, beady eyes narrowed unpleasantly.

"What's the use of dollin' the old girl up?" he demanded. "We got to clean up all these bums."

Pooch slowly turned to him. "I don't go in for bumping off no birds in bunches. I ain't that kind of a guy, see?"

"Well, what 'n hell d' you want?"

"I want to get the boat off this mud flat she seems to have landed on for keeps, then you can set me down here on the Long Island side somewhere handy, and then go to the devil and take her with you."

The Swede muttered something inaudible, but set his crew to work, nevertheless, carrying out the first part of Pooch's suggestion.

With the help of the rapidly rising tide, prying the Filomena loose from the mud flat on which she had drifted during the fight proved a simple task. Salt was ordered into the water to help, and even the bedraggled and thoroughly dazed Brewster was unceremoniously bundled over the side to aid in the launching. Hearty kicks, however, failed entirely to arouse the mysterious stranger whom Doc had lifted down from the deck of the Bloody Nuisance. The medicine administered evidently approached being an overdose, for the only response to the kicks was a feeble groan.

As the Filomena fetched free there was a scramble to get on board. Salt with his bound arms was hauled roughly up the side, and in rolling over tripped Sweetie's feet from under her. That efficient young person steadied herself by grasping the most convenient portion of his anatomy, which happened to be his hair. Salt had long since cast dignity and reserve to the winds; and seeing no petticoats to call for a gentlemanly restraint he hurled objurgations at the wearer of Lacy's fashionable yachting costume.

The young lady was about to reply in kind, when she pulled the wretched Salt's head into the light, stared a moment, and with a laugh that the listening Mr. Brewster could not interpret, said:

"If that don't beat the Dutch—if this ain't my little Percy! What's he doing here in this rough company?"

Chapter XII

By Bernice Brown

SALTONSTALL CABOT ADAMS was in no position to do anything more than stare. Sweetie stared too, her expression a provocative combination of amusement and something perhaps not so kindly.

"To think of seeing you here!" she remarked. "Well, as the saying is, the Japanese are an interesting little people."

"Miss O'Reilly."

"Reginald."

"My name" (of course it's a little difficult to be dignified lying flat on one's back, even if one is a Cabot Adams)—"my name is not—"

"Oh, of course, I remember. It's Le Roy."

"No, it's—"

She giggled. "How stupid. You're either the Prime Minister of Portugal or an admiral in the Swiss navy."

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 23

Saltonstall Cabot Adams struggled into a sitting posture. "For God's sake, Miss O'Reilly, be reasonable."

Sweetie was human. "Don't agitate yourself, dearie." She sat down beside him. "You're in good company. None of these folks—" she indicated with a nod the rough lads who had taken command of the absent Mr. Harvey's motor boat—"is social register, but they're good stock. You can't tell what a couple of generations of money will do for them. Now, your folks started their nest egg by cheating the Indians. These boys—"

"Miss O'Reilly—" he was very earnest. "I haven't a doubt your friends are charming, delightful, perhaps a little abrupt"—he rubbed his shoulder—"but perfectly splendid Yale boys. But what are they doing here and where are we going and, for the Lord's sake, don't lean up against that shoulder."

Sweetie drew herself away stiffly.

"Miss O'Reilly, don't misunderstand me—"

She smiled gently. "Oh, I don't." Then her expression relaxed into something that bordered kindness. "I know. The Swede fetched you a clip on the shoulder. Well, I'm sorry. I'm almost sorry I tried to get your goat. But you'll admit it was a grand chance after all the welfare work you and your family done for me and the likes of me. It used to be a real treat for all of us little shopgirls to be herded out on our one Saturday-afternoon-off to a 'picnic' at your mother's place and be read a paper on 'Brownin's Inflooence on the Azticks' and another on the 'budget system,' when you're making eight-fifty a week."

BERNICE BROWN
Novelist

Saltonstall Cabot Adams blushed. "I'm sorry, Miss O'Reilly. I can see now how little that must have benefited you in your chosen career of, say, rum running."

"Wrong again," said Sweetie. "Only the coarser natures go in for that sort of thing."

"Then what is it?"

She glanced up at the heavens. "You don't get nothing out of me, except abuse. Here—" she took off her jacket and rolled it into a pillow—"lean your shoulder up against that. It'll be easier."

He looked at her. "You're very kind."

"Yes, I am," she snapped. "But here's where our conversation ends. If you're sensible you'll lay low and inconspicuous from this on." And to strengthen her point Sweetie moved away.

Meanwhile the rough lads, one of whom Sweetie had referred to as the Swede, had the boat running rapidly, though by no means quietly. Valiantly she nosed into the heavy sea.

"You're to put me ashore," said Pooch.

"When I get good an' ready," said the Swedish person. "We came out here to fetch something and we ain't fetched it yet."

Pooch squirmed. "I tell you it's dangerous."

"Who's there to be afraid of now we've shook the Scotchman?"

Pooch shrugged his shoulders. "You can't shake a Scotchman. He's probably stickin' to the side of this very boat now. I tell you there was something uncanny in the way he disappeared, or didn't. And the girl—"

"You're seein' things," said Doc.

"I'm *not* seein' 'em. That's what makes me suspicious."

"Shut up," said the Swede. "We can't make no landing hereabouts, anyway." The Swede was a big man and he had a way of speaking with authority. "So we're goin' right on to where we started for."

POOCH bided his time, but he was not convinced. Meanwhile his eyes watched the figure that had been so casually stowed aboard. Eventually the figure stirred. He was all but suffocated by the sail cloth that had been wrapped around him. He was bruised and sore. He wasn't at all sure, either, what had happened. By some maneuvering he managed to peer out through a hole in the canvas. At first he could see nothing. Very cautiously he made himself free of the canvas. If they thought he was done for, so much the better. He would lie low until the time came. Then at once Lacy's heart turned over with a jerk. There, huddled in a coat, close beside him, was someone with a rakish white turban.

"Connemara." He whispered it, but above the sound of the engine no one could hear him.

The figure in the turban started, but did not speak or turn her head.

"I—I thought you'd got away with McTish. Oh, I wish to God you had."

The figure beside him started again.

Lacy stretched forth an aching but would-be assuring arm. "I could have sworn you went over the side with him just at the moment I was engaging these other vandals. You're not hurt?"

The figure shook her head without turning around.

"What a night!" said Lacy. "I like my adventure, but I like it toned down to the drawing-room pitch a bit more than this." He stopped. "And I don't care about having you mixed up in this either." Lacy had a way of masculine protectiveness that almost never failed to charm. The figure in the turban knew this technique was as old as Adam and also that it was only by some absurd floundering of chance that she was its recipient, but she experienced a strange and pleasurable thrill.

Certainly she had a right to play this game a little longer. This gentleman knew a great many things she wanted to know, that she had a right to know. Besides which there was something curiously familiar about him. She hadn't seen his face, of course, but his voice and his manner were reminiscent.

"Would you care what happened to me?" the figure in the turban whispered.

"Care—" His voice indicated there was no word in English worthy of conveying the intensity of his emotion. "Of course I care, a great deal more than usual, so much more I'm getting a little disturbed about it. I've cared so many times before," he went on with agreeable candor, "that I can recognize all the symptoms. I'm no amateur carer. I have cared in every capital in Europe."

"Really—"

"It's a compliment, of course, to be admired by one who comes with a record of taste and accomplishment behind him."

The figure in the turban cleared her throat. "There are two schools on that subject."

"Connemara—"

The figure did not move.

"I'm beginning to think I'm in earnest. I'm wishing we were both out of this. I'm wishing we were out somewhere on the plains of Kansas where there's a train once a day and the biggest excitement of the year is a church supper followed by stereopticon slides of the Holy Land."

KERMIT ROOSEVELT
Author and Traveler

"Don't be silly," said Aunt Celimena, who was really having a better time than she had had for years.

"How much more dangerous do you think our situation will have to become before the quality of a certain gentleman's levity becomes—shall we say, heightened?"

"Unkind," said Lacy, "but I laid myself open to it. It's difficult not to swat the easy balls hard, even though you put them out." He stopped. "I feel I shall be of service to you yet, though, before this little joy ride is over."

"I feel you have been already," said Aunt Celimena. Then she turned her face full upon him and by the palish light of an intermittent moon she studied his features with what might be considered ill-bred intenseness.

"My God!" said Lacy.

"Yes," she said, "I thought so. It *was* Auteuil. Your face comes back to me now, slowly, and completely lacking in pleasurable associations."

LACY stared. "Your face doesn't come back to me at all, but I must say that the present sight is shorn of glamour."

"Naturally you don't remember me," snapped Aunt Celimena. "You were not looking at me but at someone else."

"I always said I had a record for taste and discrimination," murmured Mr. Lacy.

"And now," said Aunt Celimena, "where is my niece?"

"Niece?"

"Connemara."

"Well, considerably safer than we are," said Mr. Lacy.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, since you're not she, she escaped with McTish."

"Who's McTish?"

"Oh, a man of parts," said Mr. Lacy noncommittally. "I think you'd like him, and with any luck we'll meet up with him again some time this night."

"Young man," said Aunt Celimena, "was it my niece's plan to be abducted by you this evening, or your own?"

"Or possibly a collaboration?" suggested Mr. Lacy.

"It will make considerable difference to me in the altering of a certain document." Her face was grim. "My lawyer, Mr. Brewster, is on board too."

"How prepared you are," murmured Mr. Lacy. "Do you always travel with one? Now if one gets a cinder in one's eye how convenient to have one's solicitor there to sue the railroad without interfering in any way with the journey."

"You're an absurd and irrelevant young man," said Aunt Celimena.

"I'm only a scared young man," said Mr. Lacy. "That's really true. I happen to know who these gentlemen are who are acting as crew on this purloined vessel and I happen to have a hunch about their destination. There is not perfect amity in their midst, which is our only hope of salvation. But in any event, this is destined to be a spirited journey."

"What, if I may ask, is our destination?" said Aunt Celimena.

"A ship at sea. A curious ship that has been a long way. It has come from the land of slow-moving rivers, junks, and yellow-skinned sailors. Forests of exquisite beauty crowd down to the edge of the black rippled waters. Poisonous lilies grow upon its surface, flamingos and mocking birds flash back and forth above their brief reflections. Black fishes with silver fins leap up like shadows on a wall—"

"Beautiful," said Aunt Celimena, "but unimportant."

"You're right," said Lacy. "Well, that's where the boat started from. It's shy a lot of papers, decorated with official stamps, that other boats carry. It took it a long time to get here. No short cuts through the Panama, owing to the inquisitive nature of certain officials regarding the cargo."

Aunt Celimena's eyes opened wide. "How do you know?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm just guessing."

"Listen," commanded Aunt Celimena. Two figures had come closer in the dimness.

POOCH and the Swede were discoursing. "I tell you again you're a fool to run for it," said Pooch, "with all this party on board. The thing to do is to land somewheres and beat it."

"Beat it," retorted the Swede sharply. "Don't you know we're as sunk now as we would be if we went through? Might as well die for a sheep's a lamb, I always say."

"Look here, I won't stand for no rough play," said Pooch uneasily.

"Then look the other way if you're so sensitive. I mean to bring back what we started for. If it seems we got too many on board, why, there's ways of thinnin' out a passenger list." The Swede looked at his companion with opprobrium. "Don't be so durn delicate."

"It's sense I'm talking. I tell you it's dangerous." Pooch strained his eyes out to sea. "You know what I'm afraid of."

"Just the ghost of a Scotchman."

"If it was only a ghost," said Pooch, "I wouldn't be so particular. But I tell you there's no ghost about him. None whatever. I'm expecting to see his red head bob up on every wave. I tell you I know that pelican now. He's an old bird in the business. If I'd ever guessed he was going to be mixed up in the deal, I wouldn't have touched it, not for five times fifty thousand. An' that's flat. Say," he added thoughtfully, "you got any notion how he happened along so pat to-night? You an' Doc figgered you'd covered up your tracks pretty good, but this here don't look like blind luck to me. Looks more like there's been a leak somewheres."

The Swede swore with heartiness and some inventiveness, yet Pooch, whose ears were keen in the face of danger, was sure he caught a note of apprehension in the other's tones. He whistled between his teeth shrilly.

"So-o-o—" he exclaimed. "There *was* a leak!"

"Leak," the Swede said furiously, and spat. "Hell! He was the leak himself, the red-headed blankety-blank—" He improvised freely for half a minute, and then continued more quietly. "What'd you say to his holdin' down a job for more than six months with the Shanghai Line—in the old man's private office too. He only blew to-night. I got a message tippin' me off, from the Big Noise himself. It's the whole damn show busted wide open; that's how good a leak it is."

Mr. Pooch drew a long and painful breath, and swallowed hard twice.

"An' you fool enough to still try to run for it," he said in frank disgust. "You ain't never been much loaded up with brains, Swede, an' that's certain. O' course," he added placatingly, "if you'd bumped off the Scotchman, that'd been different again. But with him loose, an' all this crew on board, we ain't going outside on no run to-night. Not us! You call Doc in on this. He's got a bean on him. He'll back me up."

The Swede appeared reluctant, but somewhat impressed by this logic.

"W-e-l-l," he muttered, doubtfully. "You want to head back to the usual place, then, an' lay low till to-morrer night. That it?"

"You're right, that's it," Pooch said with decision, "an' damn quick, too."

Chapter XIII

By Wallace Irwin

CONNEMARA could swim; she'd learned when she was four years old and practiced every summer. While she had never reached the cup-winning, near-professional class, she handled herself in the water with ease.

But swimming in the sunlight in a one-piece suit and swimming in the dark in a tightish dress and high-heeled slippers are two different things. Instead of serving her as propellers, her legs seemed to be excess baggage.

"I don't know where we're going, but I'm on the way too," she said recklessly to McTish, when, after making a long, deep dive following his, she sped through the water and came up near him. "Don't talk," he returned curtly, "and swim as quietly as you can."

The moon had gone behind a bank of clouds, and the water was getting rough. McTish was on her right, and when she turned to look for him in the darkness, nasty little waves slapped her in the face. Still, she knew he was there, for talk as he might about swimming quietly, he was breathing like a grampus. And she could see a blob, less black—a little—than the night when she turned his way.

WALLACE IRWIN
Humorist and Novelist

It was hard work to swim, impeded as she was. She stopped swimming, and, treading water, balancing herself in the waves as a real swimmer can, tried to kick off the silver slippers which so hampered her feet. But they were dancing slippers with complicated interlacing straps which, like the complications they had helped to weave, had first to be unfastened. McTish, she perceived indistinctly, was going past her. She gave up ridding herself of the slippers. The dress, however, was another matter and too great a burden.

"McTish!" she called. "Wait!"

Treading water, she pushed up the belt which Sweetie had knotted so securely round her hips and managed to wriggle the whole thing off over her head, and let it go on the water.

"My new dress too," she sighed.

It had been hard to do, and taken longer than she'd realized. She was getting cold. That McTish would leave her she had not dreamed, but, as in her new freedom she took long, powerful strokes, driving herself somewhere, she realized that he was not there. She was alone, alone in Long Island Sound, in the dark, in the middle of the night. She knew she should have been terrified, but after the preceding hours any peace, even a black and solitary peace, seemed grateful.

She did not feel the cold now, and swam easily for an hour. The shore, she thought vaguely, could not be far ahead. Well, she was in no hurry; the shore when she reached it—if she did—would be just another problem. No place to go, no food, no clothes, no friends. And after this, anyone with whom she talked would be a friend or a policeman. No more chance acquaintances, please!

What a goose she had been! Marrying either of them, or both of them for that matter, would have been preferable to this adventure, since it had got wet and dirty and rough and lonesome. She'd lost a home and a sapphire bracelet, probably her reputation, maybe, even yet, her life. And what had she gained? Only experience, and that of dubious quality.

If she'd had her nerve, she told herself, she'd have kept that fifty thousand and let Aunt Celimena's money go hang. Then she might have married or not as she pleased, or started a shop or a movement, or gone on the stage or the loose, or made candies or batiks. She'd made a mess of it any way you took it. Even McTish had deserted her. Or had they just lost each other in the night?

She felt tired and turned over on her back to rest. Not a star, not a ray of light, and only the sound of water rushing past her ears, and the lap of little waves on her face. Was it very different from this when you died? She was feeling very little, oh, very little!

But she heard something. A small boat, probably a canoe by the muffled drip and swish, was coming near her. She heard low voices, on a basso grumble which carried distinctly. "Home, home, Bugle! That's a good boy!" And a heavy body splashed into the water. It began to swim. A curious stroke, which Connemara, who knew all strokes by name, could not classify.

Connemara was as nearly frightened as she had ever been. The strange swimmer was coming nearer and nearer. What new terror was this night to hold? Whoever it was, was close beside her. She would float, and avoid any new encounter by attracting no attention. She was very tired, and unless she was sure it was a friend, she preferred to spend the rest of this night alone. Surely there was not much more of it.

Closer and closer the sound came. She took a long stroke, and the gurgling, puffing swimmer was upon her. That collision was a blessed thing, though not with man or woman. Wet fur brushed her shoulder, and the friend-seeking nose of a dog was thrust into her face.

"Nice boy!" she said quickly in a low voice, and awkwardly caressed him, meanwhile maintaining a precarious balance. The answer was a rumbling, pleasant growl.

"Dear thing!" she whispered. "Home, Bugle, let's go home!"

FOR the first time since she had left the hampering peace of her aunt's house, where living had become so suddenly and completely complicated with hair and suitors and wills and working girls, Connemara felt she had a friend.

The dog swam along beside her. "Nice boy, good boy!" she murmured at intervals, and always in return there was the friendly little "Woof! Woof!"—if only the warp too were as well intentioned and kindly, thought Connemara, who, though never ostentatious in her display of wisdom or erudition, was acquainted with mottoes and classic quotations, however slightly.

On they swam. "Home, Bugle, home, please!" pleaded Connemara. She slackened her stroke, and the dog stopped too. He began nosing about her shoulders, and she realized that he was seeking a tooth hold, whereby he might take her in his mouth and carry her home.

"Oh, Bugle, if you were a man, I'd marry you, dear, however you felt about it!" Bugle, unacquainted with the plot, seemed to appreciate the compliment. For, though the gossamer *chemise du jour* which clung lankly to

(*Continued on page 28*)

And the BEAUTY PARLOR *is still with us*

By LESLIE P. EICHEL

DeALTON VALENTINE

EVERY once in a while somebody says the nation is on the skids because women pass a few hours a week (or a month) in a beauty shop. That's old stuff. So old that the ancient Greeks, if they could return, would laugh about it. For, twenty-three hundred years ago, Greek women passed a large part of the day improving their "Spartan-like natural beauty."

Greek women, it is true, were home women. Custom decreed that they should have many home duties and few opportunities to meet strange men. They "fixed up," nevertheless. The rich Greek woman went farther than the average wealthy American woman. She had a slave or two to rub fragrant oils into her body following a bath. The hair was pomaded and perhaps dyed, the face rouged, the eyebrows were dyed with black paint.

Greek comic writers and poets vainly tried to stop the "beautifying." They told how unbecoming it was to a civilized people to have black streams pouring from the eyes, color running down to the neck from the cheeks and the hair becoming green through contact with white lead on the forehead.

France was represented as "going to the dogs" in 1782 by Mercier, a writer of that period.

Mercier satirized false mustaches affected by men, as well as pointed and powdered wigs; and the curls in tiers and the scent of essences and amber powder on women.

The indignant writer asserted the powder (flour) used in Paris in a single day on 200,000 heads would have fed "10,000 unfortunate persons."

At that time, he said, there were 1,200 hairdressers under patent of the king in Paris, employing 6,000 boy helpers. In addition, there were 2,000 chamberlains following the same occupation in the homes of the rich, and 6,000 lackeys "with hardly any other occupation." Besides, persons were employed manufacturing hair-papers, curling irons, and razors.

Mercier could see no other outcome but the ruination of all of Europe, as France was setting styles, and this particular style took people away from homes and businesses to barber shops. And, worst of all (according to Mercier), the atmosphere of the barber shops was one of gossip, and—he whispered—barbers and hairdressers were a "race of liars."

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 27

her shoulder blades offered no hospitality to his gallant teeth, when her arm was about his neck he started to swim again, and was making fair headway with his lovely burden, of whose bodily beauty he was unaware, though her sweetness of heart must have spoken to his nobility through her gentle voice and touch.

"No, no, Bugle dear," she addressed his woolly ear, "I cannot let you support me. I'm tired, but I can still paddle along." So she took her arm from his neck, and started once more to swim by his side.

But not for long. Bugle, like most successful heroes, had not undertaken his rescue till safety was in sight. For soon, on a downward stroke, her arm was entangled in seaweed.

"Land!" she exclaimed, like Columbus and Cortez, "is near."

And, like Columbus and Cortez, she was right. She felt for bottom and touched it. It was a rough bottom, and a rocky one. How fortunate that she had been unable to shed the slippers which now protected her feet.

"We never know, or at least not always, do we, Bugle, when our misfortunes are blessings!" Bugle, still swimming beside her, did not answer.

The water was only to her hipbones. It seemed quieter here and calmer. Bugle must have led her to a cove—one he knew, probably, and therefore a safe haven, for no such dog as this could have been developed in any but refined and respectable surroundings. Which shows how well Connemara knew the world.

There was a sputtering and shaking at her side. Bugle had stopped swimming and come to his feet. What a tall dog he was! His head was level with her waist.

Shallower and shallower grew the water, nearer and nearer the shore and peace, at least until day broke all over everything. But until then she would sleep tranquilly on this strand of sandy beach, secure in the protection of a strong and chivalrous friend.

But it wasn't a sandy shore; it was one of those interesting arrangements of slime, reeds, seaweed and small stones cleverly sharpened on three sides with which the north shore of Long Island abounds.

Plowing through the slime of mud and clams, active and extinct, her knickers and chemise of apricot bound with turquoise, her silken silver stockings rolled just below her rosy, dimpled knees, water dripping from her glorious, cuprous tresses on her creamy, marble back, Connemara must have presented a picture of appealing beauty had there been light and an eye to behold her. But, alas, there was neither. Only the soughing of summer winds, the lap of little black waves as the tide raced out to sea and the stout heart beating, beating beneath the shaggy coat which pressed her thigh, guiding her gently. Safely ashore, they shook themselves, as it were, by mutual consent. Then Bugle's sweet cold nose in her palm and his gentle "R-r-r" said as plainly as words of one syllable, "Come with me!"

SLOWLY he guided her a little way up the shore, slightly inland. Connemara walked carefully over the stones, fearing a little to turn her ankle which, without costume or chaperon, might be awkward.

Bugle stopped and Connemara knew they had reached a destination.

"Here, Bugle?" inquired Connemara affectionately.

"R-r-r," replied Bugle distinctly, and lay down.

Sand! Soft and warm sand. The intelligent and thoughtful beast had surmised that she was in need of rest, and led her to what was probably the most comfortable place for miles around.

Connemara lay down beside him and snuggled close to his hide. By this time he was almost dry and, though still a little damp, was warmer than the girl he had decided to befriend.

In a few minutes Bugle was asleep.

Propped gracefully against him, Connemara would have slept too, but for the questions which raced inanely through her mind, just as though there were answers for them. Why had McTish left her, or had he? Who was Lacy? What happened after she left the ship, and why should any of it have happened? And oh, why, why had Aunt Celimena made such ridiculous conditions? It was all her fault, really.

This thought was rather comforting, and, snuggling a little closer to Bugle, she fell asleep.

SHE was awakened by a gentle touch. Opening her eyes, she saw that it was nearly dawn. A grayish light, faintly suffused with pink, made visible the green bushes in whose shelter she had slept in a patch of sand. Then she saw Bugle and knew what had waked her.

Bugle was covering her up. He had realized that she was cold, this kindly and intelligent beast. . . . Beast? No, never—hero was a better word. Connemara was too young and too cold to reflect how often they are interchangeable.

"Angel!" She thus addressed Bugle, and he wagged his tail appreciatively in acknowledgment of her praise. But in a moment he was off again, having covered her carefully with something big and heavy, which felt very good.

Connemara huddled beneath it for a moment, and then sat up to see what it was.

An oilskin coat, and a very nice one. Not an old flung-away one which Bugle might have found in the bushes, but a clean, quite new one, which he had either dragged from a closet or someone had lent him to cover her up.

Connemara stood up to examine it. A good one indeed! Except, as she noticed a minute later, for a square patch which had been torn jaggedly out of one of the fronts.

Who was he? She wondered as she slipped the thing on. Tall, she knew that, for his coat flapped around her feet. Nice? She thrust her hand in his pocket. A clean handkerchief, large and of fine, pure linen. No monogram, no perfume, not even a laundry mark.

A pair of leather gloves. Worn, but very swanky. "Two pounds in Jarvis Street," computed Connemara, who knew her London—"that would be something like ten dollars before the exchange went down." He must be rich. Or frightfully extravagant. "We'd be very congenial," she thought.

Reaching into another pocket, her hand felt something hard, cylindrical, and smooth. She started to pull it out, then started back nervously. Perhaps it would hurt her. Dynamite was shaped like that. . . . And if it were dynamite it would explode as easily in the pocket as in her hand. She might as well get it over with. Gingerly she pulled it out.

"Milk chocolate!"

Oh, what a man, what a man! Someway, somehow she'd find him. And she knew she'd adore him. And if she adored him, he'd just have to adore her. She opened the chocolate.

"But, oh, maybe he's married!" She thought as she bit into one of the beautiful, brown, round, life-sustaining slices. "And if he is—"

She didn't decide what she'd do then, for Bugle came brushing through the sage.

"Morning, old dear!" sang out Connemara, honestly delighted to see him again. At that thought she laughed out loud, for she had never seen him until that moment. And what an extraordinary-looking beast he was. Tall and broad and big like a mastiff, but with short, curly hair, piebald black and white.

As he leaped to her feet she saw that he was bringing something more in his useful mouth. To her vague disappointment, it was not the morning paper which he laid at her feet, but a huge and rather dirty bone.

And in spite of its slightly repulsive appearance, Connemara appreciated the tribute he had paid her. She stopped to pet him, to look into his fond hazel eyes and thank him properly.

"You are probably the nicest dog that ever was," she estimated, "and undoubtedly the funniest looking. You look like—let me see—the biggest of all the Christmas-tree dogs at Wanasak's department store, the kind that costs sixty-three dollars and nobody ever buys."

He must have understood her, for by the sad drooping of his head she knew that he was hurt. She leaned to take him in her arms and speak to him.

"Dear Bugle," she began, and stopped short. Tied neatly around his neck in a scrap of oilskin was a small package.

"Shall I, Bugle?" she asked, all a-flutter with this new and sudden development in the plot. "Shall I open it?"

Bugle made it very plain that she should and smiled benevolently when she untied it from his neck. Kneeling before him, she turned the mysterious package aimlessly in her hands. The simple thing, the natural thing, would have been to untie it. But what if it should contain a human finger or, worse still, a pair of ears?

However, since the first package she had opened had contained nothing more terrible than chocolate, she took heart. It might be breakfast bacon.

Bugle kept his experienced eyes on her as she unwrapped it. Inside was an envelope, carefully folded over; and inside that lay the fifty grand!

IT COULDN'T be; she was dreaming; she was drunk. But she was neither. There it was. The fifty crisp one-thousand-dollar bills which that frightful creature had given her on the ferry one exciting evening, long, long ago! And there was no doubt, when she compared them closely, that the square scrap of oilskin exactly fitted the ragged gap in the coat she was wearing.

Connemara thought very fast, which she always did when she thought at all.

"We must bury this, Bugle," she said, and she knew she was right by the way he smiled and wagged his tail.

"Dig, Bugle! Dig deep, old dear!" cried she. But for an instant he failed to understand; then she scooped up a handful of earth and he caught her idea immediately. Taking over the job, he started digging a fine, deep trench.

"Perhaps his vocabulary isn't very large," mused Connemara, "and that's no doubt because he doesn't know the right sort of people. But he's intelligent without being pedantic. And that counts for a lot in a situation like this."

As she refolded the banknotes in their envelope and tied the last knot around the fateful package Bugle stepped aside to indicate that the hole was ready. She dropped the parcel in its little grave and together she and Bugle covered it with sand. Tamping it down with her little silver slipper—now, alas, so sadly soiled—she wondered when she could come safely back and get the money, and what she would do with it when she got it. Then. . . .

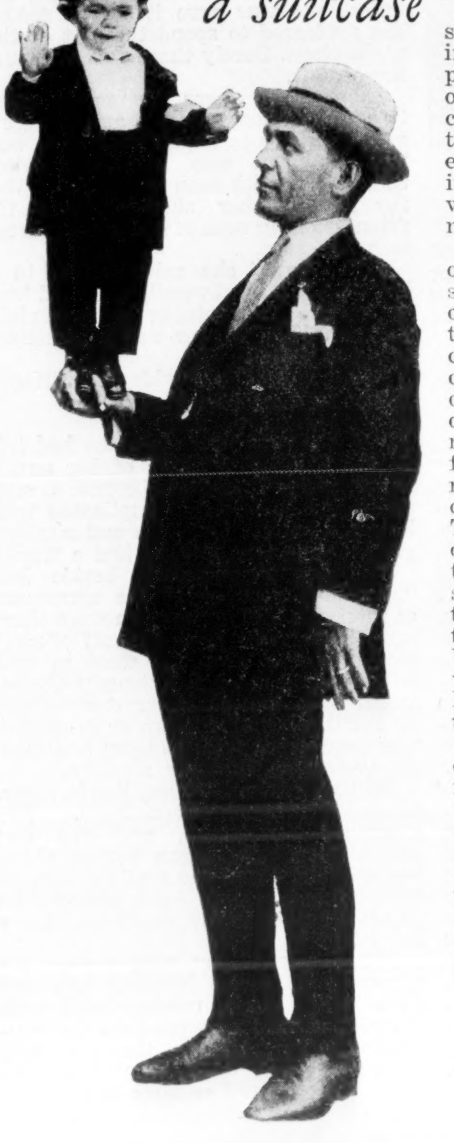
What was that? A twig crackled behind her. A branch rustled. A masculine throat, delicately baritone in its timbre, cleared sitelf tentatively.

Turning, she looked into a man's eyes—the nicest, clearest, cleanest, sweetest, manliest, bluest eyes she'd ever seen. She hadn't realized they were so blue last night.

"How—did *you* get here?" she asked faintly.

(To be continued next week)

The man who can sleep in a suitcase



IN THESE days of overcrowded hotels who is so fortunate as Clarence Chesterfield Howerton of Seattle, Wash.? He is so small that he could sleep in a suitcase or find ample accommodations in a traveling bag.

"Major Mite" (that's Howerton's stage name) is twenty-six inches in height and weighs nineteen pounds. He has never paid a cent of carfare, for conductors never collect fare from "children" less than thirty inches tall. He can easily stand upon a man's hand, but in spite of his diminutiveness has a well-proportioned stature and is of normal intelligence.

Howerton is the third of a family of five sons. One of his brothers is six feet two inches tall, and the others are of normal size. Up to the age of one year he grew as any child grows; then he refused to increase his height and a specialist declared that he had a deranged ductless gland and that he would never become taller. For the first fourteen years of his life he romped and played like a full-sized child, but he did not go to school. Then his father took him to a lodge entertainment. He was the hit of the evening, and was immediately signed up by the fraternal order to accompany its vaudeville show, then about to start on a tour of the West. This led to an engagement with a circus. To-day "Major Mite" is seen each summer by many thousand visitors to the big top.

The Major does not pine to be as other people are. In fact, he is rather pleased with the distinction which littleness brings him. His size forbids him from associating with adults; neither can be play with children, so it is little wonder that he sometimes waxes mischievous. One day his nine-year-old cousin boasted: "Why, I could lick the Major with one hand. He's nothing but a bird." The next minute the boy was on the floor and the "bird" on top of him.

If there is one thing Howerton demands it's good clothes, and almost everything he wears must be especially made. J. LEROY MILLER.

instantly became prettier. She forgot that young men made her feel awkward and tied her tongue. She remembered she was becomingly dressed, felt that her companion enjoyed her looks and also her society. It is a gratifying way for a girl to feel.

She found herself chatting and laughing with him as if he were old Ben—only it was different from being with old Ben, very different!

And the sun shone down, lawns blazed with unbelievable green, and there was something so sharply sweet in the air it cut you like a knife.

After what seemed just a few moments she recalled herself with a gasp: "Good gracious! We're almost out of the city! I said I wanted to catch the interurban!"

"Sure enough," imperturbably cheerful, "but you didn't specify just where you wanted to catch it—it's running along just beyond those trees over there."

For a second or two they continued to smile at each other. And the girl seemed to feel an unfamiliar flair, she felt indescribably blithe and reckless and valiant.

"Well," she said at last, "since you've come this far, I guess you can take me a little farther. I'll tell you where to stop." She had quickly formulated a plan, which she hoped would work.

They were scarcely a mile from Indian Creek, and from that big white house with its stolid square tower and prim green shutters, when she put out a hand and said: "You can let me out here."

Her companion could not withhold an ejaculation: "What! you live *here?*"

Small wonder he was startled; in the midst of an unkempt stretch of wild grass and weeds sat a desolate little hut: it could not have contained more than one room, its plank walls were warped and weather-stained, its roof sagged.

"Oh, no," answered Deborah, half laughing. "this is where old Ben Stubbs lives. Old Ben is a sort of hermit. He's queer, but he's a very good friend of mine, I want to see him. And I'll get home all right."

"But your ankle—"

"It doesn't hurt any more." She glanced apprehensively up and down the road. "You've been awfully kind—I'm grateful—but I must ask you to drive away quickly."

SHE climbed out of the car, took her big box; but the young man did not obey her behest to speed away. He looked at her a minute:

"See here," he asked, "is there some mystery? When you came out of the hotel to-day—I saw you before you stumbled—you looked as if you were about to cry."

"I was"—with a rueful little laugh.

"Then your bolting into my car—you said there was someone you didn't want to run into."

"Yes," she admitted again.

"Well, if there's anything you feel you could tell me—anything I could—"

"Oh, no, there's nothing to tell."

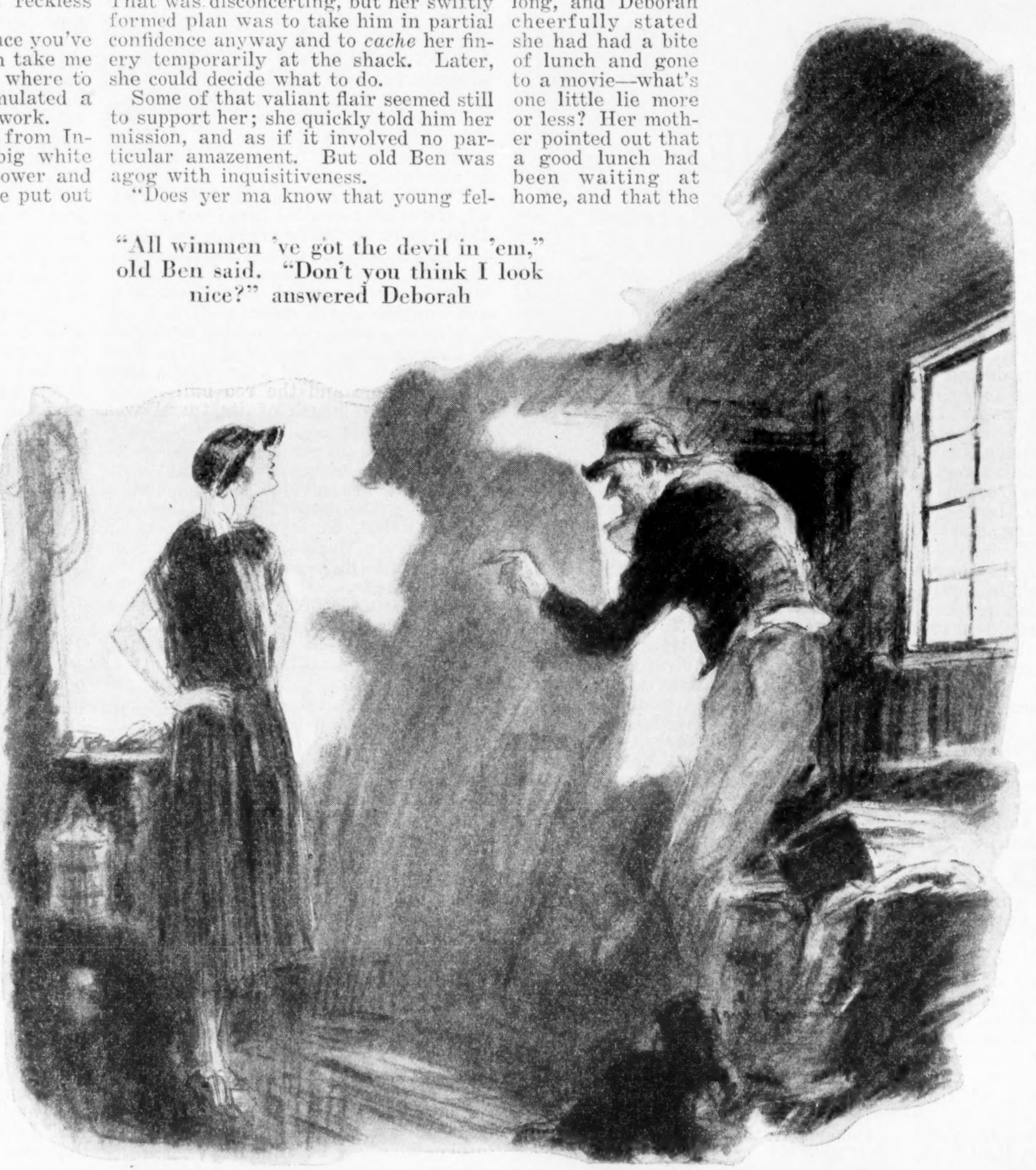
The young man sat for a moment uncertain, started his engine, then turned to her again. "My name's Burns," he said, "Thomas Burns—generally they call me 'Red.' "

He grinned, and Deborah found herself grinning back.

"You're not going to tell me your name?" he asked presently.

"I'd—better not."

"See here, what's the dope? Are you married?"



"All wimmen 've got the devil in 'em," old Ben said. "Don't you think I look nice?" answered Deborah

She Never Had a Beau

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He thought she was married! And the way he said it said he didn't *want* her to be married.

"No, I'm not married," she answered rather faintly.

For another uncertain moment he lingered while the girl prayed he would go, and dreaded his exit into the forever. Then quite abruptly he raised his hat and said good-by and went driving back toward Macon City.

SHE made her way toward the shack sorrowfully—but what could she have done? She couldn't possibly have presented the stranger to her mother! Nor could she have tried explaining to "Red"—he might cease admiring her! Better to lose him this way, now. She thought she was resigning herself to never seeing Red again.

When she entered the shack she found that old Ben was at home and had been slyly peeping out a window. That was disconcerting, but her swiftly formed plan was to take him in partial confidence anyway and to *cache* her finery temporarily at the shack. Later, she could decide what to do.

Some of that valiant flair seemed still to support her; she quickly told him her mission, and as if it involved no particular amazement. But old Ben was agog with inquisitiveness.

"Does yer ma know that young feller?" he demanded with his lively interest. "Does she know you been out ridin'?"

While she admitted the negative the girl exhorted his promise never to breathe a word.

Then he demanded to know if her mother knew about "that there toggery," and she confessed her first misdeed, her sinful purchases.

"It was the devil a-workin' in you," explained old Ben. "All wimmin 've got the devil in 'em. It comes a-rarin' out when they start buyin' gewgaws to bedeck and bedizen theirselves."

"Don't you think I look nice?" was Deborah's answer; she preened just a little. "I feel every stitch I have on." Then she sighed. "Maybe I'll just have to bury it all in the end. Or burn it maybe, I don't know."

Old Ben said a rather peculiar thing for crusty old Ben.

"That's an awful purty dress"—putting a tentative, grimy touch on the radiant blue of her sleeve. "It'd be a kind of shame to burn that purty dress."

"Oh, Ben, you'll keep it for me, then? And you won't tell Mother or anybody?"

"I ain't no talkin' fool"—dourly. "I leave that to the wimmin."

So it came about that when Deborah presently walked into view of the big white house with its stolid square tower and prim green shutters she looked the same unobtrusive, meek, "sensibly" dressed Deborah who had left it that morning. Yet did she look exactly the same?

Mrs. Pincomb, who was still abed, wanted to know what had kept her so long, and Deborah cheerfully stated she had had a bite of lunch and gone to a movie—what's one little lie more or less? Her mother pointed out that a good lunch had been waiting at home, and that the movies were an extravagance and a snare.

"I oughtn't to have sent you into town," she complained. "Mandy broke the handle on the blue willow teapot when she was bringing up my tray, and then she got all excited over it and excitement's so bad for my heart." She pressed her hand to the afflicted organ.

"Mandy doesn't make good tea, anyway," she added plaintively.

Deborah suggested brightly that she go down and brew some fresh tea; and because she knew the invalid's "attacks" rarely interfered with her appetite she added a couple of appetizing sandwiches to the tray.

The invalid ate with relish, and "picked up" considerably. She grew chatty. She told how Mrs. Horlacher, the constable's wife, had dropped in that afternoon.

"She says Bill's having to get busy about the spooners again," reported Mrs. Pincomb. "He's been out after 'em nearly every night this week. The young folks of to-day are a disgrace—they've got no sense of shame."

Deborah didn't speak, she rarely answered the maternal tirades against scandalous youth. And she knew how all last summer Bill Horlacher had terrorized young lovers who attempted to "park" in their automobiles. Bill Horlacher was the constable, and he was no agent of Cupid; she didn't want to hear, not to-day, of his renewed crusade.

But her mother continued: "What the mothers are thinking of is more than I can make out. Thank heaven, *my* daughter doesn't run around the country with young men in autos."

Deborah turned away quickly, but not quite quickly enough.

"Why, Deborah, what's the matter with your face? It looks all red."

"I—maybe I got a little sunburned."

"You're used to the sun. Turn to the light so I can see you better." Deborah had to obey, and her mother persisted: "It *does* look funny. Your eyes 've got a funny look too—have you got a touch of fever?"

Deborah's heart was plunging, but she steadied herself, and said amusedly: "Why, of course not, Mother. How could I have a fever?—there's been no way for me to catch a fever."

AS SOON as she could get to herself Deborah scrutinized her face in a mirror. Even to herself her eyes had a "funny look." As she looked she began thinking how this was the face a young man had found good to look at, and she smiled at her reflected self and the reflection smiled back, and the reflection's eyes grew more and more luminous.

She knew she was a wicked girl, she tried to feel remorseful, she did feel remorseful—but not half so abject as she knew it her duty to feel.

Her outstanding pang seemed to be that she would never again see that nice friendly "Red"; for the time she almost forgot to grieve over Lew, to grieve because he was unattainable, and because he'd given his love to one who dyed her hair and was in other ways unworthy.

The next morning Lew came to see her mother about some business matter. The Widow Pincomb had a high regard for young Lew Worthen; his father, old "Judge" Worthen, had for years been her legal adviser and upon the judge's death she had handed down her affairs to young Lew. She knew him for a shrewd-minded young man, well-versed in the law; she deplored his unfortunate infatuation with Charlie Blair's wife, but Lew had acted more honorably there than most men would have done.

She welcomed him quite cordially, and took him off to the little back parlor which was her "office." When he finally emerged from the house Deborah was out in the side yard, working in the pansy bed which stretched along the garden fence. Ordinarily Lew would never have noticed her at all, or at the most would have called a casual "good-by," but now, for some reason, he

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She Never Had a Beau

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hesitated, then came across the yard.

Deborah saw his approach, and her heart naturally quickened—it had quickened with Lew's advent for so long. He came on to the pansy bed, and they exchanged some commonplaces about flowers and the weather; Deborah, strangely at ease, went right on grubbing.

Then Lew said: "By the way, you haven't got a blue dress, have you?"

Her heart gave a leap, then she steadied herself, and answered lightly: "Why, of course—I've got one on."

"Oh, not that kind—" Deborah's dress was a blue-checked gingham—"I don't mean a working dress, but the kind you'd wear into town."

"Why do you want to know?" murmured Deborah, plucking off a dead leaf.

"I saw a girl in town yesterday in a blue dress—the bluest blue I ever saw—who somehow made me think of you. I only got a glimpse of her—she got into a car at the St. Royal and drove off with some young fellow."

Deborah smiled up at him—smiled at him unblinkingly!—an amused, quizzical smile. "Can you imagine me driving off from the St. Royal with some young fellow?" she asked.

"Well, no, I can't," answered Lew with rather unflattering candor. "That was what bothered me. She was a peach too—I wouldn't have minded a closer look."

"I wore my brown homespun into town yesterday," flashing up another smile. "I made it myself—I'm afraid I don't look like a peach in it."

"You always look nice," Lew stated kindly. "You're looking awfully pretty, this morning—I noticed it two or three times in the house. First thing we know," he added, "we'll hear of some young man coming and carrying you off."

Deborah rose to her feet, dusted off her hands. "Guess I'll have to go out and find him first. You know I've never had a beau."

Lew knew that, of course, although he had never bothered to think about it.

Then Deborah, for some reason or other, said: "You yourself, Lew—you and Anita—you'll be getting married before long now, I expect?"

Lew's look grew serious, his brows contracted slightly. "Anita's in mourning," he answered, "Charlie's not been dead three months. She could hardly be planning marriage."

"I know," said Deborah, gently. "But I know how long you've loved each other." She came and stood closer to him, went on earnestly: "Oh, Lew, my heart just ached for you, when you went away—it seems so terrible that love, which is the most beautiful thing in the world, should have to make people unhappy. It seems so sad and wrong."

Lew looked a little startled and considerably embarrassed.

Deborah came another step closer. "That's why I hope you're going to be happy at last; I really do, Lew."

LEW made a little sound which may have signified emotion or embarrassment, or might have been the mere annoyance it curiously sounded like. Then he said indulgently: "You're sweet, Deborah. But better not go around felicitating people until they make their announcements—plenty of time afterward."

He was smiling again, his beautifully grave smile with the little cynical tinge which Deborah always found so fascinating.

Mrs. Pincomb appeared on the porch. "You haven't gone yet, Lew?—that's lucky, because there's one other little point I want to ask you about—"

She came on out, to present her overlooked "point"; she didn't at all mind Lew's lingering to talk with her daughter—poor Lew, who was so unluckily involved with Anita Blair.

As they stood there, discussing, a man drove by in a flivver and hailed a greeting. It was Bill Horlacher, the constable, and Mrs. Pincomb remarked:

"I hear that Bill Horlacher's after the spooners again. A good thing for the morals of the community."

"Well, it's a good thing for Bill's revenue, anyway," smiled Lew.

"Let him feather his pockets," said the widow. "They ought to be fined, the young flibbergasts who go gallivanting around in autos."

Deborah, listening, felt a certain abashment, but was so lost in sin that she averted her head to hide a crinkling smile.

THE second day following her adventure old Ben came and got her off alone and with an air of preternatural mystery handed her a note. It read:

Dear Bluebell: Have been trying to pry your name and address from the Hermit, but unfortunately forgot my screwdriver and gimlet—finally he promised to deliver this. Could you possibly arrange to be at the Hermitage this evening? It seems pretty important as I've thought of several things I forgot to say yesterday—and besides it's my duty to inquire about your ankle, isn't it? I'll be there promptly before eight. Please.

It was signed "Red."

"That young feller sent it to you," old Ben hissed through his whiskers. "He was out to see me last night and pretty nigh deviled the life outa me. But I jest let him rave—didn't let nothin' out."

Deborah hushed him and thanked him and got rid of him, and proceeded through her affairs of the day—the day got itself through with somehow. Of course she never intended to keep the tryst, to go near the rendezvous. But that evening she suggested that her mother, who was complaining again of her heart, get to bed early; she dutifully tucked her parent into bed.

And shortly after a dim figure might have been seen flying through the dusk, across the back pasture, toward old Ben Stubbs' shack.

"Quick!" cried Deborah to old Ben, "my box—I want to change my dress!"

"Well, I've always said all wimmin 've got the devil in 'em," grunted old Ben; he grunted and mumbled, but he got out her box.

Thus Deborah Pincomb began to lead her double life; for a whole month she led it flagrantly.

Of course she had moments of panic and fear—long black hours of them, too, in the middle of sleepless nights. Yet even the panics held a thrill, and, whatever should happen, was not the tang that life had suddenly acquired worth the whatever price? All in all there were seven or eight nights she managed to steal away from her mother—who fortunately kept up her "ailing"—and across the pasture to old Ben's, there to don her blue dress and then go off riding with Red.

Such rides! Whizzing swiftly through the moonlight, through the starlight, that held all the youth and the comradeship and laughter and hush and magic that could ever be named or left nameless. . . . Was it worth it, whatever tribute must be paid in the end?

Lew Worthen came rather frequently to the Pincomb homestead during this period. It was always in some business connection, but he seemed to make more opportunities to talk with the daughter than before. Deborah would frequently find his gaze resting on her and would thrill pleasantly.

Life was full, life was rich, life was magical—but it was founded on transgression. And the way of the transgressor is hard, and retribution is mine, saith the Lord.

Came the end of May, the end of the year's prize month of magic. And with the end of that month—as of every month—came the Widow Pincomb's bank statement.

It came in the mail, and Deborah fortunately had gone to the post office. But why say "fortunately"? From the first heart-stilling glimpse of the familiar long envelope she knew that the game was up. Revelation could not be long deferred. Was it not only human for Deborah to decide to postpone the crashing storm until she could go for one last ride with Red?

She had not intended making any confession to him, sadly thought to take herself out of his life on the "mystery" note with which she had entered it. To begin with, Red didn't accept the mystery note and let it go at that; he now demanded to know some particulars. And then, because he was so peremptory, and because she felt so lost and lonely and unspeakably forlorn, she found herself pouring it all out to him.

Never was there anyone so easy to talk to as Red. He muttered something once or twice, but a sympathetic kind of mutter, and once he reached out and patted her hand.

"I was an awful fool, such an awful fool," she lamented.

"Don't start talking that way; any girl 'd like pretty clothes and a good time," Red answered, rather gruffly.

"But no girl would do what I did—I feel like a criminal, maybe I am one. And to-morrow I've got to tell Mother. If only I could go back to that morning, and start all over again—"

But even as she spoke that last remorse her voice faltered, and Red quickly demanded:

"Would you make it all different, and cut out this month?"

Then slowly she shook her head. "No, Red, to be honest, I don't believe I would."

RED had taken possession of her hand, was holding it, and a strange peace was falling over her; oddly, facing her mother did not now seem half so frightening. Red had turned silent, he seemed thinking.

"This Lew fellow," he asked unexpectedly, "the fellow you ran away from that day, is he in love with you?"

"Oh, no." She gave a half-rueful, half-audacious kind of laugh. "I've never had a beau."

"Tell that to the marines," said Red, almost crossly.

Deborah's sinful heart gave a little leap she could not repress, but she felt bound to explain: "Lew's in love with somebody else. She's quite attractive and wears lovely clothes only—only—"

"Only what?" prompted Red, who seemed quite interested.

"Well, I never thought she was quite worthy of Lew; he—well, he's Lew Worthen, and she's a sort of vamp." She hesitated, then added: "She was with Lew that day at the St. Royal, and that was one reason why—"

She faltered without finishing. Red stared moodily ahead. "And this Lew chap, who's ensnared by the vamp, he's all set on the pedestal, is he?"

Deborah looked startled. "Why—what do you mean?"

"I mean you think he's the noble hero and the little tin god and all that sort of thing?"

"Why, I've always admired him, of course. He's very good-looking and awfully clever. He's Mother's lawyer and comes to the house—"

"I see," Red said shortly.

Just what did he see? What in the world had come over Red?

Before she could formulate any apprehensive conjecture there came an unexpected and dire interruption. Some time earlier, in the earnestness of

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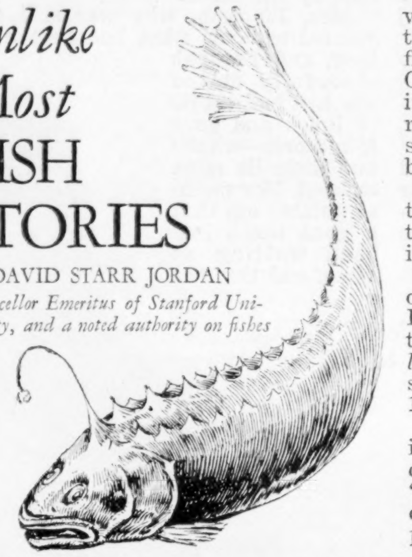
Unlike Most FISH STORIES

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University, and a noted authority on fishes



THEY captured another "devil of the deep" not long ago off the coast of Iceland. It must have given a rude shock to the crew of the Hull trawler which hauled it in. It was a fish. But it was a fish that was decidedly different from the kind to which men who go down to the sea in ships are accustomed.

According to the dispatch which told of the capture, the strange catch was a yard long; its flesh was very soft and flabby; its skin coal black, and covered with sharp, hard, conical spines that resembled white ivory. The mouth was large, like that of the halibut. Its tail resembled a gloved hand with eight fingers, between each pair a thin web. On its back was a rod-like feature ending in a big tassel. At its tip was a red ball of flesh, used as a bait to draw smaller fish so near that they could be snapped up in the powerful jaws.

The most interesting thing about this, next to the strange fish itself, is this: unlike most fish yarns that story is absolutely true!

The fish plainly belongs to the family of *Ceratiidae*—called deep-water Sea Devils. It is fairly certain that it is the species called *Himantolophus groenlandicus*, hitherto known only from a single example which came ashore in 1837 on the south coast of Greenland.

This specimen, considerably damaged, is twenty-three inches long. The first dorsal fin is reduced to a single long "fishing rod," and the red ball in the center of the brush of its tassel was probably luminous in life.

Sea devils of this sort, living at great depths which the sunlight cannot reach, are all jet black. Unless they carry their own lanterns they are usually blind, for eyes are useless in the absolute dark. They have been dredged at different depths in the northern seas, the deepest record accessible being 2,800 fathoms (half a mile). Occasionally one of them rises above its level—in storms sometimes, or in struggles with other fish. It is then killed at once by internal expansion caused by release from the tremendous pressure found in the depths of the sea.

A $350 Prize Contest

There'll be an article in next week's Collier's about men and women who make a few dollars go a long way. For the best accounts of *your* experiences with the stretchable dollar, $350 will be awarded. Read

How to Be Rich Though Poor

in Collier's for next week

their talk, Red had swung the car to one side of the road and had stopped the engine. Now another car drew up alongside and stopped, and a loud voice barked out:

"Where d' you two think you are, anyway—on the parlor sofa?"

With an inside thud of horror Deborah recognized it as the voice of Bill Horlacher.

Red, who hadn't the remotest idea who Bill Horlacher was nor why Bill's advent should be dreadful, barked back:

"Whose business d' you think you're minding? If you don't want your head punched, I'd advise you—"

He was halted more by Deborah's tug at his arm than by the intruder's peremptory command:

"Go easy there, young man—I'd advise *you* to take a squint at this—" and he climbed out of his car, a squat, solid figure in the moonlight, shoving aside his coat to display a gleaming badge.

"What the blazes—" Red began, but Deborah tugged again, and cried:

"Oh, Mr. Horlacher, you've made a mistake! See, it's only me—Deborah Pincomb!" She wasn't aware of any grotesque pathos in what she said, she was too suddenly aghast.

The constable too seemed startled. He peered closer, and exclaimed: "Well, if it ain't! Well, I'll be blamed!"

Deborah sought to follow up her advantage by explaining how she and her friend were out for a ride and had "just stopped to talk," but while this truth sounded to her most plausible it did not similarly strike Bill Horlacher.

He insisted, not too regretfully, he must take them "to court"—that dread front room over the drug store where Bill's informal hearings were held.

Red's language became truly terrible and he threatened to use his fists upon the law. He managed to swat Bill one good one—which certainly did not help his case with that officer—before Deborah's frantic exhortations got home to him the fact that her plight might be best helped by going with the constable.

The shouts and confusion had brought out a witness, no other than old Ben Stubbs, for the culprits had made their halt within a stone's throw of their trysting place. Old Ben had got quite excited, gesticulating and spluttering at the constable, and thrusting his whiskers up into the official face. But when the cavalcade of two cars at last moved off, old Ben had mysteriously disappeared.

THAT midnight scene in the front room above the drug store was a nightmare Deborah would never forget. She was mortified, dazed and frightened. What would be the final outcome she dared not imagine; she felt she would have died then and there had it not been for Red.

For Red kept her hand clasped tightly; he was still angry and sullen, with his air of a repressed volcano.

Bill Horlacher had finished with his insulting abjurgations; they had just reached the part about the fines and Red, with his tight-lipped grimness, had released her hand to take out his bill-fold when the door suddenly creaked open, and Ben Stubbs shambled in, followed by—oh, dear Lord!—by Lew Worthen.

Deborah gave a stifled little scream.

"I've brung you a lawyer," announced old Ben, eying the constable with a sort of malignant triumph. "Jest because you wear a badge you think you can go a-trompin' on the good names and nateral feelin's of innercent young wimmin—young wimmin who ain't done a midget o' harm except foller their nateral bent fer a bit o' billin' and cooin'."

This harangue, though it came from the kindliest intent toward herself, caused Deborah to flame scarlet; old Ben, as one enjoying himself very much, was proceeding:

"But I aim it won't do no harm to git a reg'lar lawyer fer once into thesehere proceedin's. Let me interjuce Mr. Lew Worthen, a real smart young feller, the Widder Pincomb's own lawyer—I figger he'll see how right an' justice is done by her darter. I drug him outa bed for the purpose."

Lew, who looked as if he had dressed hurriedly and yet looked notably handsome, was grave to sternness.

"What in the world does this mean?" he asked sternly of Deborah.

"Oh, I don't know, Lew! That is, I was just out riding with Mr. Burns here—he's just a good friend—and—"

She glanced agonizedly at Red for help, but the look she met in Red's eyes brought her faltering to a halt. The expression of Red's eyes had gone hard, cold, and hostile! It chilled her, frightened her; what she most feared was that she would break down and cry.

She dimly heard Bill Horlacher reciting details to Lew. Red said nothing, just stood there with that grimly frozen look that seemed to freeze her too.

She heard Lew's short sentences, crisp and stern, as he tossed questions to the constable. He said that in behalf of his client, Mrs. Pincomb, he would take care of the fines.

"The fine's paid," Red said then, shortly, "the money's on the table."

"You can pay your own fine, of course," replied Lew in his crisp, level tone, "but we can scarcely permit you to pay Miss Pincomb's."

"Very well," said Red, and picked one of the bills from the table.

Then Lew said to Deborah: "I think I'd better take you home."

She glanced desperately at Red, but Red wasn't even looking. He vouchsafed her a scant "Good night," and went striding out of the room and down the resounding wooden stairs; before she could get Lew out and down the stairs she heard the sound of Red's engine starting—Red was gone.

IT WAS quite a long walk from the constable's office to the Widow Pincomb's. She felt an excruciating sense of strain, but attempted the exigent explanation. She knew it all sounded jumbled and simply beyond excuse.

"My dear little girl," said Lew, in that patronizing tone people use when they decide not to stress on a child the sense of their own manifest superiority, "I wonder if you really realize the enormity of what you've done?"

"Oh, yes, I know I've done wrong," she admitted weakly.

He was looking at her in a queer and disturbing way. "You need someone to take care of you." He reached for her hand and began to pat it, then pressed it tight. "You need"—and then with a sudden tenderness—"will you let *me* take care of you, little girl?"

He went on talking, in a strange swift rush of words to her scarcely intelligible. He said how it had been coming to him these past few weeks—all these years he had known her, yet it was as if he had never known her—he hadn't got the true drift of it himself until he saw her there with that strange fellow. He was jealous! And he knew then that he loved her. He wanted to take her and protect her—

Was Lew *proposing* to her?

"But—but you're in love with Anita!" she burst out in a desperate kind of confusion.

Lew didn't answer for a minute. He looked slightly constrained, considerably embarrassed. "Yes, I thought I loved Anita," he said at length, "but after her husband died—" He hesitated, cleared his throat. "Well, I—we've decided we don't love each other."

"Then—you're not going to marry her after all?"—in a gasp.

Lew shook his head gravely. "No, that's all over. It was an unfortunate attachment—but it's ended."

Some later day, perhaps, the psychology of Lew's waning affection might present itself to Deborah. But now she was merely caught in a whirling world, dazed and stunned. Suddenly everything became too much for her, and she began to cry.

She tried to check her foolish, choking sobs and then with a horrified consternation she felt Lew's arm go around her—felt his kiss upon her mouth!

Once she had dreamed she could die happy if only Lew Worthen wanted to kiss her—but now, but now—

"Don't—oh, don't!" she sobbed.

"You're all overwrought," soothed her lover, "you're all upset."

"Yes, I'm upset," sobbed the girl. "Oh, please take me home!"

"Yes, little girl, I'll take you home. I can wait till morning; in the morning—"

In the morning, he told her, he would come and take charge: he would tell her mother the whole story. His final admonition to her, at the Pincomb gate, was a protective, "Now just leave it to me—all you need to do is to get some sleep."

Despite his reassurance she spent the rest of the night whirling in chaos, she did not sleep a wink; and despite the fact that an absolutely hopeless dream had come true—Lew Worthen had kissed her!—she once began sobbing again as if her heart would break.

THE next morning, true to his word, Lew Worthen came early; he gave the girl a lover-like look before he took the mother off into the little back parlor.

Unable to perform any of her household tasks, or to sit still, or to do anything at all, she wandered outdoors. A car was halting in front, a familiar car—her heart leaped and then seemed to lie utterly still.

Red saw her, vaulted the hedge and came toward her across the yard.

How beautiful he looked in the sunlight! Not handsome at all, but indescribably beautiful with the sun bringing out his freckles and flaming on his uncovered red head.

And he said, grimly, "Well, since I found out where you live I've come to pay a call; couldn't keep away."

How her heart was soaring, despite his unfriendly demeanor! "What—would make you want to keep away?"

"What would make me want to hang around"—with an unpleasant-sounding laugh—"after it was evident you'd pulled off your little game?"

"My—game?"

"Yes," asseverated Red, "your wicked, low-down game."

"But—I didn't know you thought I was so wicked, Red. You said that any girl—I thought you didn't—oh, I don't know—"

"I mean the thing that was really at bottom," stated Red, "the thing you were playing for—well, you evidently got it, all right"—with another unpleasant laugh. "You've hooked your Lew."

Deborah stared at him. Then her cheeks, which had paled, began to find magic roses. And feeling suddenly very, very daring—she walked straight up to him and put her hand on his rigid arm, and said:

"Why, Red Burns—I believe you're jealous!"

"I am," Red admitted with self-contemptuous fierceness. "That's why I couldn't keep away after it was plain I'd served my turn."

"Oh, Red!" She gave a little laugh that was half a happy sob. "It's so nice for you to be jealous—I can't help liking you to be jealous, because—you see—there's no reason for you to be jealous at all!"

"The little devil," chuckled old Ben who was high in an overhanging tree where he had gone presumably to trim a limb, but who was keeping himself very unobtrusive. "All wimmin 've got the devil in 'em."

THE young people below did not suspect his chaperonage, they were suddenly oblivious of the world. For Deborah had suddenly gone to heaven against Red's lips.

They had forgotten they were out in the yard, in plain view of the roadway, the house. But a scandalized scream recalled them, it was a shriek of horror.

Emerging from the house, on the porch, stood the Widow Pincomb and Lew Worthen. Lew's face was a frozen study, and the widow's expression was indescribable.

She had gone through much already: Lew's revelations, the perfidy of her treasured child, the perfidy of Lew himself to turn beyond all guarantees into a suitor . . . and now—climactic outrage!—to discover her errant child in the embrace of *another* young man!

Her look was truly terrible.

"Oh, good heavens," gasped Deborah, who had forgotten about her crimes and expiations, about her mother and Lew Worthen.

But she confronted her mother happily; what was there in the world to fear, with Red's arm around her?

Bretzman

W. B. HINER

Moving Furniture With an Idea

"THERE goes your three hundred dollars," said a sage of Frankfort, Indiana, to a friend of W. B. Hiner who had just lent him that sum, as Hiner stepped aboard an interurban car for Indianapolis. Hiner was honest but he never *had* made money, and he was thirty-nine years old.

It was five years ago that Hiner, now president of the Red Ball Transit Company, peeled off one sixth of his borrowed roll to pay a month's office rent in advance and persuaded canny newspaper advertising managers of Indianapolis to grant him credit.

"Household Goods Moved by Truck Anywhere," his advertisements proclaimed. Not that he had anything on wheels with which to move these goods. All he had was an idea, and Hiner reckoned that if faith could move mountains his idea should be able to cope with furniture. He knew that there were many independent truck owners who had no regular means of getting business, and that many families were selling their furniture at a sacrifice in order to save the expense and trouble of shipping it to their new homes in distant cities. These he proposed to bring together.

At the end of a month Hiner's idea was as big as ever, but his pocketbook was flat and his creditors pressing. Somehow he borrowed $600 at an Indianapolis bank, and it was the margin of success. To-day the vice president who approved the loan is Hiner's auditor.

Soon he had established a factory to turn out especially designed trucks to operate from offices in fifteen principal cities. Thousand-mile trips now are not unusual. Every driver owns his own truck, sold to him on terms by Hiner, and is really a small merchant in transportation.

The nucleus of a passenger system that is expected to cover the territory now served by the trucks has been started at Indianapolis, with runs to small cities at a rate of two cents a mile. Overnight service between important cities is planned. A bus terminal which eventually will cost half a million dollars is under construction.

Hiner built up his trucking system on profits and short-time loans. He says he has borrowed more than a million dollars in the last five years on no security other than his own name, and never has let a note fall due. BENJAMIN COLBY.

Jeshurun

Continued from page 11

Kate warned them. "This is likely to be serious."

"Well, what do you want us to do?" Rose flared. "Let him run Punquit? I guess not!"

Aunt Kate sighed. "Perhaps he'll get into the spirit of the place when he's been here longer," she suggested.

"If he doesn't," said Rose, "he'd better look out."

But Aunt Kate already surmised that, unless Punquit converted Dr. Beam, it would be Punquit that had better look out.

When they had gone the pervading peacefulness of the day had gone with them. Into Punquit's innocence had come the Knowledge of Good and Evil, aggressive and militant. Aunt Kate felt uneasy and disturbed, and she was more disturbed when Jethro Vail called that afternoon, bringing a trunk that had arrived on a later train.

"Seems like Punquit ain't the same place at all since Dr. Beam come," he told her dolefully. "I s'pose he does what's right in his own eyes, but he's got no call to act as if I don't know my business, me bein' a justice of the peace. I may not have had any long service on the bench, but I read the General Statutes of the state of Connecticut through from cover to cover, and I don't know what more you can ask than that. He talks a lot about respect for law, he does. But ain't it disrespect for law to make threats to a justice of the peace?"

"Threats, Jethro? What's he been threatening you about?"

"Well, you know most people have got porches overlookin' the lake, and when a few folks come in of an evening to dance you can usually hear the phonograph all over. Ever'body I know can sleep all right if they want to sleep. But the Hanleys had a party last week and this Beam tells 'em they kept him awake, and if they do it again he'll swear out a warrant for disorderly conduct.

"THEN he comes over to tell me about it."

" 'Well,' I says, 'I've known the Hanleys twenty years and they ain't what I call disorderly. Never been done before, talkin' about swearin' out a warrant just because you ain't used to Punquit and stay awake a little of an evening.' But he says his work is important and he's got to get his sleep; and besides these midnight orgies—that's what he calls 'em—are all wrong. So if I don't give him a warrant when he asks for one, he says, he'll have some friends of his in Hartford get me up on charges."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Collett.

"Yes, sir," Jethro agreed glumly, "and I guess he could do it. Hear he's got a lot of influence. What I better do, Aunt Kate?"

"Better keep away from him," Aunt Kate advised, feeling that this was futile enough. "He'll have to take the responsibility if he swears out a warrant for disorderly conduct."

"But I got to try the case, and he as good as told me if my notion of disorderly conduct wasn't the same as his he'd have me up on charges."

"Let him have his way," said Aunt Kate feebly. "Maybe after he's lived here a while he'll be more friendly."

"Friendly?" said Jethro. "Him?"

He departed, leaving Aunt Kate contemplating a summer ruined. And the next day came still another caller—no less than Selectman Mark Hazen who brought his troubles to Aunt Kate. Dr. Beam had called in the state police.

"Went right over the heads of the local authorities, he did," said Mark Hazen gloomily, "and pulled some wires at Hartford. Seems they're scairt of him there; he says his league speaks for the moral element in all the churches of the country, and they believe him. So they're goin' to send in a state policeman, and he reports to Beam. And Beam says he's goin' to stop drinkin' in Punquit. Heard somebody shakin' a cocktail the other evening when he was takin' his walk for exercise, and that settled him. Said he'd give 'em one warning and they didn't deserve more."

"Of course," Aunt Kate reminded him, "it's against the law."

"Most everything a man does is against the law nowadays," said Mark Hazen. "You know and I know, Aunt Kate, there's nobody around here that's drunk and disorderly or even noisy. What they've got they brung up with 'em from New York. There ain't a bootlegger in the town of Punquit, or a blind tiger, or even a still. What are we goin' to do about it, Aunt Kate? This man'll ruin the summer for all Punquit, if he keeps on."

"I haven't called on Dr. and Mrs. Beam yet," said Aunt Kate. "I ought to, since we're such near neighbors. Perhaps I can give him some idea—"

"Nobody can give him any ideas," said Mark Hazen. "He's got his own—home-brewed."

NEXT morning, in a costume and manner that admirably blended the respectability of Stuyvesant Square with the sociable neighborliness of Punquit, Mrs. Collett went forth to call on her neighbors. Unhappily, as she went down the path worn by the Harreld children between her house and theirs, she saw Dr. Beam driving off to the village in his flivver, and though Mrs. Beam was at home there was little to be got out of her. She was a meek little woman who admitted that her field of service lay in making Dr. Beam comfortable so that he could work undisturbed.

Dr. Beam's work, it appeared, consisted of the writing of a series of twenty-four lectures on Law Enforcement, which were to be delivered all over the country under the auspices of a lyceum bureau—Aunt Kate took heart once more—but not till fall. Aunt Kate's brief hopes were shattered, but she made the best of it and tried to convince Mrs. Beam that there was at least one sympathizer with the cause of right in Punquit.

And the good deed bore fruit, for as she sat reading on the porch next morning she saw coming up the path Dr. Jeshurun Beam. Aunt Kate's mental picture of an embittered zealot had to be thrown away. Dr. Beam, it was clear, was a happy warrior. His dark eyes were bright and beaming; his wide, square face was fat and well cared for, with glistening pink jaws, smoothly shaven, that hung down in oily dewlaps over his low collar. He radiated assurance and confidence, for he knew that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera and for Dr. Jeshurun Beam.

Aunt Kate laid aside her book and rose to greet him, and she saw his eyes glisten as they fell on the volume.

"Ah, Mrs. Collett! My wife's report led me to believe that even in this riotous jazz-mad summer colony there was one person of my own sort. Your taste in reading proves it."

"A most instructive Book," Aunt Kate agreed, containing her emotion at hearing Punquit described as riotous and jazz-mad. "Especially if read with insight and understanding. Sit down, Doctor. I hope that I and my household have done nothing to disturb your work, as I hear some of our neighbors have done!"

A shadow darkened the shiny red face.

"I can well understand," he told her through clenched teeth, "how much you must have endured at the hands of these law-breaking flappers—and their parents, who of course are worse. But your ordeal is almost over. I've taken steps which will lead to a clean-up in Punquit."

"I should have thought," Aunt Kate sighed, "that after your strenuous winter you would need a rest."

"There can be no rest for those of us on whom rests the responsibility of law enforcement. We know no vacations. Oh, Mrs. Collett, the world's work always has been and always will be done by a few. Besides—even if the drunken revels of our good neighbors hadn't disturbed my work, I could hardly have tolerated that sort of thing in the community in which I have even a temporary residence. No, Mrs. Collett, the law has come to Punquit."

"I don't believe our neighbors are really lawless at heart," Aunt Kate ventured. "Thoughtless, perhaps, but—Most of us, you see, sleep right through the dance music across the lake."

"My work must not be disturbed," said Dr. Beam decisively. "Besides, these lawless midnight orgies—oh, they have their liquor too—"

"I know," Aunt Kate admitted. "But they don't really mean—"

Dr. Beam smiled.

"My dear Mrs. Collett, I am, if I may say so, a veteran of the war for purity and cleanliness. In twenty years' experience I've learned all their pitiful excuses by heart—these good people, these nice people, these decent people who think they can pick and choose and obey this law and disregard that. That sort of thing undermines the very foundations of morality. It's Bolshevism, nothing less. But their day is done. You and I may be the only representatives of the moral element in Punquit, but we'll make the others understand that the law is the law."

"I suppose you'll swear out some warrants—"

"Not I," said Dr. Beam. "I haven't had much help from the local authorities. I'm used to that. Public sentiment can't be relied on, Mrs. Collett, to support the laws which the country needs. That's why modern reform legislation dispenses with jury trials wherever possible. But I've shown these people that they can't intimidate me. For twenty years I have labored in the vineyard against apathy and obstruction and conspiracy. Mine enemies have compassed me about, but I have been delivered as a bird from the snare of the fowler. I've shown them that when they take hold of me they take hold of a live wire—high-power at that. I know how to deal with this situation. I've used a little influence at Hartford, and in a day or two you'll see a state policeman here, making arrests under my direction and bringing the law to Punquit."

"YOU'LL stop all drinking, I suppose?"

"I certainly shall; and I rather think it will be impressed on Punquit that disorderly conduct is disorderly conduct, even if it takes the form of a jazz party on somebody's porch. As for these bare-legged, bobbed-haired, cigarette-smoking bathing girls—"

"What about them?" Aunt Kate asked. His jaws snapped shut.

"They'll be made to observe the laws of common decency."

Mrs. Collett sighed. It seemed time to intervene.

"I've known these boys and girls all their lives," she ventured. "They're well behaved. And it's easier to swim in those suits—"

He smiled. "They've used those plausible arguments—oh, so plausible—on you, have they? Do you suppose they wear those suits just to swim?"

"They do swim," Aunt Kate pointed out. "Constantly."

"Ah, Mrs. Collett, it's almost impossible to convey to a lady the force of the objection to such exposure. You may comprehend the fundamental and essential indecency of the human body, but you've never fathomed the blackness of the human soul. But I may say, as a man among men, that shameless displays such as Punquit knows too well have a most disturbing effect on observers. Most disturbing. I have always found in my work—"

With a sigh Aunt Kate confessed the failure of her frontal assault; there remained the possibility of turning the flank. "Tell me something about your work, Dr. Beam. I know it generally, of course, by reputation; but to hear the story from your own lips—"

He told it, for three quarters of an hour—a story that began in his college days, when he had arrested the college bookseller for carrying the Decameron on his shelves (a corrupt judge and jury had acquitted the scoundrel, but it had made the reputation of Jeshurun Beam) and went on to the glorious heights of his recent triumphs—the passage of anti-tobacco laws in Western states, his fight to get newspapers that carried racing and boxing tips excluded from the mails, the book and magazine censorship law that he hoped to carry through the next Congress.

This was his first chance since he came to Punquit to recount his exploits. His wife knew the whole story already and he had found no one else willing to listen, or worthy to hear. The man was perceptibly milder, almost genial, when at last he looked at his wrist watch and announced that it was a quarter to one

(*Continued on page 34*)

The RABBIT RACE

THE old familiar saying that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" was based on the idea that the doctor never came to see anyone unless he was quite ill, and, as a rule, very ill. We used to hear it said that Mrs. Jones was so sick that she had to have the doctor, and the poor doctor, when he was called, was supposed to work miracles. Being only human, of course, he often failed.

The way we have been employing our doctors reminds one of the rabbit races they hold down in Texas. A jack rabbit is let out of his pen and has a clear run to his hole. After he has a fairly good start, a greyhound is let loose. Of course the hound takes after that rabbit. Sometimes he catches the rabbit, but often he doesn't.

So it is frequently with the family doctor. Disease breaks loose in some member of the family and everybody waits to give it a good start. The doctor, like the hound, is under serious handicap. Perhaps he and nature will catch up with the disease and save the patient, but on the other hand perhaps they won't.

In one of the places where they race rabbits there are two or three old jacks who have never been caught. These wily old rabbits, as soon as they are let loose, lay back their ears and make a bee line for their holes. No hound so far has overcome his handicap and caught them.

We have some diseases which are in a class with those wise old rabbits. Once they get a fair start, nothing known to medical science can catch them—cancer and tuberculosis, for instance. Folks must come to realize how important it is not to put the greyhounds of medical science under a handicap if they are to cope with such treacherous diseases and save human life. Give your doctor a fair chance to help you get well by calling him early and letting him assist you and your family in keeping well. Don't give your rabbits too much of a start. Some day one of them may win the race.

DR. ALLAN CRAIG.

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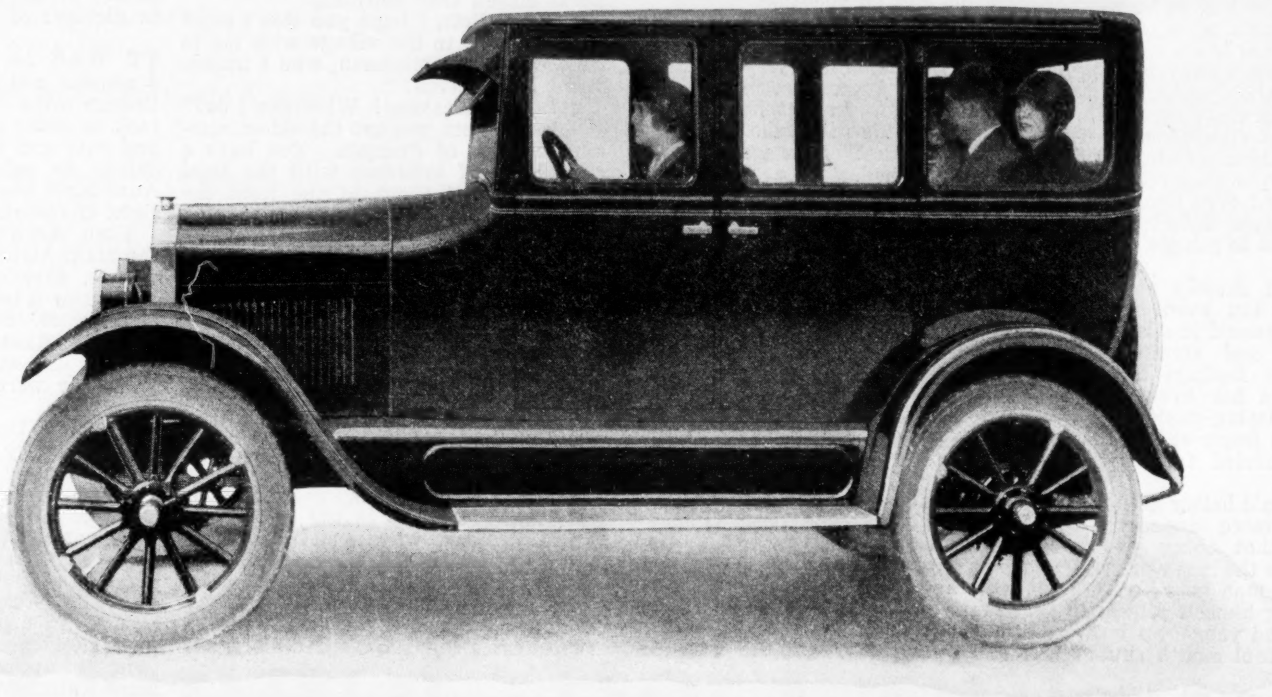

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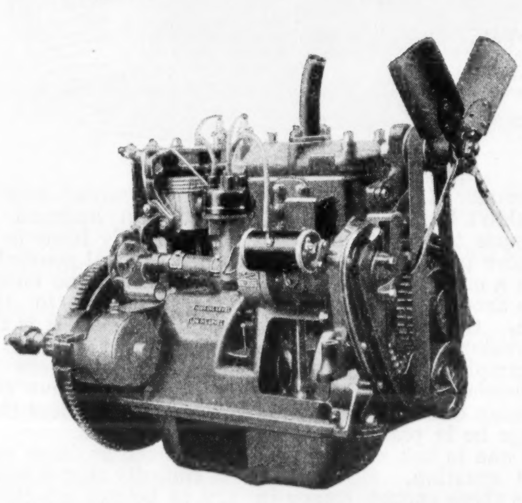

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and that he must be running home.

"Why, I had no idea it was so late," Mrs. Collett. "Your story was so interesting. I'm sure that if some of our neighbors knew—"

"If they knew what kind of man they were up against they'd move out of reach," he agreed cheerfully. "Well, I don't want them to. I want to put the fear of the law into their hearts. I'll make good citizens of them, whether they like it or not.

Aunt Kate inclined her head. At least, he seemed a little less truculent now, inclined to the reformatory rather than the retributive theory of punishment. Perhaps in time—

BUT it was not to be. For as he went down the steps with a wave of farewell there came up the lawn two new callers on Aunt Kate—Rose Saleeby and her Mr. Hamill, their bathing suits dripping after a swim clear across the lake from the distant clubhouse. Jeshurun Beam saw them coming and stopped. His black eyes glittered more brightly as they roved over the white-limbed slimness of Rose Saleeby. He looked like a cat about to pounce on the canary.

Aunt Kate turned shakily sick as she looked at him; but even so the meeting might have passed in silence if Rose, being young and straightforward, hadn't let her feelings toward Dr. Beam flare from her eyes. The flash lit up the smoldering explosive in his soul; he pointed a finger at her, and his rasping voice carried far in the stillness.

"Young woman, you'd better go home and put on some more appropriate clothes, and burn that thing you're wearing now. This is the last warning. When the state policeman gets here—"

Young Hamill flung himself forward. "Will you kindly mind your own business and keep your foul mouth shut?" he said furiously.

Beam's fleshy jaws set tightly. "Young man, the preservation of public decency is my business. You needn't think I can be terrorized by threats of personal violence. That's an old story to me. These daring and provocative costumes must go."

"There's no law against one-piece bathing suits," Rose told him.

"I think you will find, young lady, that my interpretation of the law will prevail in Punquit hereafter. And I say—"

"Oh, you say, do you?" Hamill interrupted.

Aunt Kate stumped down the steps as fast as she could. In a moment they would be fighting. Jeshurun Beam was fifty pounds heavier than Ted Hamill, and despite his flabby jaws Aunt Kate suspected that most of his weight was muscle. Unless she intervened, Hamill would provoke him and be knocked out—all within the law.

All three of them stood in tense silence; anything would explode them. Through the stillness came a distant, half-heard sound that impressed itself on Aunt Kate's overstrained consciousness, though it was a sound she heard every day—the noon whistle at the sawmill in Punquit Village.

"Gentlemen!" she said quietly, but in her voice rang the forgotten stateliness of the seventies, when gentlemen were gentlemen and neither moral reform nor personal liberty was taken too seriously. "Gentlemen! If my guests must quarrel in my presence—"

"He said—" young Hamill began, but Rose caught his arm and he fell silent.

"I was merely giving this young woman a warning," said Jeshurun Beam, licking his lips. "She'd better heed it."

"I am sure she will, Doctor," said Mrs. Collett, and he strode away with the air of a victor.

"Well!" said Rose when he was out of hearing. "Do you mean to say that that scabby, foul-minded—"

"Now, Rose!"

"Well, that's what he is; and if he thinks he can have me arrested for wearing a swimming suit—"

"He means it," Aunt Kate warned her, and the fiercely aggressive Younger Generation suddenly became the lost and frightened child.

Jeshurun

Continued from page 32

"He can't get away with it, can he?" Rose asked in horror.

"You've never fathomed the blackness of the human soul," said Aunt Kate. "I'm afraid he can."

"I'll punch his jaw," Hamill vowed, "if he—"

"Don't try it. The law's on his side."

"But what business is it of his?" Rose demanded plaintively. "He doesn't have to look at my legs."

"He doesn't have to, but he does."

"Well, he might mind his own business while he's on vacation."

"There is no vacation for men like him," said Aunt Kate. "He told me so himself. Dr. Beam is a very successful reformer and success seems to have gone to his head. In fact, he behaves a good deal like his namesake."

"His namesake?" Rose was puzzled; Aunt Kate sighed.

"It's a pity you young people don't read the Bible; you'd find it instructive. Jeshurun, my dear, waxed fat, like Dr. Beam; and kicked, also like Dr. Beam."

"Oh!" said Rose, uninterested. But Hamill, who had a nose for news, inquired: "And then what happened?" Aunt Kate's face set grimly.

"The consequences," she informed him, "were most unfortunate for Jeshurun."

THAT was on Friday. As usual, half a dozen husbands and fathers escaped their city desks and came up for the week-end; as usual, there were dances and canoe parties. Punquit rather went out of its way to fling defiance at Jeshurun Beam. Aunt Kate sighed; they didn't know Jeshurun, nor realize the utter futility of arguing with a state policeman.

Monday morning saw the laborious husbands and fathers going back to town. Rose Saleeby, with Hamill at her side, took her father down to the train; and when all the other cars had returned to Punquit she and Hamill still lingered—buying food, Aunt Kate supposed, for to-night's party which was to announce their engagement. She hoped Dr. Beam wouldn't go into action till to-morrow.

But that hope, like all hopes that were based on Jeshurun Beam's inactivity, were vain. He came up her path about eleven that morning.

"Mrs. Collett, I hope you won't mind driving down to the village with me to meet the state policeman, who I understand has arrived?"

"I? Good Heavens! What can I do?"

"Mrs. Collett, you are the oldest summer resident of Punquit. You have a great deal of influence with the local population. Without in the least depreciating my own influence which enabled me to have the policeman sent here, I may say that he will probably respond more readily if he finds that I do not stand alone. And since you and I are apparently the only ones in all Punquit"—of course he left out Mrs. Beam—"who stand for law enforcement—"

"But—" Aunt Kate interjected; then she paused. Of course she favored law enforcement, but she didn't like to have the law interpreted by Jeshurun Beam. Now was the time to say so—but Aunt Kate had grown up in the age of the Old Diplomacy, when you never said anything till you had to.

"But," she resumed, "I hadn't supposed it would be necessary for me to take any active part in the matter—"

Jeshurun Beam's lips bared his teeth; and there was an unmistakable snarl in the voice that tried to be genial.

"Remember the curse of Meroz, Mrs. Collett! Curse ye, Meroz! Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty!"

"Dear me!" said Aunt Kate. "I suppose it's terribly old-fashioned of me, but I'm always afraid of curses. I'll go, Doctor."

"Thank you," he said with no gratitude in his tone. "Then we'll have to hurry." He looked at his wrist watch. "It's past noon, and the policeman is waiting. And no doubt, Mrs. Collett, you may be able to speak a word—"

"Words fitly spoken," Aunt Kate quoted piously, "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

IT WAS no cheerful ride over the narrow and rocky country road. Dr. Beam's mind was too firmly set on his task to spare any attention for bumps and ruts and he wasn't a good enough driver to miss them subconsciously. Aunt Kate was glad when they came in sight of the village. And then—

Then, down the side road that joined the main highway just this side of the village, they saw a car approaching. Beam saw it too, but clung to the crown of the road. So did the other car. "Be careful," Aunt Kate cried, and as she said it she saw that the two in the other car were Rose Saleeby and Ted Hamill.

Jeshurun Beam saw them too.

"I certainly do not intend to turn aside from my appointed path for that young woman," he declared. "Neither here nor elsewhere."

It was all too plain that Rose was equally determined not to get out of the way of Jeshurun Beam. They met at the crossroad, and though, of course, each did turn at the last moment neither turned enough. There was a smash, a twisting upthrust, a groan of metal. Aunt Kate held on frantically, bounced, and then found herself still safe and seated, somehow, in a battered and mangled car that had slid gently into the ditch beside the road.

As for the other car, it had turned over; and, while Jeshurun Beam rubbed his hands and muttered, Aunt Kate got out with amazing spryness and ran across to it.

"Rose!" she called. Rose crawled from under what seemed to be a pretty thorough wreck of her roadster—a smear of dirt on her forehead, a bleeding scratch on her wrist; Hamill was picking himself out of the ditch.

"Aunt Kate!" Rose's shaking hands reached out and caught her shoulders. "Did you get hurt? If I'd seen who that was with Dr. Beam—"

"You hear that?" said Jeshurun Beam. "A clear admission of responsibility. She didn't turn out—"

"I didn't have to," Rose flared.

"Now, now!" said Aunt Kate firmly. "Let's have no post mortems. As an impartial witness I'd go into court and testify that you were both to blame. Equally to blame. I hope you can both make the insurance companies pay for the damage, for if my word's any good neither of you can recover at law."

"Mrs. Collett!" Beam thundered.

Rose shrugged. "Thank goodness, my car was insured," she observed.

"Mine was not," said Jeshurun Beam. "If you wish to make an issue—"

"No use arguing it now," said Aunt Kate. "Here comes somebody who will settle it."

DOWN the road came a mounted man in uniform, and Jeshurun Beam's face lit up with a ravenous smile as he recognized the state policeman.

"Officer!" he cried loudly. "This young woman ran into my car—"

The policeman halted, with a jangle of harness, dismounted, bit off a chew of tobacco, and surveyed the wrecks.

"Needn't bother tellin' me," he said. "I seen it all."

"Then you'll arrest—"

"Now," said the policeman reflectively, "it ain't so easy to arrest people as you might think. Got to stick to the law, you know."

"I don't think," said Beam with a

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Are WIVES more practical than HUSBANDS?

By
FRED C. KELLY

I OFTEN wonder if the average woman wouldn't be far more capable in business than her husband. A woman is more practical in a thousand ways than a man. In fact, man is at his best as a dreamer. The greatest poets are men. On the other hand, some of the greatest rulers have been women; for example, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, Queen Victoria.

Whenever a man comes home talking big about things he is planning to do, his wife is the one to ask some annoyingly practical question. How much will it cost? Is there enough money in the bank?

If a man picks up a bargain in a piece of goods for a suit or a dress, his wife immediately asks what width it is, and then sets to work with a tape-line or yardstick. As likely as not she finds that the goods is a little short of being enough—which explains why he got it at a supposed bargain.

Woman is a more capable shopper than man. Usually, too, she's a better salesman. Not one man in fifty can get as much from an old-clothes man for a discarded suit as his wife can.

When a husband brings somebody unexpectedly home to dinner, he thinks in impractical general terms that there will somehow be enough for all. But the wife has to think in definite, specific terms. It is the wife who carefully scans the grocery bills.

In short, if more women were consulted about what goes on in offices, there might be less time wasted during business hours.

So much business seems to be carried on clumsily that it is small wonder men try to bolster up their self-respect by talking big at home about what goes on at the office. Too often the attitude of a man toward his wife about business is: "You wouldn't understand it even if I tried to explain it to you." He tries to give the impression that business is a difficult thing, to be grasped only by a male person of rare intelligence. This is on the same principle that the cornet player in a country band always puckers his face more than he needs—just to make his job look more difficult than it is.

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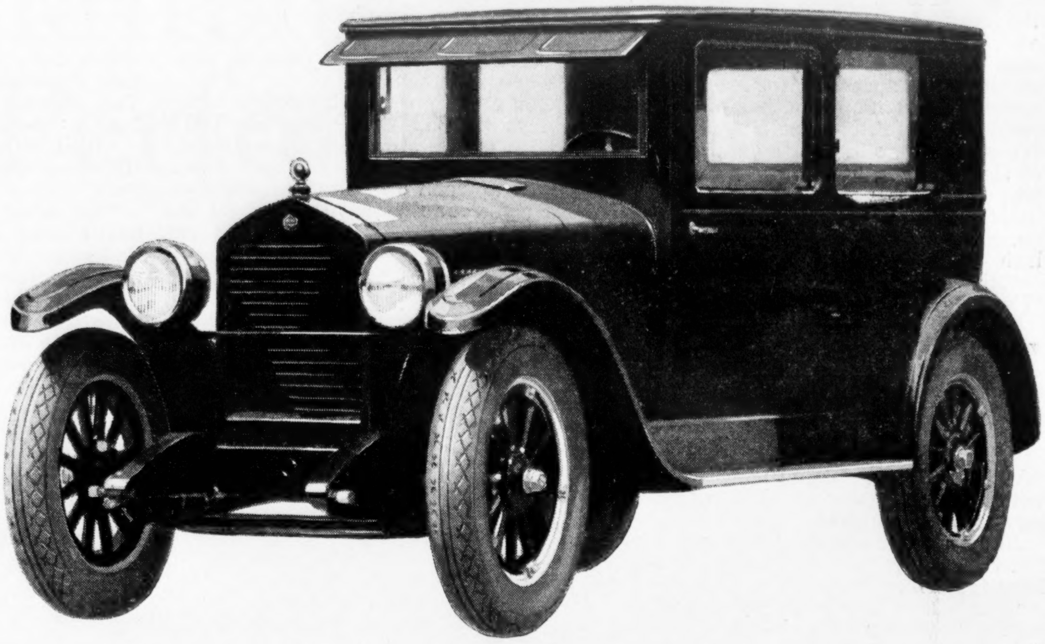

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Essex requires little attention to keep it in top condition. It retains its new-like qualities in the quiet, responsive, squeak-and-rattle-free character of its performance.

Surely you cannot be satisfied with anything less than Essex offers. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Two of every three Essex cars are bought by those whose former cars were chosen principally because of their low cost.

No wonder Essex sales lead all in its class.

As its Coach Body has changed the whole trend to closed cars

So Essex Chassis likewise forecasts the mechanical design of the future

Essex provides stability without unnecessary weight. It has economy without sacrifice of performance.

It is low priced without disappointment in looks or reliability.

It is more than up-to-date in design. It is in advance of any car with which its price can be compared.

It is built on the Super-Six principle, by Hudson workmen in the Hudson shops.

In quality Hudson and Essex are alike. The patents which make the Super-Six the most enduring, smoothest motor and give it all advantages sought in eight cylinders, prevent any from copying its chassis as has been so generally done in copying the Coach body.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

smile, "that you need to tell me that. I have made, in my twenty years of labor in the vineyard, exactly three hundred and forty-two arrests. I am Jeshurun Beam, secretary and superintendent of the Universal Law Enforcement League. I suppose you know that it was I who had you sent here to Punquit."

"So I heard. Sent here to enforce the laws of Connecticut—any and all of 'em. That's what I'm doin' now. I seen this accident. I can't get either of you for speedin', for you wasn't speedin'. I can't get either of you for reckless drivin', because it's only sense for anybody to try to hold the crown of this road as long as he can, and you was both dumb enough to hold it a little too long. But I can, and I hereby do, give you both summonses for violatin' the rules of the road."

"Ridiculous!" said Jeshurun Beam. "I've told you—"

"And I've told you," said the policeman with some vigor.

Aunt Kate felt again the tension of approaching conflict. "After all," she said meekly, "we all believe in law enforcement."

"You said it," the policeman agreed. "And likely the justice'll let 'em off with the minimum fine. I'll take it on myself to recommend mercy."

Beam's glistening face deepened from red to purple. "I didn't have you sent here for trifles like this."

"I was sent here," the policeman repeated patiently, "to enforce the law. I don't know where we can get hold of the judge—"

"You'll find him down at the store," Rose interrupted. "Jethro had his jitney down to meet the train and he was at the store five minutes ago. We can march up and pay our fines like good citizens, and then hire Jethro to take us back to the lake."

Jeshurun Beam was frowning like a thundercloud, but he shrugged assent at last. They found Jethro in the act of leaving the store.

"Jest a minute," he told them. "I left my copy of the General Statutes in the back room. I'll fetch it out, and then we might as well hold court right here in the jitney. I got authority to sit anywhere in the county, and this is as good a place as any other."

So they clambered in and waited till he emerged with the four thick volumes under his arm—and, in his wake, came Lily Vine, who had met him in the store, heard the news, and come out to collect an item for the "Weekly Herald." Jeshurun Beam, when he saw her, said something under his breath.

JUSTICE of the Peace Jethro Vail broke in on her horrified musings.

"Rose Saleeby and Jeshurun Beam, you, and each of you, and both of you, stand accused under Section 1568 of the General Statutes of the state of Connecticut, in that you did not slacken pace reasonably nor turn to the right seasonably, thereby violatin' the rules of the road. How do you plead?"

"Guilty," said Rose meekly.

"Not guilty," said Jeshurun Beam. Jethro Vail scratched his head and looked at him beseechingly.

"It'd make it a lot easier if you'd plead guilty. If you plead not guilty, we got to hunt up witnesses, and there ain't any."

Beam shrugged. "That's not my affair."

"I'm a witness," Aunt Kate interjected. "So'm I," said the policeman.

"Mrs. Collett," Beam began, "you wouldn't—"

"Of course I wouldn't perjure myself," Aunt Kate agreed cheerfully.

"You better plead guilty," said Jethro again. "I'll let you off with the minimum fine."

"Oh, all right!" Jeshurun Beam's tone made the embellishment of profanity unnecessary. "But you needn't think you're fooling me. This is quite a conspiracy, isn't it? Miss Saleeby ruins my car, the policeman arrests me, and the justice insists that I plead guilty. Very well. I plead guilty. What's my fine?"

"Five dollars and costs. Ain't figured out the costs yet."

"Well, figure them out in a hurry. I

Jeshurun

Continued from page 34

want to get back home. Your conspiracy will recoil on your own heads, my friends. I'm used to conspiracies. I can afford to pay your fine—afford another car too. And—"

"This ain't a conspiracy," said Jethro Vail with some dignity. "I'm enforcing Section 1568 of the General Statutes of Connecticut."

"You and your assinine court! This may be a good joke now, but you'll laugh out of the other side of your mouth next week—and you too, officer. I sent for you to clean up a lawless neighborhood and your first act is to arrest the only law-abiding man in it. I'll not forget that. I'll have you dismissed from the force. Oh, yes—a word from me to Hartford would do it. And you, Jethro Vail, hold court while you can—it won't be long."

HIS wrath had cooled to a more concentrated and menacing vindictiveness that made them all shiver.

"Hurry up and figure out the costs," he repeated sharply. "I want to get home."

"All of us want to be getting home," said Rose cheerlessly. "What time is it, Ted?"

Hamill reached for his watch, but Aunt Kate stopped him.

"I think Dr. Beam has the correct time," she suggested. Beam thrust his wrist watch out before their eyes.

"One o'clock," he snapped. As he spoke, the clear note of a bell sounded from the town clock in the church steeple. Another—another—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve. It echoed in the silence that followed; some subtle uneasiness moved Beam to explain.

"In Washington, of course," he told them. "I organize my day in the summer on daylight-saving time. I must keep to a rather exact schedule in order to do my work, so when I go away I continue to keep Washington time—"

He stopped; the silence continued, with sudden significance. Jethro Vail cleared his throat.

"Jeshurun Beam, it's my duty to issue a warrant for your arrest on the charge of displayin' on the public highway a time-measurin' instrument set, run, or indicatin' intentionally other than standard time."

"What?" Beam shouted. "Conspiracy has gone too far. What is this absurd charge?"

"Call it absurd if you want to, but the General Statutes of this state provide a penalty up to a hundred dollars for doin' what you've done. Keepin' Washington time on a wrist watch ain't so bad as settin' a town clock wrong, so I'm disposed to let you off with the minimum fine. But you've broke the law—"

"The law!" Beam sneered. "If that's the law, it's a fool law and nobody with sense would pay any attention to it."

Silence fell again—a silence like that which falls in the courtroom just before the death sentence is pronounced. Ted Hamill broke it at last with a hoarse, almost reverent chuckle.

"Well, Miss Vine, you can get that on the front page of the New York papers."

"Get what on the front page?" Jeshurun Beam demanded truculently; but he knew. Even as he spoke the fierceness was going out of his voice; even as he swung his threatening purple face toward Hamill the face was turning pale. He knew.

"How could I get it on the front page?" Lily Vine demanded.

"Why," said Hamill, "Dr. Beam is a very prominent man. What he does is news. He's secretary of the Law Enforcement League—the greatest law enforcer in the country. He's sent prize fighters and booksellers, and women who smoke cigarettes and wear one-piece bathing suits, to jail for violating laws that suit him. So when he violates a law that doesn't suit him, and says that it's a fool law and nobody would pay any attention to it, that's front-page news in every paper from Boston to San Diego."

"I didn't know— I'd forgotten—"

"Ignorance of the law's no excuse," said Jethro Vail shortly.

"But I—that would be a misinterpretation—"

"Miss Vine," said Hamill with dignity, "is a good reporter. She doesn't interpret—she merely reports. Six of us heard you, so it ought to be easy to report you correctly."

"I— But this mustn't be set before the public in this light— My lecture tour on the duty of law enforcement—"

His eyes went wildly round the circle; nobody gave him any help.

"Mrs. Collett! Tell her—" His jaw snapped shut; he had visibly remembered that it was Aunt Kate who had asked him for the time.

"You too!" he groaned. "Well, Miss Vine, it can do you no good to publish this—this thoughtless and perhaps injudicious remark. It would serve no useful purpose. I could make it desirable—make it worth your while—"

"Judge Vail!" Hamill's sharp voice cut him off. "Isn't an attempt to bribe a reporter a crime in Connecticut? It is in some states."

"Oh, you've got me!" Beam howled. "You've got me, all of you. Your damnable conspiracy was well planned, wasn't it? But I'll speak a word at Hartford—"

"Speak all the words you want to," Hamill encouraged him. "The more you say hereafter, the more you'll advertise what you said just now."

It seemed to Aunt Kate that it was time to intervene.

"I am sure," she suggested, "that none of us have any desire to see Dr. Beam's career ruined. But he hardly seems to feel at home in Punquit. The atmosphere is uncongenial. I think if he cared to leave—leave the state—pack up and leave this afternoon—Lily is interested enough in the welfare of Punquit to send nothing about this to the New York papers."

"There's been a violation of the law," Jethro Vail reminded her. "And we got to have a little law enforcement."

"Certainly," Aunt Kate agreed. "I think you might admit Dr. Beam to bail—ten dollars would be about right, wouldn't it, Jethro?—and he might jump his bail and leave the state. And so long as he doesn't make trouble with all this influence at Hartford he talks so much about, so long as he leaves Punquit alone"—her voice came out clear and strong—"why, we'll leave him alone. Isn't that right, Lily?"

Lily Vine, who hadn't been able to see why this would be news for the New York papers anyway, nodded uncertainly. Aunt Kate smiled. Lily could always be handled by a stronger mind. Beam was frowning blackly.

"Of course," Aunt Kate continued, "Dr. Beam has leased a cottage for the summer—next door to me. If I'd known in time that the Harrelds were going to Europe, I'd have rented it myself and left it empty rather than have uncongenial neighbors. I'm prepared to do that now, Dr. Beam. You'll lose nothing but your ten dollars bail—and I'm saving you a good deal more than that."

Jeshurun Beam raised a white and flabby face. "All right," he said hoarsely, and reached for his pocketbook.

Ted Hamill got out of the jitney and beckoned to Aunt Kate. He drew her aside, out of earshot. "But, Mrs. Collett! Surely you're not going to let him off. We can ruin him."

"We can ruin him, but we'd still have him in Punquit. And I don't want him."

"You knew about his wrist watch, didn't you? You knew he kept illegal time? And you guessed what he'd do when he was caught?" Aunt Kate nodded. "Mrs. Collett, you're a wonderful woman. This man is the worst of the hypocritical perverted professional reformers who rule this country. If you show him up, make the whole country laugh at him—why, it might change the course of history—"

"I don't want to change the course of history," said Aunt Kate. "All I want is peace and quiet in Punquit. If you and Rose are going to keep on coming to Punquit in the summers, and bring up your children here, I should think you'd want it too."

"But it's a sin and shame to lose this wonderful story. Miss Vine—"

"Lily Vine doesn't know it's a wonderful story. And if you tell her it is and I tell her it isn't she'll believe me. Come, now. You and Rose are going to have a party to-night to announce your engagement. Won't you feel better if he's gone?"

"I suppose so," he admitted.

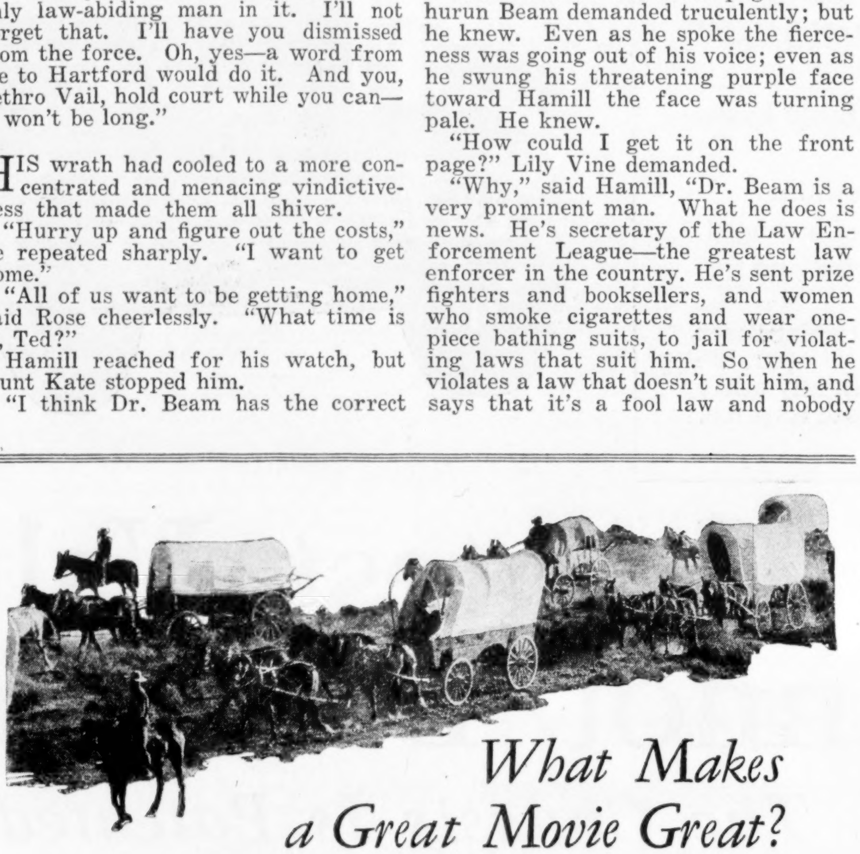
"So shall we all," said Aunt Kate. "And here he goes."

JETHRO VAIL'S jitney had taken the Beams and their possessions to the train; they had been seen buying a ticket for some unfortunate resort on the Maine coast, had been seen, by numbers of eager volunteer witnesses, climbing into the Pullman and on their way. Aunt Kate sat once more in her rocking chair, looking out across the lake at a group of young people who dived and swam in no fear of the police.

"All the same," said Vangie firmly, "it is a fool law."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, "and it answered a fool according to his folly. Which is no more than justice, after all."

And there was peace in Punquit.

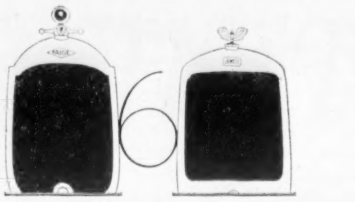


What Makes a Great Movie Great?

MOVIE fans will envy Joseph Jefferson O'Neill. Others will pity him. Seeing film plays is his job. His record, in the past three years, is nearly 1,000! But he keeps his mind open, as well as his eyes, as you will see

In Next Week's Collier's

NOW-
Permanent Perfected Performance



Prepare for Progress. There is a New Paige and a New Jewett. They outperform in every way our previous best and you know what that was—

Paige official stock chassis records stand unbeaten. Jewett has won hundreds of hill climbs. It seemed impossible to better such performance.

But now comes another step forward. We have not only bettered it. We have *perfected* that performance—have made it so smooth, so ready, so many-sided, so lasting that today's engineering knowledge can offer no further improvement.

New smoothness so perfected that vibration is not detectable at any speed! Thanks to new, costly balanced crankshafts. Noiseless motors have been produced by improved silent chain drive and other refinements.

New road smoothness and comfort come from new springs designed for balloon tires. New handling ease from ball-bearing, special-geared steering. New safety with four-wheel brakes. And finally new beauty of bodies and equipment maintains for the New Paige and the New Jewett their style leadership.

Fear No Follies. This *perfected* performance is built around six-cylinder motors. Sixes—for their inherent balance and economy. Sixes—because our 10 years' specializing has perfected them beyond need of complications. And the engineering of the world's costliest cars agrees with ours.

Paige-Jewett motors are of exceptional size. Ample power is produced without "racing" them. They last long because geared moderately and never overtaxed.

Permanent Performance—perfected to new excellence—that is the keynote of Paige-Jewett engineering.

So we have retained these long-proved features refined where possible: the Paige-Jewett clutch of saw-blade steel that neither jerks nor stalls the motor; transmission that permits changing from high to second at 30 miles an hour; universal joints—with sealed-in oil that lasts 15,000 miles, so no wear, no back-lash.

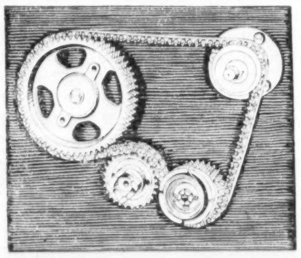
We are building today not only the ablest cars, the easiest handling cars, and truly comfortable cars, but cars whose fine qualities stay and stay and stay.

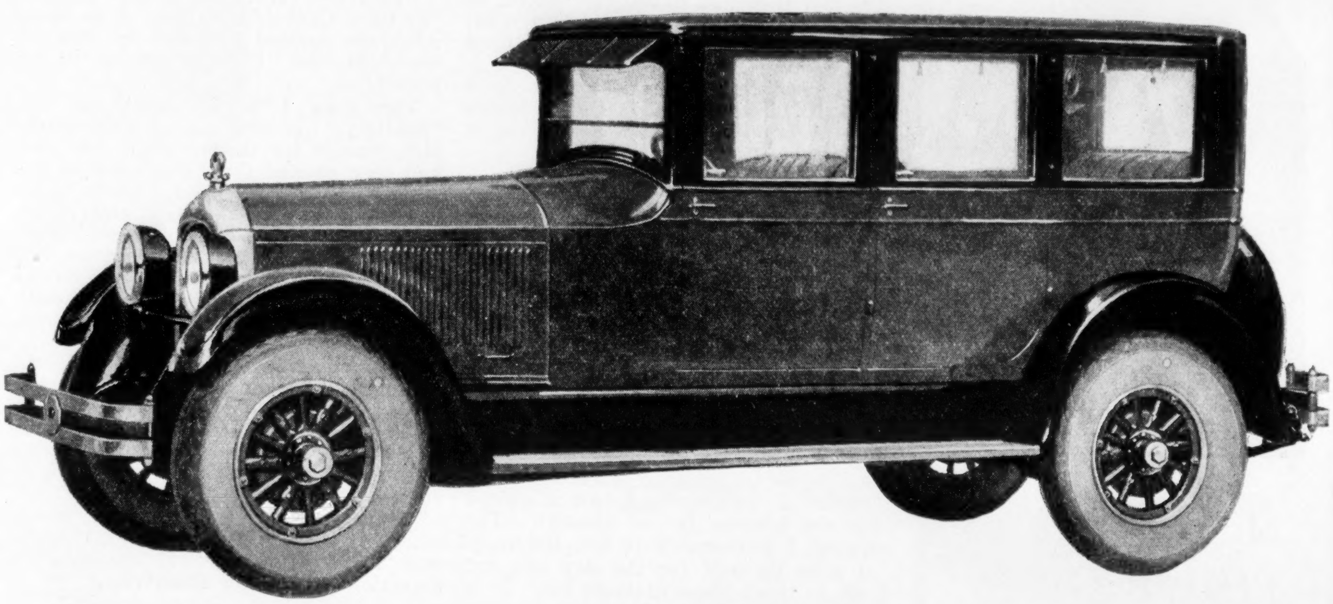
Paige and Jewett are alike in this new performance. Jewett gives it to you in a car of convenient size. Paige, in a bigger car—with the added advantages of greater size and power.

With assets of $15,000,000, an enormous new plant, and the most modern machinery—our sixteen years' experience is showing results as never before. The Paige-Jewett Dealer is ready to prove it.

Jewett and Paige Silent Chain Drive

Both Jewett and Paige motors are built with silent chain drive for pump and timing shafts. Note the automatic take-up sprocket. By a spring and cam arrangement this sprocket keeps a constant tension on the chain, completely offsetting the effects of wear (stretch), preventing back-lash, retaining timing accuracy. Silence is permanent. (502)



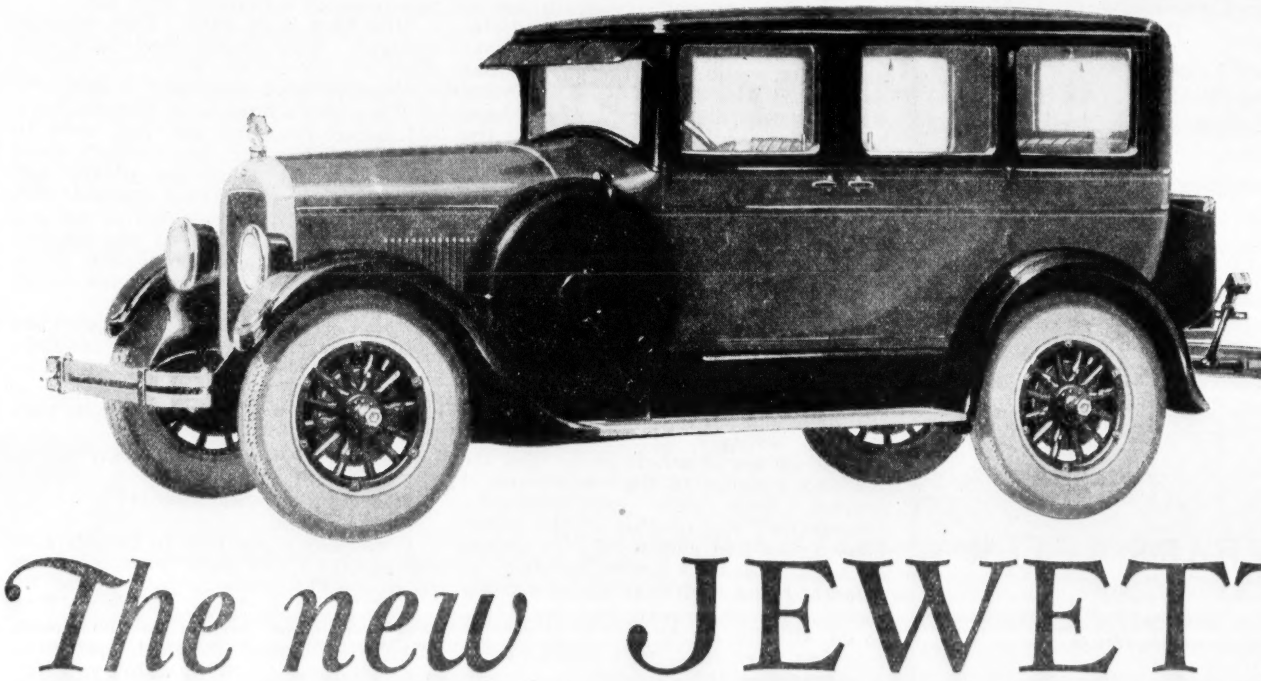


The new PAIGE

Improved 70 horsepower motor—3¾″x5″
New dynamically balanced crankshaft
New larger water circulating pump
New increased radiator capacity
Silent chain drive with automatic take-up
Wheelbase 131 inches
Rear springs over 5 feet long

New design springs for balloon tires
Snubbers at all four wheels
Five balloon tires 33x6.75
Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) at slight extra cost
New steering gear for balloon tires

New colors—gray and green
More beautiful bodies
New riding comfort
New handling ease
New performance flexibility
New complete equipment



The new JEWETT

New 55 horsepower motor—3¼″x5″
New counterbalanced crankshaft
New silent chain with automatic take-up
New silent valve-gear
New lubrication of pistons
New double-bearing wrist-pin construction
New type interchangeable main bearings

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) at slight extra cost
New larger size balloon tires 31x5.25
New spring design for balloon tires
New steering gear for balloon tires
New deep crowned fenders—extra strong
New style running boards—2 inches lower

New body styles—Touring, Brougham, Sedan
New permanent satin lacquer finish in new colors
New instrument board and window trim
New seat comfort positions
New interior effects and appointments
New handling ease and riding comfort
New performance and smoothness

NEW MOTORS—4-WHEEL BRAKES—NEW BODIES—LARGER BALLOON TIRES

Sir

PHILIP GIBBS

The great reporter of the World War has been roving the battlefields again, and the countries that were at war.

"The memory of the war days is fading from the mind," he writes. "The ten million dead lie in their graves, but life goes marching on. The war? Bother the war! Let's forget it and go on with life . . . Something has passed a sponge over the tablets of memory. Something else has passed."

What that something else is—what the world has lost and *must* recapture, Sir Philip tells in a series of unforgettable articles, beginning with

TEN

YEARS AFTER

in

Collier's

for

February 7th

The Heroine

Continued from page 7

to get to fighting. As for me, I was cold and out of humor. I found a sheltered seat among the roots of a large tree, while the bibulous individual fell to palavering and delaying. At length they pushed him aside and the duel began.

Now in this case, not only were the persons familiar, but so were the things they did. I knew at every juncture what was going to happen next; it reminded me of that sense of re-living a moment previously lived. I had an idea that a celebrated beauty was watching from behind my tree, that she was Miss Tyson, and that the combatants were fighting over her. Their sword play was hot, with the dandy aggressive, but gaining no advantage; I thought it a pity they had to be interrupted, as presently they were, by an authoritative personage who came up at the head of a party.

I turned to put a question to Miss Tyson: "Doesn't he say, 'In the king's name'?"—and found myself putting it to the sunshine of Linden Avenue.

CONSIDERABLY vexed, I went on. But vexation was speedily followed by interest. I was positive I had witnessed this duel before, and concluded I had seen it on the stage. However, when I described it, not divulging the circumstances, to [*Matilda,* crossed out] a relative, she said, "That isn't in a play, it's in a book," and brought me her copy to prove it.

It was the identical novel Miss Tyson had been reading during my call, "To Have and To Hold," by a Miss Johnston. The interrupted duel occurs in Chapter X, exactly as I saw it except that the heroine is not present. The surgeon I personated is Dr. Bohun.

I gave up golf for the day and sat down to think these matters out. It is hardly to be wondered at that I made little progress. If memory accounted in part for the scene from the novel, which I had once read, it had nothing to do with the other scene. I was reduced in the end to facing an unpleasant possibility, and thought of consulting an alienist, but decided to wait for more hallucinations—if such they were.

I invited them, passing Miss Tyson's on foot at every opportunity. Within the week I was rewarded with two, both of which came on in daylight and resembled that of the 21st, though one of them was new to me. It was shadowy and brief, a glimpse of a sword fight in a garret, with some person or persons locked out and trying to batter down the door, and a boy in an adjoining room shouting from a window that his master would be murdered. In what capacities Miss Tyson and I were watching was not clear; I might have been a disembodied spectator. But the other was very familiar as well as elaborate and exciting, and on recovering myself I placed it instantly. It was Monsieur Beaucaire's fight by the coach. Miss Tyson was the heroine, Lady Mary. I have identified myself as a layman present, Mr. Molyneaux, for when Beaucaire's servants came charging to his rescue and tumbled us right and left, I picked myself up murmuring, "Our just deserts," as Molyneaux does.

I had, in fact, fallen rather heavily to the sidewalk, presumably having caught my toe in a hole in it. But the jar was nothing to the reassurance I derived from this experience—for "Beaucaire" was another of the novels Miss Tyson had shown me. It seemed at least possible, therefore, that instead of being limited to my own imagination, the phantasies had something to do with hers, and that if I were to read her third favorite, I would find in it the fight in the garret.

This required open-mindedness toward certain beliefs in which I took no stock. But I preferred them to the hypothesis that I was "going crazy."

THAT night Mrs. Weed brought a message. Miss Tyson hoped I had not hurt myself falling; and would I please send her a book, the kind she liked? "How does she know," I inquired, "that I fell?" Mrs. Weed could not say. As to a book, here was my chance for a test, to be made with one that she would not have read. I decided upon "Henry Esmond."

"You tell her that's my idea of a historical novel," I said. "Tell her it has love and fighting in it."

Her knowledge of my fall was suggestive, but proved nothing. She might have seen me. I waited four days in vain for some illusion out of "Esmond." On the fifth day her maid returned it with a note:

Dear Dr. B—: I am ill, please come—and bring a nice book, this is stupid.

From my relative's shelves I chose "Richard Carvel," recalling it as being what she seemed to mean by nice. I also took the "Esmond" along in my pocket.

This time I was received in her "pavilion." It was not at all remarkable, except for its situation. A path had been opened from the house to the middle of the thicket, where just enough ground had been cleared to build a big six-sided summer house: platform, roof with ample eaves and fly-screened open sides. Around it was barbed wire tacked to the trees, though the undergrowth walled it in, and, with a fence outside, the latticed path was the only way to reach it. The streets could nowhere be seen from it; she could not have seen me fall. She told me she often slept out here, regardless of the weather.

She was reclining in a deck chair, swaddled in blankets, wearing a tam-o'-shanter and her mask. Mrs. Weed, who was with her, thought her trouble was "a bilious attack." It was mild indigestion due to her inactivity.

SHE talked to me like an infant out of sorts. I suspected that she had sent for me mainly for diversion. She complained that she could not yet bear her weight on the sprained ankle. When I said it was time she was doing so, she said I was a pig. But for my anxiety for light on my recent experiences, I would have left her—as doubtless she saw, for she changed her tune at once. She had noticed that I had brought a book; she begged for it.

I handed her "Carvel." She had that, she exclaimed in disappointment. She thanked me, however, for bringing it. Was it my favorite? I said "Esmond" was more of a favorite with me.

"But that is so dull! That married woman! Why should they fight over her?"

"Beatrix isn't married," I said.

"They don't fight over Beatrix."

I asked how far she had read in "Esmond." Not far; she couldn't stand it. I took it from my pocket and opened to the celebrated quarrel with the prince. Reading aloud is not my forte, but when I left off she clapped her hands. "*That's* nice!" she cried. "It's like D'Artagnan and the king! Will you leave it with me?"

To go straight at her with questions would not do. "You're fond of duels in novels," I said at a venture. She said, "Of course."

"Was there dueling once in your part of the South?"

"It was common. One of my ancestresses caused one."

"One fought with swords?"

She said yes.

I was doing my best to be idly conversational. "Did your ancestress try to stop it?"

Instead of replying, she sent Mrs. Weed on some errand to the house. Then she leaned forward, quivering with excitement. "Why didn't you stop it? You knew I was calling. I don't always get there in time."

This startled me out of all caution. I said, "What in heaven's name—"

"You must not ask me about it!" she broke in imperiously. I collected myself. "All right," I said, "but what happens? Is one of them killed?"

She seemed to be mollified. "One of them *was,*" she said.

"And your ancestress married the other?"

"No. She married a gentleman from Spain. But it's horrid in the dream when one is killed."

I admit the word "dream" was comforting. It relieved me of ideas of ghosts, reincarnations, and such matters, compared to which a transmitted dream, while uncanny enough, was agreeable. I felt free to experiment, and asked if she wanted the duels in books she read stopped. Oh, no, she answered; she "loved" those, they were "different—just thinking."

"Day dreams?" I hazarded.

"Thinking." She had books in her lap and selected one, which I was to take home; I would find it highly interesting, she said with a giggle of mischief. I put it in my pocket. "It's perfect out here for thinking," she was confiding, when she heard Mrs. Weed returning and dropped the confidential manner. "Here I am outdoors and have privacy too," she chatted. "I call it my magic forest. There are wild flowers in the spring."

"Yes," I said, "the children around here used to come and pick 'em;" and with that my personal anxieties gave way to professional instinct. "It would be better for you to get outside and see people," I advised her. "Are you sure there's no way you can?"

She jumped up and ranted at me. That was her affair; I was impertinent. "Weed, show Dr. B— the door!" The bib of her mask was jigging with her emotion.

I refrained from any protest and followed Mrs. Weed. "You see how it is when anybody talks like that to her," she said.

"What's back of it all?" I demanded. "It can't go on. She'll come to harm."

"She's been the same since she was a little girl," said Mrs. Weed, but refused to say anything more, though I was pressing. I judged it was less from discretion than from dread of Miss Tyson's temper, and there was a point on which I wished to satisfy myself. "Does she ever talk to you about duels?"

"Oh, yes, sir—about one, she does. It's one she has bad dreams of. She says they told her tales of it at home."

"You've never seen it, have you?"

"The duel? How could I?" Her blank mystification was clearly genuine.

On reaching my office I made haste to look through the book that Miss Tyson had given me. It was "The Helmet of Navarre," a novel which I had not read. It was the third of her favorites, and contained the unmistakable fight in the garret.

[Dr. Borrill here sums up his inferences so far. Had anyone else in Woodbine had experiences like his, he is certain that he would have heard of them. It annoyed him, momentarily, to be the only one. "I would not be pointed out as 'psychic' in any sense," he says.]

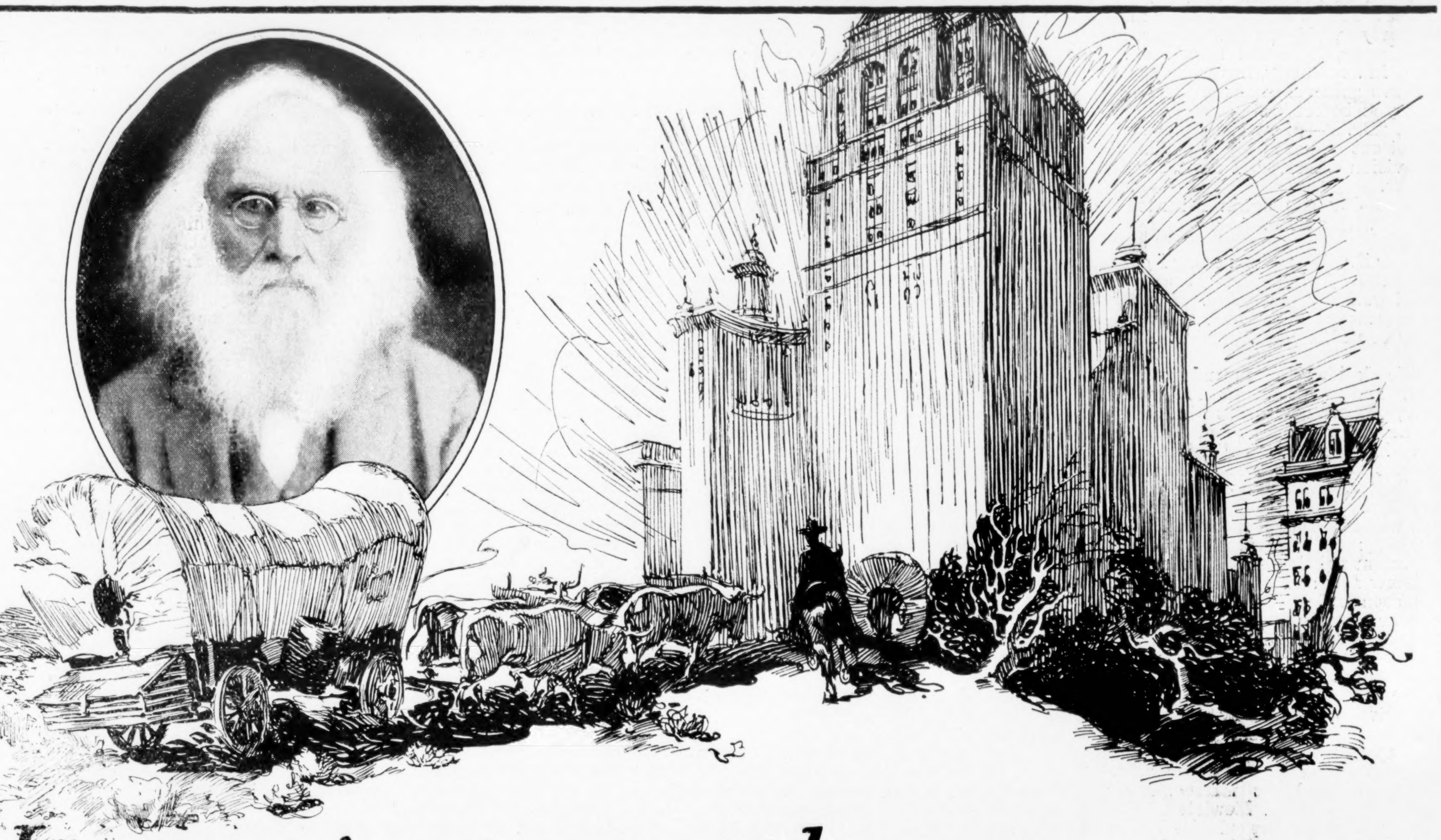
I WAS further annoyed when, toward midnight, while closing the doors of my garage, I was put through a "dark change" and treated to a sort of reversed nightmare, with myself as the monster and a gallant young man as the victim. He had a rapier and I a fantastic elongated scalpel; we were fighting in a lamplit park and Miss Tyson was looking on in horror, for I was bent on killing him by any means I could. A second duel was in progress near by, and from that and other circumstances I later identified him as Richard Carvel, and myself as the ugly and rascally Duke of Chartersea. The nature of my weapon, I presume, was a freak of her dream, in which her mind still labeled me as a surgeon.

This was the first of these things to occur when I was away from her property, as well as the first to cast me, so to speak, for an active rôle. A number later on did either or both; they were all of the "dark change" variety, i. e., dreams and all in which I was the villain followed my giving her some offense. The visions transmitted by her "thinking" all came on me close to her "magic forest." It was in one of them, the next, that I figured for the only time as hero.

I had surmised that, despite her anger, my company in them was a pleasure that she would not willingly give up,

(*Continued on page 40*)

The Pacific Northwest



He came in a covered wagon — and has lived to see skyscrapers!

The Grand Old Man of the Pacific Northwest is Ezra Meeker of Seattle, Washington.

In the spring of 1852 he left Iowa in a covered wagon. On a bright October night of the same year he carried his young wife up the banks of the Willamette into the huddled group of tents which has since become the city of Portland.

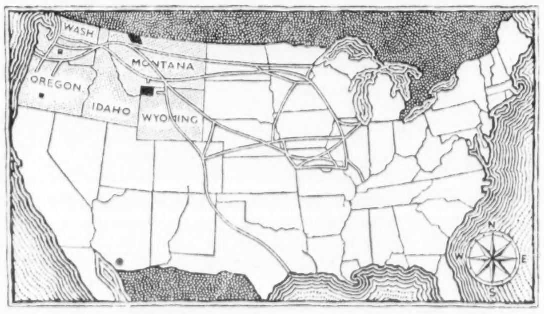
The Pacific Northwest was then an almost unbroken wilderness. He has seen it transformed into a land of large and flourishing cities, world ports, great industries and a populous, prosperous countryside. What single lifetime has witnessed greater change!

What will another lifetime bring?

Yet, the swift upbuilding observed by Ezra Meeker is but a beginning. The Pacific Northwest *continues* to grow with ever increasing vigor.

Consider the progress of twenty years: population has more than doubled; ocean commerce has increased more than 500 per cent; the number of farms has more than doubled; the value of manufactured products has increased 800 per cent.

And yet, the tremendous natural wealth underlying this development is as yet hardly scratched. Today the Pacific Northwest still has more than half of the nation's water power resources, the largest reserve of standing timber in the United States, millions of acres of the world's richest farm lands, an almost limitless mineral wealth.



The greater opportunity

These two facts—swift growth and vast resources—spell *Opportunity* in the Pacific Northwest.

Here is a future with a brighter promise—here is a larger chance to get ahead. The road to prosperity is not easy. Here, as elsewhere, the words of Charles M. Schwab hold true: "Real success is won only by hard, honest, persistent toil." But it *is* certain that in the Pacific Northwest the rewards of working, planning and saving come more surely, more quickly and more richly.

No better proof of this can be given than the prosperity of the people themselves. As compared with the rest of the country, 24 per cent more of them are home owners, 15 per cent more own automobiles, their per capita income is notably higher. In the years their savings deposits have trebled.

For you to share

The prosperity and better life that others have found in the Pacific Northwest is yours to share. In the five states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming there is room for millions—room and boundless opportunity.

You owe it to yourself to investigate the Pacific Northwest. Send now for the free book, "The Land of Opportunity Now." And for any special information, write the Development Bureau.

P. S. Eustis, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad

A. B. Smith, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Northern Pacific Railway

A. J. Dickinson, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Great Northern Railway

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

Mail this coupon for free book

Development Bureau, Dept. 38-E,
Burlington Railroad Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me the free booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now."

Name ....

Address ....

The Heroine

Continued from page 38

and after a few days I had begun passing by her home again. Twice the abstraction and impulse to loiter seized me and nothing happened before, on December 11th, I found myself Henry Esmond in the scene that I had read to her! It was all very stately and particularly vivid—as of course, being Thackeray, it should have been. She came in as Beatrix, but when she ought to have said venomously, "If I did not love you before," etc., she said with a pout, "Dr. B—, how could you want me to get out and see people?" Whereupon the vision dissolved, I must say to my regret.

Next day she again returned "Esmond" with a note:

Dear Dr. B—: I am sorry I got mad. But I must be let alone. I hope you enjoyed yourself yesterday. Don't scold me any more and do send me some books. They are all I have. T. TYSON.

[He decided to respond to her appeal, and went about it systematically, getting her to list him the books she had that he might find some new to her. He protests he did it all in the interest of science, but by this time, it it plain, he was flattered a little, especially by the "Esmond" scene.

It was understood between them that "books" meant stories with duels or equivalent fighting over the heroine. As he knew few and Miss Matilda's stock was soon exhausted, he turned to "a popular novelist," Clyde, for help. Clyde was well read in such fiction. He obliged with a regular catalog. The doctor "procured" them all, tried them on her and noted the results.

He gives these case by case, "Experiment No. 1," and so on. He found that there were stories, apparently promising, that failed to make her "think." The weapons didn't matter, for the medieval combat in Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," the interrupted pistol duel in Kipling's "Marklake Witches," and the barehanded throttling matches of he men in some of Clyde's own tales were staged—or screened—by her imagination as readily as set-tos with rapiers. On the other hand, the sword fight in "The Master of Ballantrae" wasn't, and neither was the pistol duel in "The Secret Orchard," by the Castles, nor John Ridd's famous grapple with Carver Doone. He tried "Cyrano" in French. It perplexed him to get no response to that.

But when she didn't enjoy a book she would let him know it promptly, and sometimes with a comment. The heroine of "The Master" was married. The girl in "The Secret Orchard" wasn't "decent." John Ridd was "no gentleman—I don't care what it says," and Cyrano was "that ugly man with the great big nose—I hate him."

From these and other cases the doctor drew logical conclusions: The fighting had to be between personable "gentlemen," or one and the agents of another, and over a virgin heroine on whose beauty stress was laid.

He was sent for twice that winter when Miss Tyson had tonsillitis, although there was little he could do, since she would not let him look in her throat. His telling her such tonsils probably ought to be removed was punished with an uncomplimentary "dark change" experience. At last, in March, she had an acute attack and was alarmed.]

SHE was feeling too ill to object when I asked Mrs. Weed to leave the room. "Now, then, I don't think you have diphtheria," I told her, "but there's only one way to be sure."

She turned and fidgeted and eventually snuffled out, in her quinsied voice, that what I wanted was to see her face.

"I don't care a rap about your face," I said; and went on to remind her, more gently, that any doctor long in practice had seen innumerable faces at least as unsightly as hers could be. "You'll only have to uncover your mouth," I added. "Come, be sensible."

She began to cry and said I was cruel. I kept silence. Suddenly she sat up in bed and snatched her mask off altogether. "Now you see," she whimpered, "now you see!"—and turned her face up piteously with tears running down her cheeks, cringing and trembling as though she expected a blow.

I had been prepared to betray no interest should any such thing ever happen. Yet I came near doing so. Knowing her eyes were intact and judging from her speech that her nose and mouth were, I had conjectured, to account for her behavior, an extensive nævus (birthmark) or smallpox or some local skin disease, or very disfiguring scars. What she had was no more than one narrow bluish scar down her right cheek, from the middle of the zygoma not quite to the outer corner of the mouth—evidently left by a cut that had not been properly attended to. It drew down the eyelid a trifle and curved the lip, and it was a blemish certainly, but by no means an insurmountable affliction; except for it her face, while woebegone and haggard at that moment, was entirely in keeping with her other charms; I have known young women without half of them, and with far more serious disfigurements, to lead normally cheerful lives and make happy marriages.

I wanted to shake her and shout in her ear, "Is that all you've made all this fuss about?" But if it was trivial to me it was tragic to her, and the center of her existence. I ignored it and set about calming her, and as she saw I was neither appalled nor inquisitive, succeeded.

The abscessed tonsil was ready to be lanced. She endured it with commendable pluck—keeping her eyes on mine lest they stray to her cheek. The instant it was over she put her mask on. I spoke to her again about removal of her tonsils, having in mind also a possible operation on the scar, which I was convinced a simple feat of modern plastic surgery would change to a smooth white line that cosmetics would hide, and I thought if I could get her to submit to the one she might then consider the other. But she would not hear of it, though this time she did not resent my urging it, and she was extravagantly grateful for the relief of the discomfort in her throat.

EARLY that evening I experienced the "dark change" and a vision that began as the original duel among the moss-hung trees. At her entrance it changed to a sunny, grassy place near a white house, and she to a child caught up in the arms of an old lady; her face was bloody and she was screaming; close by was a terrified Negro with a scythe, with which he had been cutting the tall grass. I was there in my own person. The old lady was wailing, "Mon dieu, her looks, her looks!" I was responding by taking novel after novel from my pockets, and saying, "Never mind, we'll give her these."

For once I managed to realize what was going on and rouse myself, whereupon it struck me that this dream of hers had particular significance. It was probably a true reflection of the origin of the scar, and if she felt that I was making up with novels for her destitution of a woman's heritage, I was bound to bestir myself and render a better service without delay.

Accordingly, in the morning I stopped Mrs. Weed as she passed on her way to her marketing.

She was deeply impressed, almost awed, by my having seen Miss Tyson's face—it was more than she ever had, she said, or anyone she knew of—and that and my earnestness overcame her reticence. But her information proved to be hearsay, the single fact of interest she could tell me at first hand being that Miss Tyson occasionally walked in her sleep, and she always locked her in. Miss Tyson, as she understood it, was a Creole sugar planter's granddaughter, orphaned in her babyhood and brought up on the plantation, where, when she was six years old, something had happened to her face. The Creole family was noted for the beauty of its women, and as Mrs. Weed said, "them French folks sets such store by good looks in a girl." The damage to hers was presumably lamented in her hearing from morning to night; at all events, she grew extremely sensitive about it, and with her grandmother's sympathy kept herself in hiding.

When the grandparents died an uncle became her guardian. According to Mrs. Weed, he was "as queer as she is." Under his wing she lived as she liked until, at twenty-five, she came into money from sales of cypress timber lands. Then other relatives began investigations and intrusions, which the uncle ended by bringing her north and finding Mrs. Weed for her.

I asked for his address but reconsidered writing him. It seemed best to go on as I was, keeping her under observation, gaining what I could of her confidence, and watching my chance to bring about her freedom.

[Dr. Borrill pursued this policy eleven months and made no headway. In gaining her confidence he so far succeeded that sometimes when they were alone she would leave her mask off. But to the end his most delicate approach to the subject of her appearance, or even of her "thinking," would upset her. She would have no throat operation he could not perform without assistance, and the one remark she made to him that bore opon the scar was that "naturally" she wouldn't have a mirror in the house.

He continued supplying her with stories to read, and writing up "experiments." After thirty of them he amplifies his theory: "All the latent force of her intense and vital being was focused in a yearning to be just like that ancestress of hers, unscarred and so beautiful that fine fellows would be ready to kill or be killed for her. The yearning worked so potently on her starved imagination that she could see it fulfilled and in some way make me see it. Why she, or her gift, picked me out I shall never understand." He takes pains to show that her feeling toward him was "totally unromantic."

Her demands on him for books increased. It worried him. She was already very much on his conscience, and he felt that instead of helping her he was fostering a vicious habit. But he had convinced himself that she wasn't to be reasoned out of her state of mind, and could only be set free from it by removing its cause, the scar. How to bring that about was beyond him—until he had an inspiration.]

IT OCCURRED to me that since certain fiction meant more to her than fact, an appropriate story might easily turn the trick. I went at once to the novelist and asked him if he knew of one. Its heroine must, I specified, have a scar from an incised wound that surgery must get rid of so successfully that at least two very fine fellows would be rivals for her favor. I explained that the patient on whose behalf I had looked up novels with duels in them was in need of such a story, and told him why—and although I said nothing about the "psychic" feature of her case, in my enthusiasm I was rash enough to tell him who she was.

I had counted on interest, but not on the degree that he exhibited. I blame myself now for my failure to reflect that the situation was the very thing to excite him through his vanity. "I don't know any story that happens in," he said, "but why not write one for her? It's a stunning idea, and I don't think it's ever been used. I'm due to start a serial pretty soon. I'll work it in. Just slip me the surgical dope on it."

I must say I was delighted. Whatever I thought of his productions, she was as susceptible to them as she was to Sir Walter Scott's. Moreover, she held authors whose works she admired in reverence. She would never suspect him of condescending to write with her in mind.

I sent him a careful description of the

"In Business for Himself"

"SAY, listen," said Spud Dorgan to the blonde, "what are you doin' to-night?"

"I'm goin' to a dance," she told him, "with a guy that's got brains enough to do somethin' better than drive a truck."

"I s'pose he comes for you in his Rolls-Royce, huh?" Spud sneered back.

"He may not have no Rolls-Royce," the blonde retorted, "but he's in business for himself!"

You know what Spud does next. He goes out and drives his five-ton truck straight into the middle of another five-ton truck. The argument lasted three minutes.

But what the blonde started leads to something that neither she nor Spud Dorgan nor the girl in the gingham dress expects.

WILLIAM
SLAVENS
McNUTT

in

Collier's
February 7th

excision of such a scar, the freeing of it subcutaneous bands, etc. When I saw him next he rattled off a plot he had developed; the operation part of it seemed all right. "It's going to have a million-dollar title," he exulted. "'Snows Aflame'—how's that?"

It impressed me as being a contradiction in terms, but I did not say so. "It's going to be snorting fine, too," he went on, "and its bringing that girl to her senses will be priceless, if it works. By George, I'll have to meet her! She'll be a knockout for looks, you say?"

Soon afterward the influenza reached Woodbine and vicinity. The younger physicians were off in uniform, we were short of nurses, and after some weeks I was obliged to get away for a brief rest. She wrote to me.

Dear Dr. B—: Mrs. Weed has la grippe and I am afraid. What would I do if I got it? Please come back. Your devoted friend, T. TYSON.
P. S. I am dying for a book.

I found this irritating and did not answer it. I returned on the 18th of February, coming over from New York in the evening. The weather, following a heavy snowfall, had turned severely cold. I walked home from the station.

IT WAS a still night, clear and moonlit, and between the moon and the street lamps the snow was brilliant, sparkling from innumerable crystals; the boughs of the evergreens planted in people's yards were loaded down with it. I was thinking of the effect they made as being almost Arctic—when suddenly it *was* Arctic, due to the swiftest and last of that poor girl's changes.

The shoveled path in which I stood became a snowshoe trail. The evergreens multiplied and dotted an expanse from which houses disappeared, all but the one I was passing, which became a log cabin I had just stepped out of. I had done so because I had heard someone calling my name, a long way off. The calls were still coming. They grew weaker and I hurried. Next day a neighbor spoke of seeing me running past his house.

I crossed a rise and made out in the moonlight, some little distance ahead, a figure down in the snow on hands and knees. One more faint cry came from it, and I recognized the voice. My endeavors to go faster were dreamlike. I gained no ground. Finally, after a dark change abrupt and disagreeable, I came to myself on her doorstep, pounding on the door.

It was the maid who opened it. She understood some English. Both Mrs. Weed and Ma'm'selle were sick—they were now asleep, she thought. She declared that Ma'm'selle was upstairs in her room. By instinct, perhaps, I knew better, and we found the side door ajar.

There was an outside light over that doorway. She snapped it on and lit the path. Miss Tyson had not reached her pavilion. Why she had tried to is more than I can say; in *her* vision, with the confusion of fever upon her, it may have been the cabin. She had fallen, a few feet short of it, in what little snow had sifted through the lattice. She lay moaning, clad in her night dress with a fur coat thrown on like a cape.

With the help of the demoralized maid I got her back into the house. She was in a state between delirium and stupor, and pneumonia was apparent. Through the night it progressed very rapidly. Mrs. Weed, too ill to be of use, was abjectly remorseful for leaving her door unlocked; had not supposed her strong enough to "walk," she said. I managed to get a nurse and was there in attendance most of the succeeding day and night.

She never became wholly lucid—or wholly awake. She recognized me but thought we were in the cabin. She would gasp, "Is it real? Can you do it? It says you can," and on being assured that I could she would seem easier. Of what she meant I had no idea until, the last time, she added, "And I'll be pretty?" I said she would be beautiful beyond description, which Heaven knows would have been true. Despite the pain she was in she smiled and bade me "hurry up." And as she drifted off she said, "Don't hurt me, will you?"

Then of course I saw what must have happened. At daybreak I went home for my mail, and on looking through it discovered a confirmation:

Dear B—: I am leaving for California, to be away till June. I have finished the installments of "Snows Aflame" with the operation in them, and knowing you want this put across to Miss T. as soon as possible, I have sent her a carbon copy that she will have read when you return. Please let me know what comes of it—I'll be frightfully keen to hear. Success would make grand publicity. Novelist's Art Restores Beauty and Reason—think of it!

I have altered the plot I outlined to you, but feel sure it will make no difference. My address will be — Etc.

The carbon copy turned up in her living-room under the cushion of a chair. With it was his flowery note to her. Understanding from me that she enjoyed his stories, he took pleasure in sending her a new one; he hoped she would forgive his informality. She had snipped out his signature with nail scissors—to cherish it, I suppose.

His heroine of "Snows Aflame," veiled and mysterious, searches the Klondike for proofs of her legitimacy, or something of the sort. After minor adventures among red-blooded men and women whose lives are waste, she goes alone in winter to the Barren Lands. Her dog team is stolen, she loses the trail, and would perish but for stumbling on the cabin of a surgeon of the Northwestern Mounted Police.

Before she recovers consciousness he operates on her face. It is "pitifully scarred" *from acid burns* and also *has been frozen*—yet he performs the *at any time unsuitable* operation I described for [*Clyde*, crossed out] the novelist. And when the bandages come off "the sharpest eye" can "detect no flaw in her loveliness." I should like to have heard the comments of the novelist's medical readers! Even a layman, one might think, would see—

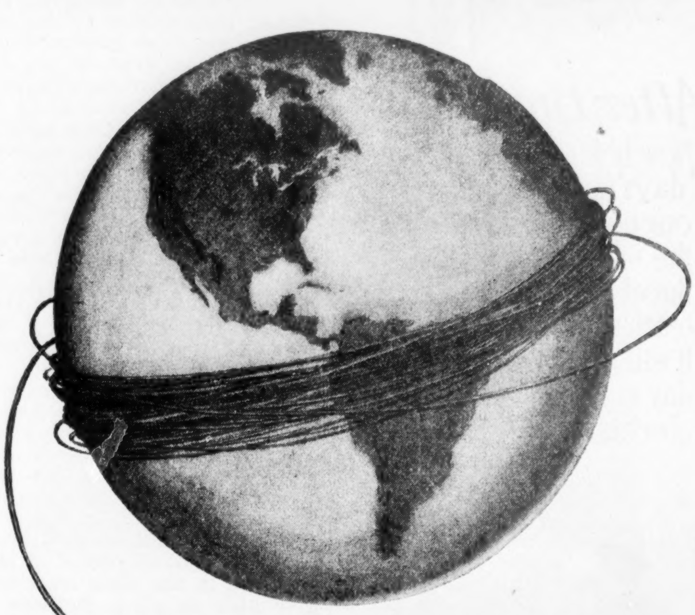
[Here the manuscript page is torn across and the rest of it is missing. What follows is in pencil in a somewhat shaky hand.]

I WROTE to the novelist telling him unrestrainedly what I thought of him. He felt much injured, and I now admit that he had some justification. It was not the atrocious bungling in the story that worked the mischief, and it was no more his indiscretion in sending it to her on his own responsibility than mine in taking for granted that he would let me pass upon it, and leaving him uninformed of the risks. Conceivably, if his plot had not driven her outdoors in the conjunction of her illness and cold whether the story with all its absurdity would have had the right effect, and she would be alive at this moment, a radiant ornament to her species.

But these are my subsequent reflections. At the time I was very bitter, and my judgment was obscured; indeed, my bitterness extended to all authors of romances, the great as well as the paltry and contemptible. It seemed to me she had trusted them and through him they had betrayed her; it seemed to me also that her case was but a spectacular example—a demonstration under laboratory conditions, so to speak—of what their white-lying, as I termed it, did to uncounted men and women who shared some degree of her readiness to be fogged with wistful dreams. And so I thought they ought to be suppressed, and their works destroyed—and I still think they ought to be made to use care when writing about surgery.

I see now, however, that there are two sides to this question of romanticism. I see that if there is such a thing as a pernicious susceptibility, there may also be such a thing as pernicious lack of it. Perhaps my lack explains my response to her excess, as though it had been a current passed between us. At all events, I have led a humdrum life, and might have been better and happier for a trifle more romance in it. What she supplied was vicarious, and we were not in love. But I am frank to say that I have missed her.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



How much is a million miles of wire, you ask? It would go 40 times around the globe; or more than 300 times between New York and San Francisco.

1,000,000 miles of wire

In a single year General Motors uses over 1,000,000 miles of insulated copper wire in the manufacture of Delco and Remy starting, lighting and ignition systems—standard equipment on more than 30 makes of trustworthy cars and trucks.

Wire is but one of many materials which General Motors buys in quantity. The steel used in a year would lay a railroad track between New York and Denver. The lumber would build homes for 50,000 people. The leather would cover 150 city blocks.

Such large purchases contribute to the prosperity of many businesses and are a real factor in the economical manufacture of General Motors products.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND
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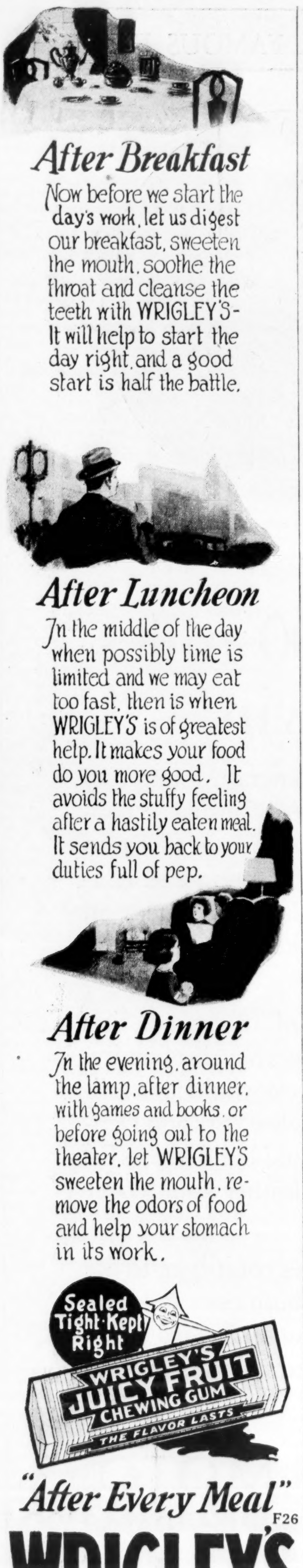
General Motors cars, trucks, and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the *GMAC* Payment Plan. Insurance service furnished by General Exchange Corporation



After Breakfast
Now before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S - It will help to start the day right, and a good start is half the battle.

After Luncheon
In the middle of the day when possibly time is limited and we may eat too fast, then is when WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good. It avoids the stuffy feeling after a hastily eaten meal. It sends you back to your duties full of pep.

After Dinner
In the evening, around the lamp, after dinner, with games and books, or before going out to the theater, let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work.

Sealed Tight·Kept Right
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

"After Every Meal"
F26
WRIGLEY'S

industry, backed by law, wherein the investor and the user are both protected, the public has itself to blame for the continuance of preventable accidents and for inadequate aërial defense.

Those directly interested in aviation, either industrially or in the government, have been bombarding Congress for the enactment of legislation providing for a Bureau of Civil Aëronautics in the Department of Commerce. But there has not been sufficient public interest in the matter to drive Congress into taking serious action. Certain it is that until airplanes, their engines, their accessories, and all pilots are examined and licensed by competent authority, we will have these accidents. The public has the remedy in its own hands: it should join with the industry and the friends of aviation in demanding the passage of this bureau measure, known as the Winslow Bill.

This law should require the federal, state, and municipal governments to bear their proportionate share of expense, administration, and responsibility. In the hands of the new bureau should be placed the authority to examine and license aircraft and their pilots. It should also be in charge of aids to the development of commercial aviation, in the same measure that we give aids to other methods of transportation. We maintain lighthouses, buoys, life-saving stations, we dredge channels, and issue weather reports to aid shipping. We make inland rivers navigable, we build docks and breakwaters, but, on the other hand, we license officers, pilots, engineers and equipment and we require life-boats, life-preservers, life-rafts and other safeguards to life and property.

We must provide the machinery through this proposed bureau for extending air navigation the same safeguards, the same assistance, the same paternal aid which we give other industries. There must be well-developed airways, provided with day and night signals, including lighthouses, audible beacons, meteorological service and proper regulations for the protection of public and private property, and the flying personnel and equipment itself. Such legislation and such action on the part of the various authorities will in-

Fear?

Continued from page 17

sure the rapid development of air traffic. Hence this legislation is a matter of extreme importance; it must be provided as soon as the Congress meets.

With the new legislation will come the eradication of many perplexing problems which seem to be bothering our best legal minds. The ownership of the air will be determined and the responsibility for damage to persons and property will be fixed. Forced landings which damage crops and other improvements will have to be paid for, of course, but unreasonable attachment and claims must be forestalled. State laws and municipal ordinances must conform to the national law and freak regulations done away with.

Let's Go!

WITH the expansion of commercial aviation, this nation will become air-minded and, by the same token, it will become air-mounted. Then will we be in a position of having a self-supporting industry, contributing to our needs, socially, industrially, and commercially, while, at the same time, providing us with an element in the national defense which is rapidly overshadowing in importance all other arms. In this connection, it may be well to point out that we will also be following the best traditions of the country in that we will not be directly subsidizing aviation as is being done in Europe and Asia.

The cost of the Bureau of Civil Aëronautics and the federal aids it promises should not exceed $5,000,000 a year for some time, but may be more than that sum with propriety. Including the appropriation for this year, Congress has granted the good roads movement nearly $330,000,000 during the last five years, yet the national defense and industrial advancement warrant such sums. It will be the same with aviation, for if good roads are available in time of war for the use of motor transport to our military advantage, so, too, will the navigational facilities and landing fields provided under the new bureau be available for immediate transfer to military and naval status in time of war. All this is conserving the taxpayers' interests and is a matter of governmental economy.

How readily aviation, once properly organized, gains a hold on the general public can be seen by scanning the reports of traffic between London and Paris, over the various airways between those cities, for the week ending October 5th last. The total number of trips was 113; passengers carried, 484; for the corresponding week in 1923 there were 79 trips and 238 passengers; while for the corresponding week of 1920 there were 131 trips and 222 passengers. Aside from the increase in number of passengers, it will be noted that there were fewer trips in 1924 than in 1920; that is because improvements have been made in the carrying capacity and performance of the airplane to meet the demands of the air traveler.

We were the first to fly across the Atlantic. We were first around the world. We hold all the worth-while world's records. But we are the aërial Rip Van Winkle of to-day. Bankrupt Europe is far ahead of us in commercial flying. European air lines in daily use, operating on schedule, cover more than 22,000 miles. They reach from the British Isles to Cairo, Constantinople, Moscow, Helsingfors, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. Now comes the news that the Junkers Company, a German concern with a factory in Moscow, has signed a contract with the Russian-Japanese authorities to run a line from Leningrad to Tokyo! Before we can approach any such air traffic as this we have a long row to hoe.

"A stern chase is a long chase," according to an old maritime adage. Even so, it is useless to tell me that this nation cannot overtake the lead of Europe. That the American business man is a "go-getter" is his foremost boast. All right. Let him forget the nightmares and disturbing dreams of childhood and grasp the truths of man's estate; let him get after aviation. The airplane was twenty-one years old in December. It has outgrown its bloomers. It's time we put the husky in long pants. In the language of the pilot: "Give her the gun! *Let's go!*"

How the Crossword Craze Started

Continued from page 12

was on its way to a certain dignity. Various authors often talked of getting up a book of puzzles—and did nothing.

But two young men did. They were Richard Simon and Max Schuster. Last spring, upon entering the publishing business, they looked about for a book good for a small, certain profit. On the night of the day on which they signed their papers of incorporation, Dick Simon's aunt referred at dinner to her enjoyment of crossword puzzles, and asked whether there was a book of them.

Simon said he would find out. He learned the next day that the universe was devoid of such a necessity. He and Schuster called on the authors of this article, who got permission from the "World" to draw upon the huge reservoir of contributions that had accumulated and got the consent of the contributors to use what they wanted. The book came out, instantly began to sell and the crossword rage was on.

Now, as to the deeper causes of the phenomenon, our opinions are based upon the endless flood of crossword correspondence that has passed through our hands.

The lure of the crossword puzzle seems to be a combination of these three elements:

The fascination of words common to an articulate race.

Self-education.

Time killing.

In a historical sense we have to deal with the fascination of words. The crossword puzzle is an immediate and simple extension and variation of one of the oldest tricks. It is a form of the word square, a bank of words which reads the same across and down, like:

SALE
ATOM
LODI
EMIT

Sometimes the form is not square, but triangular, diamond-shaped, or rhomboidal; and sometimes the words have different readings across and down, as in the crossword puzzle. But it is a characteristic of any solid form that it cannot be large. It consists of words extending all the way across, and words do not come very large. The obvious way to make the form large is to break it up into connecting sections. Use blank squares to separate such locking sections, and you have a crossword puzzle.

From the most ancient times men have been mystically beguiled with words and with tricks that can be done with words. Magic, prophecy, and religion enter here. The natural tendency to build things up resulted in the word square, as it did with numbers in the "Magic Square," where the horizontal and vertical columns of figures add up the same. There were supposed to be mysterious relations between words that could be joined in some construction. A magical relation was thought to exist between the words in a word square. And word squares were used as cabalistic decorations and as amulets for thousands of years.

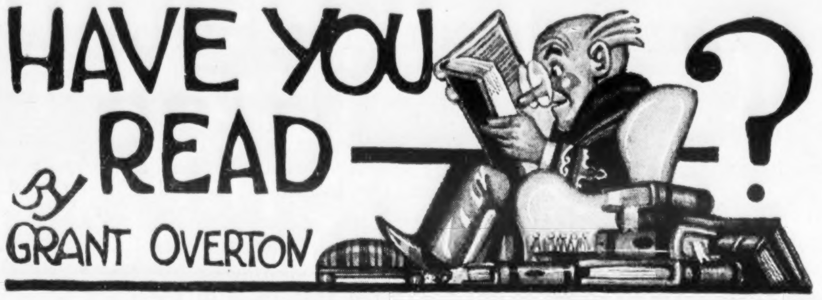
You find them mentioned among the ancient Greeks and Romans, as devices used by sorcerers in the working of their magic. The mystical Jewish cabalists of the early Christian era gave their attention to word forms, as to other kinds of ingenuities. And, of course, the ancient Hindus, neglectful of nothing mysterious and recondite, knew how to build words into forms with double readings.

The ancient word form was not a puzzle so much as an ingenuity and mystical talisman. But at some period someone thought of requiring the fancier of tricks to build a form from definitions of the words contained in it. This made it a puzzle. And still later another unknown genius was inspired with the idea of splitting up a solid form into interlocking sections by the use of blank squares, and thus the crossword puzzle came.

The second element in the popularity of the crossword puzzle, that of self-education, is perhaps the most important of all. There is no doubt that the crossword puzzle does help along one's acquaintance with words, and that it has helped to give countless persons the dictionary habit.

And then there is the element of time killing. Into any crossword puzzle department come pathetic letters from invalids telling how the puzzles relieve the dreariness of bedridden hours. Time hangs heavy on many hands and crossword puzzles are a relief from idleness.

But, whatever the explanations may be, the crossword puzzle has got its place in the sun at last. To these authors, as they look back, its progress was one long nightmare of letters, an endless flow of correspondence with little praise and vast quantities of blame, and endless mordant comments—such as: "the editors who allowed 'nearly' to be defined as a conjunction are—*six-letter word beginning with 'r' and ending with 'n' and meaning 'terrible.'*"



HAVE YOU READ—?

By GRANT OVERTON

WRITERS are poor, human folk. One, called by some the greatest living American poet, has always been a hand for drinking, though he cut it out for a whole year as a mark of respect for a lady who had befriended him. Another American poet thinks four dishes of oatmeal a good getaway to a satisfying breakfast. Joseph Conrad cluttered up his Kentish cottage with the bottles of patent medicines for his rheumatism. Amy Lowell enjoys a good cigar.

During the forty-four years of Robert Louis Stevenson's life there was silence about one side of the man. For thirty years since his death the silence has held. This concealment was largely the work of Stevenson's wife, a strong-minded woman who had just as decided ideas about preserving her husband's reputation as she had had about keeping the invalid Stevenson alive. But a few years ago a mass of Stevenson's unpublished writings was sold at auction. And now, with access to this material, which is owned by an American, John A. Steuart, a British writer, has attempted a true picture in "Robert Louis Stevenson: A Critical Biography."

Courage of the Finest

A "FAMILY" biography, the "Life of Stevenson" by his cousin, Graham Balfour, appeared in 1901. It provoked W. E. Henley, the poet and intimate of R. L. S., to indignant words. Henley denounced the attempt to present Stevenson as a "seraph in chocolate," a plaster saint. For this protest he was bitterly attacked by those who said it sprang from jealousy.

Reading Mr. Steuart's two volumes, we can see now how right Henley was. We have had a third of a century to judge the merit of "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" and "David Balfour" and the rest of Stevenson. Discoveries about their author cannot alter their worth.

What such discoveries can do is to make Stevenson more humanly interesting. If they darken him in some places they make his rare courage show up more brightly.

The truth is that, as a young man in Edinburgh, R. L. S. was as wild as Robert Burns. Some of his associations then did him lasting injury all through his life. Without doubt he was a terribly conceited young man who posed like a ridiculous actor; the people who despised him then cannot be blamed. Even after he grew to manhood, and while he was avowedly in love with Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne, his behavior was shocking. When he was writing about the bad morals of Robert Burns his own were no better.

He used opiates throughout his life, though without ever becoming a victim like De Quincey or Coleridge. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was written at a time when his mind was certainly affected by drugs. The Stevenson who made conscious cheerfulness a rule of life suffered from moments of despair as black as death.

But this is not all; besides the other qualities it is not of great importance. A braver man never lived. Sick and alone, he went six thousand miles to be near his future wife. A dozen times he had one foot in the grave and by sheer courage lifted it out again. He worked hard at his writing when forced to lie in bed, forbidden to move or even to speak.

Of Robert Louis Stevenson it is true that his life was a grander adventure than any he ever wrote about. Mr. Steuart does not lose any of the thrills.

COLLIER'S has recently published some Sherlock Holmes stories and the history of the world's most famous detective is the most interesting part of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Memories and Adventures." Sir Arthur confirms the story that Dr. Joseph Bell, who used to tell patients in Edinburgh amazing and uncanny details about themselves, was the original of Holmes. An old notebook shows that Doyle's first notion was to call the detective "J. Sherringford Holmes" and Dr. Watson was first christened "Ormond Sacker." When "A Study in Scarlet" was written several publishers rejected it. Doyle, much hurt, finally sent it to a house which specialized in sensational and rather cheap fiction, and which bought it outright for about $125. This was in 1886 and the story appeared the next year. If "A Study in Scarlet" were written to-day I am sure that it would be worth "outright"—serial, book, play, motion picture and translation rights—not far from $125,000.

Doyle has always thought more of his historical novels, "Sir Nigel" and "The White Company," than of Sherlock Holmes; and when Holmes became so vastly popular the author decided to kill him off. He admits that the protest at this amazed him. "'You brute' was the beginning of the letter of remonstrance which one lady sent me. I heard of many who wept." Hundreds have always believed Sherlock Holmes a real person; Doyle is used to letters addressed to Holmes with a request that they be forwarded. Others, who realize that Holmes is fictitious, have asked his creator to solve difficult mysteries and on at least one occasion he was told to name his own price.

Plains and City and Sea

THE spring novels are only beginning to appear and the one which will be read by the most people is Zane Grey's "The Thundering Herd." Frank L. Packard returns to railroading in his "Running Special" and P. G. Wodehouse follows up the big success of "Leave It to Psmith" with a yarn just about as funny, "Bill the Conqueror." I have had a look at a fine American novel, "To Babylon," which will be published early in February. It is by Larry Barretto, author of "A Conqueror Passes," and is the story of a boy who went from Slaterville to New York to be an architect, and of what New York did to him and of what he learned for himself by the time he was thirty. Barretto, who was christened Laurence Brevoort Barretto, comes of two fairly ancient New York families. The Brevoorts arrived a little sooner than the Barrettos, who were Portuguese and did not get over until 1690. Larry says he has become quite used to being asked: "How long have you been here?"

If you like Joseph C. Lincoln don't miss his "Rugged Water," a tale of Cape Cod life savers, one of his best.

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Critical Biography. Two volumes. By John A. Steuart. Little, Brown & Co. $8.00.

Memories and Adventures. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown & Co. $4.50.

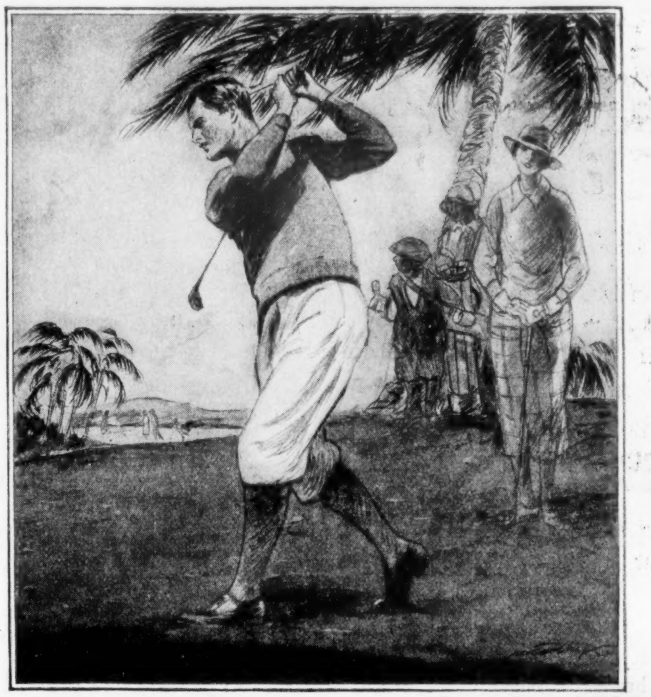
The Thundering Herd. By Zane Grey. Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

Running Special. By Frank L. Packard. George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

Bill the Conqueror. By P. G. Wodehouse. George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

To Babylon. By Larry Barretto. Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

Rugged Water. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.



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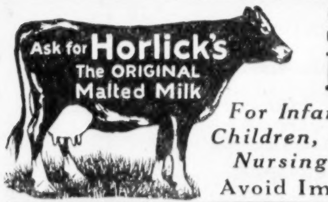

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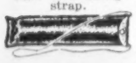

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Commandments for Husbands

Continued from page 13

pretty much the same temperature I really think the husband ought to mention its existence from time to time.

In marriage the first year is the hardest. Why is this? Two young people have met, have been drawn to each other by an appeal they only half understand: each likes dancing or caramel fudge sundaes and they interpret that as a complete congeniality. They marry and dwell in bliss for a varying length of time. Then what happens? Well, as I see it from my bench, a pretty good vantage point, differing backgrounds, differing weaves of ancestry stretching back into the forgotten beginnings of mankind, begin to clash. It is like the meeting of totally different chemical substances. Sometimes the mixture is a delightful compound, sometimes it is an explosion, and sometimes it is slow poison.

It is difficult for me to understand why young husbands fail so often to see the pertinent analogy between married life and the teams of college athletics. The strongest, fastest man would not survive a week as a member of a football team if he did not play with the team. As I see it, too many young husbands fail to realize the necessity for teamwork in marriage. That teamwork can be had only when each partner strives to understand the other's point of view.

* * *

Sometimes I contemplate with a foolish hope the possibility of eliminating a lot of marital unhappiness by passing a law—the usual lawyer-remedy, and I'm a lawyer—compelling husbands to tell their wives precisely how much or how little money they are earning. Lying about that means trouble in a home as certainly as anything in the world.

The woman had a two months' old baby in her arms. She was still pale and drawn from the adventure of bringing a new life into the world. Her clothing no longer fitted her. Thin fingers were red and there was no wedding ring. The husband was silent and shamefaced.

"He's out of a job," she told me. "I've pawned everything we had, even wedding presents to pay rent and buy food and clothing for the baby. He lied to me. He said he had a big position. He spent money like he was a millionaire pretty nearly. It wasn't even a good job really and then he lost that and we didn't have anything but a new baby."

I had to guess the man's side of it. He was too ashamed to talk. But the truth was that he had been so eager to appear important and grand in the eyes of this girl he loved that he had built a structure of lies by buying presents for her with a lavish hand, even going into debt in order to keep up a "front" with his wife. Some lack in his character had forced him to pose in the one situation in which he should have been scrupulously honest, sincere. Then he lost the job and his lame explanations nearly lost him his wife. Through our probation department we managed to get him a job and I'm proud to say that he and his wife are going along fairly happily now. But I shudder to think of the thousands of other couples whose happiness is being jeopardized because of lying about finances.

* * *

The woman's hair hung in untidy strings about her face. Her clothes appeared to have been put on in the hurry of a night alarm of fire. Besides she was a weepy creature.

"He don't treat me like he used to," she sniffled. "When we were first married he used to bring me candy or something almost every time he returned. Now he hasn't a kind word for me."

While she had her eyes in the folds of a tear-soaked ball of a handkerchief I turned to the husband.

"Look at 'er," he suggested. "I married a neat, tidy girl. At least thought I did. She'll dress up for company but treats me like the kitchen furniture."

I told that girl some things about life that her mother should have told her. But I also had a few words for the husband. I told him he couldn't expect his wife to do his housework and be dressed as if for a party every time he appeared. I hear a lot of complaints similar to his, but I've discovered that most of them are whines of men who do not provide their wives with enough money either to dress with or to hire someone to do the beauty-destroying work of their households.

Once in a while I run across a woman who won't stay home at night, but for one such Family Court case where a woman is the offender there are a hundred where the prowler is the husband.

"Well, sir," I said as sternly as I could to one man whose domestic rows had taken a turn that brought them before me for settlement, "Well, sir, you do not seem to appreciate a nice, comfortable little home, a pretty wife, and an adorable baby. Why don't you stay at home at night?"

"Say, Judge, if she'd stay home in the day time and attend to her work there'd be little enough running around by me. But if she won't stay home days I won't stay home nights."

"I go to see my mother," excused the girl. "I don't see anything wrong about that. But where do you go at night, that's what I'd like to know, Mister—" I had a new fight brewing on my hands, but managed to stop it, reasoned with them both and now I have the satisfaction of knowing that this particular pair have compromised by going to see the girl's mother together and at night. I felt almost a Solomon when I decided that one and said: "Case dismissed."

Some of the most hopeless maladjustments of marriage are, I find, the result of quarrels about the most trivial affairs. When these quarrels have reached a point where I'm called in as arbiter they are serious affairs, very nearly tragedies. I know one couple who have a satisfactory method of dealing with all their bickerings. They are friends of mine, not "cases." They have made it a rule not to go to sleep at night without "making up." On that basis they could quarrel every day without lasting harm, but they rarely quarrel now. They are middle-aged.

* * *

Welfare Island, which used to be Blackwell's Island, is the first place I think about when I find myself dealing with one of those husbands who is so stupid, so inconsiderate as to discuss any shortcomings of his wife with some other woman. These men who are misunderstood at home! To my mind these husbands are guilty of high treason. And I'm just as impatient with the wives who seek other masculine ears as funnels into which to pour complaints about their husbands. When I get a case of that kind I usually get a "hunch" that it is going to be hopeless to try for a reconciliation. Usually my hunch is good. Persons who do that are not only unfit for matrimony; they are unfit to live.

There is one more type of husband that I wish could be eliminated or cured or poisoned. It is the kind that is so unsympathetic, so lacking in generosity as to deny praise to his wife. If she puts on a new hat he grunts. If she sings he shakes his newspaper savagely. If she cooks a pie for him he sneers. There are some women like that, too. For all such people I have only this to say: If you don't give praise where praise is due someone else will.

Some day in America we are going to train our children for marriage. Until that day comes I'd like to have husbands heed the ten commandments that are printed on the first page of this article.

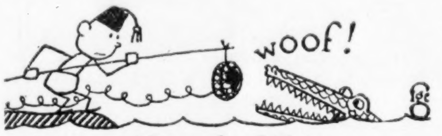
If all men should adopt them I believe we could get along without Family Courts. In fact, both members of the partnership could use these suggestions with benefit.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Note to Manufacturers

THERE are approximately 7,000,000 farms in this country without radio receiving sets. The fiscal year just completed shows that four times as many sets were sold to farmers last year as the number actually in use on farms before the year started. With better farm programs this ratio of progress should be more than maintained this year.



Along the Nile

EGYPT has paused for a moment on its rocky pathway toward destiny to consider the possibilities of radio. In this, the land of the Pharaohs is confronted with a situation as confused as its politics. Due to its diverse population, there is considerable chaotic thought over the nature of the programs that could be sent out. As a compromise the government has decided to hold off its permission until some satisfactory regulatory system can be devised. We may yet hear the roar of a crocodile in its native lair. That ought to be good for a front-page story.

Food for Thought

ONE of our popular radio magazines asks: "Are Vitamins a Form of Ether Waves?" We must admit that is a question which we cannot answer, although we have often felt like chewing up some of the programs which are on the ethereal bill of fare.

What Did He Do?

ALL RIGHT, J. Church of Brooklyn, you get ten bucks—easy money—but please tell me what the extra connection was that stopped the squeal in your set and did away with the need for "B" batteries. Give other fans a chance to sit pretty with you. In fact, I'm curious myself.

To Aid the Farmer

A CONFERENCE of great importance to every farmer in the country was held in Chicago December 4th under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. Its purpose is to evolve a national program of agricultural information to be broadcast daily throughout the country. The coöperation of every radio station strategically situated is sought. One of the difficulties to be solved lies in meeting the localized needs of some of the farmers in special districts.

Nine-Mile Aërials

COMMERCIAL transatlantic radio stations use antennæ nine miles long and transmit on waves as high as 25,000 meters (more than a mile) in length. Don't try to put one of these up on your block.

This is a Pipe

C. W. ROACH of Sudbury, Ont., has an experimental complex which just simply dotes on aërials. He writes me that he got KDKA, Pittsburgh, with a stove pipe as an aërial, but that reception was not very clear. Probably there is an affinity here, while smoke may have clouded results. His next aërial was wound around the furniture in the room, but he doesn't say whether he got Grand Rapids, Mich., with this.

In more serious vein, however, it is not a bad idea to emulate C. W.'s example of experimentation. Surprising results may be obtained.

Repeats Yearly

DOCTOR REYNOLDS of Chicago sends this one: "On Sunday evening, Armistice Day of 1923, at 9 P. M., I tuned in on station CKCK Regina, up in the Saskatchewan, giving an interesting memorial program. Received over loud speaker, clear, but not in great volume.

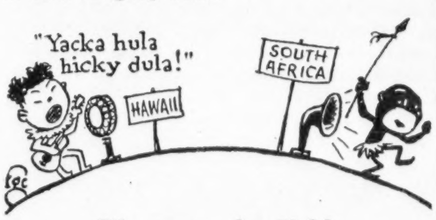
"Never again were we able to tune in on CKCK until Sunday evening, November 9th, 1924, at 9 P. M., when we were again favored with an interesting memorial program. Time and subject identical, but a year apart!"

Queer Facts

ONE of the many peculiar phenomena observed in radio reception over a period of years is the fact that it is consistently much better in the vicinity of a body of water. Another peculiar fact is that the rise and fall of tides causes a change in wave length of transmitting stations located close to the shore.

Crooks Are Short-Lived

IN DEALING with infinitesimal amounts of energy as in radio reception it is important that there be a minimum of loss in all parts and connections. Much engineering skill is being devoted very properly to so-called "low-loss" parts. Some unscrupulous gyp manufacturers are trying to realize upon the wave of popular approval which has followed the low-loss development, but they cannot last. Quality always wins in the long run—and radio is in a lengthy race.



Waves on the Veldt

AN ENTERPRISING pioneer in South Africa has been demonstrating the wonders of radio in Zulu kraals. The natives were enraptured and performed war dances to music received from Johannesburg, 300 miles away. Fine! Now we'll have a new radio merchandising problem on our hands, because the Zulu idea of currency is as varied as Nature herself.

New Use for "Rope"

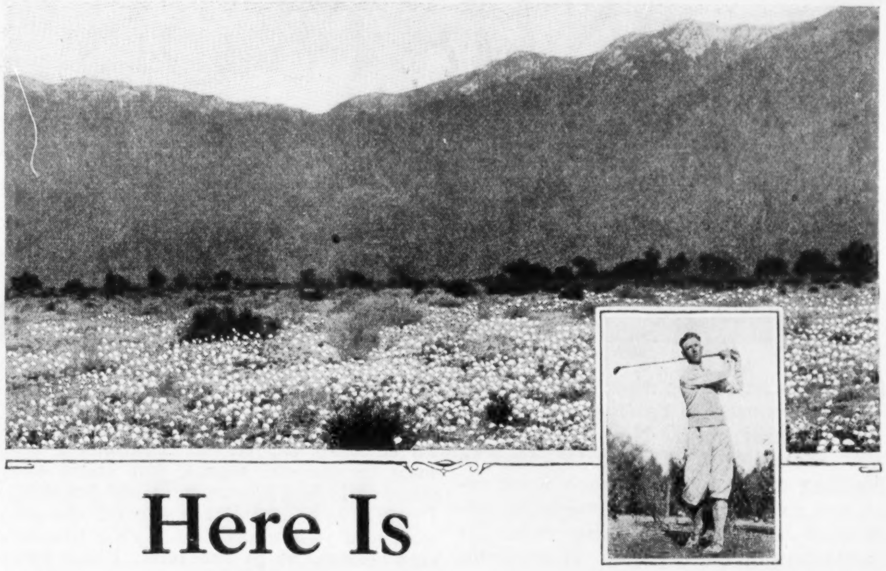
FREDERIC P. SUTTON of New York slips this one over on us gently:

"Once upon a time I built myself a three-coil honeycomb receiving set, which, when complete, abounded in hand capacity.

"Shortly after, an ambitious Italian contractor presented me with a long, lean, native cigar, which was imperishable as well as non-conductive.

"I am now able to tune the aforementioned set (sans squeal) by pushing the coils about with the justly famed Italian 'stogie.'

"Moral: Don't bite the hand that's feeding you." Well! as Roxie says, "There you are."



Here Is *Your* Kind of Summer

—Plan It Now

"Are the golf clubs in?—did you get my brown bag?—Here's the TAXI! The trunks have gone haven't they?—Come on, boys, we've only half an hour for the train!

"'A'boar-r-d-d'—Well, we're off. And let me tell you, we're going to have a lot of *fun!* Wait till you *see* that country! Mountains running right down to the beaches, lovely little valleys, motor roads—five thousand miles of them, smooth as boulevards—and through scenery such as you have never seen! Boys and girls, you're GOING somewhere!

"Warm at night, did you ask? You'll sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten all summer in Southern California,—I'll almost promise that. U. S. Weather Bureau shows the average mean temperatures for forty-seven years in a central city there. Look at them—47 Junes, 66 degrees; 47 Julys, 70; 47 Augusts, 71; 47 Septembers, 69.

"And yet, no rain to spoil your games, motor trips, mountain hikes, picnics, horse-back rides, or whatever else you think of doing.

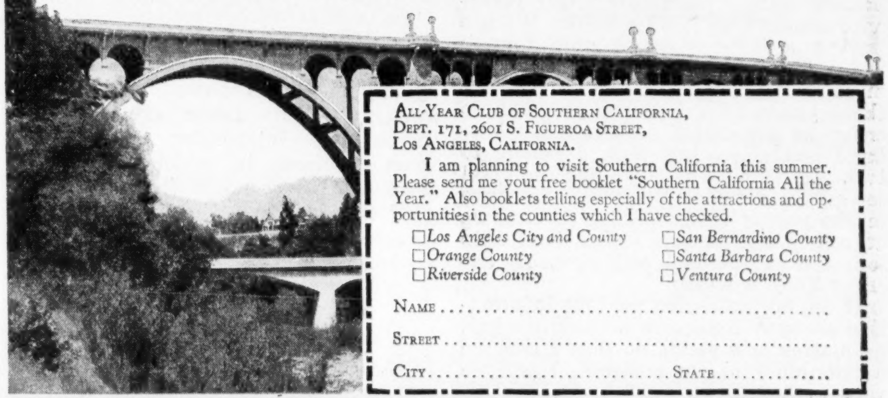
"Golf courses of the finest; cool, blue lakes a mile high in the mountains; old missions in ruins that make you think of Europe; a great desert like Sahara; moving picture bands in the costumes of the world—there, in fact, because almost the entire world is *typified* in Southern California."

Go now or this summer. There is no better time.

Railroad ticket agents everywhere can give you details,—tell you all about it. Ask them. Learn some things that you have overlooked, perhaps.

Or mail coupon below to us.

All-Year Club of Southern California



ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
DEPT. 171, 2601 S. FIGUEROA STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

I am planning to visit Southern California this summer. Please send me your free booklet "Southern California All the Year." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ *Los Angeles City and County*
☐ *Orange County*
☐ *Riverside County*
☐ *San Bernardino County*
☐ *Santa Barbara County*
☐ *Ventura County*

NAME ....
STREET ....
CITY .... STATE ....

Oh, Boy!

Haven't you often thought of what you'd do if you could earn your own spending money each week? And haven't you often envied some fellow in your neighborhood because he had things you couldn't get? Thousands of young chaps like yourself are earning their own spending money each week and getting dandy prizes besides. They represent America's three leading magazines—Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, and Collier's, The National Weekly. You can have the agency in your town.

Write me to-night

JIM THAYER The Crowell Publishing Co.
Department X, Springfield, Ohio

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

THE letters on this page of Collier's used to be chosen from our general mail. Now "What's On Your Mind" has, so to speak, a mailbag of its own, and each week receives so many letters specially addressed to it that printing them all would take up many pages. If one from you has been printed and then a response to it appears, you can be fairly sure the response has been chosen from a fistful.

Well, who knows a better way of thrashing out human problems and human interests?

Problem: To Stretch $40

To the Editor of Collier's:

Scraping by on a few thousand a year sheds no light on my problem, which is scraping by on forty dollars a week.

My family consists of: husband, who earns the forty; myself, who strives to stretch it; and four children, ages thirteen, nine, six, two.

I have tried to keep a budget, but either the budget was wrong or I was, for I couldn't make the money cover everything and am still in the old haphazard state of spending. Our insurance amounts to $1.90 a week. We are buying a home, have it paid for all but $500, but have been unable to do more than pay the interest on that for three years. We have no car, but do enjoy an occasional concert. My husband belongs to one club, I belong to two. Do all my own work and the plain sewing, and bake everything we have in the pastry line. During winter we burn one ton of coal every twelve to fourteen days, which will probably average $4.75 a week.

If anyone can give me any information on how to acquire a bank account, no matter how small, so that I can see a possibility of its growing, I will be very grateful.

(MRS.) E. B. O., Port Huron, Mich.

Even though Mrs. O. has made one failure of a budget plan, is there anything better for homemakers "up against it" as she is—and how full of them the country must be in these shrunken-dollar days—than a really good plan, adapted and corrected to, in this case, Port Huron conditions, and then adhered to?

"Why Don't the Men Propose?"

To the Editor of Collier's:

Just please solve my problem, which is also the problem of many other girls like myself.

Here I am, twenty-nine, healthy and can see a joke, not handsome yet not homely, and still single. I am not a dumb-bell and trying to grab a man for a good soft living, but a girl that has worked for success—and have received it in the business world. Yet the business I wish to make the most successful, that of motherhood—well, I can't seem to get. Tell me, do the men class all girls alike? I know there are a class of girls (it includes the biggest majority of the feminine) who say they will marry if they get the chance, but no children for them. Perhaps I belong to the old school, but there are other girls just like myself; and, frankly, I would give up all for a good, decent man and just plain kids. This Christmas season, as in the past, I can buy for other folks' children.

Kindly, readers, tell me what is the matter with the men?

RUTH, Providence, R. I.

Also tell whether you think Ruth is right in believing the "no children for them" class includes "the biggest majority of the feminine." For if she is, it's as hefty and serious a piece of news as we can imagine.

The Six-Year-Term Idea

To the Editor of Collier's:

What is the great objection, if any, to having our Presidents serve us for a term of six years? United States senators do. Six years would be all that should be asked of any citizen to occupy the chief executive's chair. To date, its occupants have averaged a little less than four years and eight months each. Also, the pulse of the nation would be firmer for not having to face the stress of a Presidential campaign so often.

GEORGE V. LE SAGE,
Butte, Mont.

As Mr. Le Sage mentioned, his idea is by no means new, but neither is it by any means exhausted, and the arguments in its favor are becoming increasingly interesting. Let's have some of them, in tabloid form, and some of those against it. This is as good a place as the nation affords to thrash it out.

Now It Can Be Told

To the Editor of Collier's:

Having just graduated from high school, I feel that I am qualified to express my opinion on nearly any subject. I want to call to the attention of Collier's readers the deplorable slump our American fiction has taken in the last few years, especially since the war. If the quality of the stuff printed by our magazines continues to fail, I am going to start writing on my own account.

The pity of it all is that most of this stuff is written by people who ought to know better. Writers who have attained prominence by writing good inspirational stuff are using the reputations they made in that field to force their machine-made outrages on the public. As a result, the public buys a dud, believing from the name of the author that they are getting the real thing.

But the worm will turn. So, writers, take warning and stop trying to cheat the public. Also, don't put temptation in the way of others.

C. F. D., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Why Standardize Kids' Minds?

To the Editor of Collier's:

As a teacher in a rural one-room school and later as an instructor in a consolidated school, I have seen the need of more vocational work, giving each pupil a chance to develop his life in a natural way to him. No doubt the old course of study has its good qualities, but they are not the ones that the present-day world uses. We harp on "efficiency" and "ability," yet we have allowed our schools to poke along a century behind times.

Let us begin at the right place to build up a better system, rather than criticize the teachers, who are the tools of a narrow course of study to be applied in an ill-equipped classroom.

MARIE POTTER, Denver, Col.

Miss Potter's general idea is a favorite one of Collier's own—the need of more flexible schooling, a system more adaptable to the different requirements of different boys and girls. It makes no better sense to put all sorts through the same rigid course than it would to give every boy three books by the light of a pine-knot fire, and expect 'em all to turn out to be Abraham Lincolns.

He Must Be a Good Citizen

To the Editor of Collier's:

What do you think of this as an example of long and consistent voting? Jacob Tobias of this village has voted at every election from 1864 to 1924, inclusive. He cast his first vote for Lincoln, and when he cast it he was a Union soldier just of voting age.

H. D. PERRY, Covington, Ohio.

"My Youngster's" Nerves

To the Editor of Collier's:

What do you think of a teacher who gives out home work that calls for three hours daily and yet never informs the class as to the marks given in home work, or if by any chance she reads the home work? Told the children, ten years old, that she "would not mark home work because they might have had help on it." Also gives them daily and weekly tests and says nothing about their marks.

Also recently asked them to bring books or pamphlets on such subjects as coal, cotton, etc. My youngster, in an effort to win recognition, unknown to me, crossed more than a dozen treacherous main thoroughfares to go to a library and get books and pamphlets—only to say to me, "Gosh, Dad, what's the use of taking these things to school any more?—the teacher says she's too busy to bother with them, every time."

Also insists that children write Palmer method, even though my boy is unable to do it despite private writing lessons and persistent practice. He can only write using his fingers. Despite my explanation and explanations to the teacher by his mother, the teacher has made his life miserable by "calling him down" daily before the class.

He is a boy who started school at eight and in two years has done so well that he has reached high fifth. He works hard and faithfully, holding the highest marks for arithmetic, English, history, geography, etc.—but is slowly but surely breaking down: ruining his eyes, getting very nervous, tosses at night, and never had any of these troubles until he was promoted to this present class.

And what can I do? The more I interfere, the more enmity I bring on his head from teacher and principal. Are we raising a nation of unnerved men because we maintain a dumb-bell school system that tolerates no criticism and operates according to standardization rather than humanization?

"ANXIOUS FATHER," Chicago, Ill.

A Canadian-Born Husband

To the Editor of Collier's:

Like one of your recent correspondents, I married a Canadian. When Frederick told Father Abbott he was going to marry me, Father said, "If you intend to make your home in the States, then take out your naturalization papers"—and so my husband did. Though I have four brothers and a brother-in-law born in the States, not one of them takes the keen interest in elections my husband does. No personal inconvenience can keep him from voting. It's a duty he has never neglected. If I could say that of *all* men born in the United States, women would not need to vote.

KATHLEEN M. ABBOTT,
New York City.

A Wonder Man's Wife!

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am only a little wife with a loving husband, but I want to know what's the matter with the women of to-day. With the exception of a minority by myself, they have become so brazen.

Flirting, you may call it; at any rate, it consists of eye signs, an inviting toss of the head, a "follow me" gait. It does not matter if she is alone or with sweetheart, it certainly does not matter if she's with her hubby. It does not matter whether she is seventeen or seventy. It does not matter whether *you* are with husband, father or son—she does it just the same. It does not matter whether she's waitress or nurse, or one posted in front or behind wifey; it does not matter whether she is merely a passer-by or parked in a car; it does not matter whether she is in lobby, in street car or on street; it does not matter whether she is a stranger, an acquaintance or a friend. She takes you by the hand, smiles sweetly, and gives your own hubby an eye sign.

What is the meaning of this "passing wave," as they call it? Is it going to pass? What do the men think of it?

"A GOOD-LOOKING WIFE WHO IS NOT JEALOUS," Los Angeles, Cal.

Wrong! She enclosed her real name and it isn't Mrs. Valentino.

California

Where will your Children be at your age?

Champion boys and girls are California's greatest product

"The Two Helens" of San Francisco Bay

Miss Helen Wills (with the famous sunshield), Olympic and national women's tennis champion, and Miss Helen Jacobs, national girls' tennis champion.

A high school typical of many others suburban to San Francisco

San Francisco
-the Golden
Gateway
to California

ARE you hedged in where you are?

Are you looking for the better opportunity to succeed, for yourself and your children?

California, with millions of prosperous people who came from other communities, has room for millions more, in town and country. California, with twice the average per capita wealth of America, has enormous undeveloped resources of many kinds and is just beginning to grow.

Champion boys and girls

A better today for everyone—a better tomorrow for the children—California offers you that. Her cities in and near the San Francisco Bay district hold the lowest infant mortality rate in the United States. Her boys and girls, from the time they are a month old, grow taller and heavier than the average, according to United States government statistics. They play out of doors the year 'round—they furnished more members to the latest Olympic teams than any other state—they are champions! The public salt water swimming pool in San Francisco is the largest outdoor pool in the world—and San Francisco's public tennis courts have given America more national champions than any other locality, because, in California, every sport belongs to all the people, and is played all through the year.

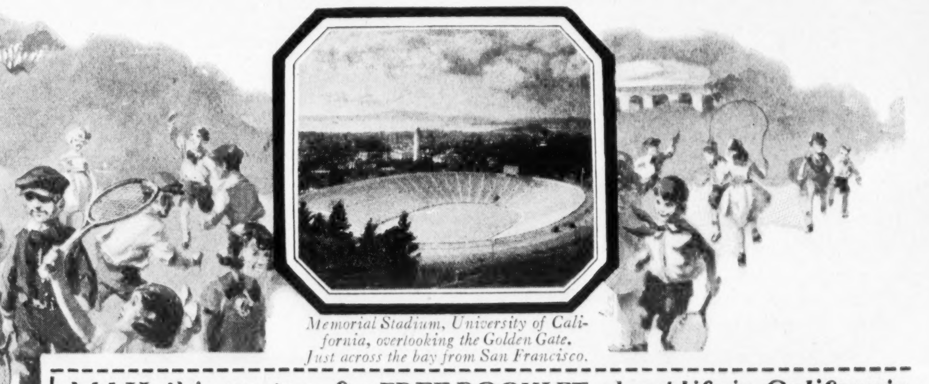
So it is throughout California's magnificent Central Valley. You will find swimming pools and golf courses in tiny towns, or even out in the country, and everywhere willingness to work hard when work is to be done and to play with equal enthusiasm when opportunity offers. Life *is* better here, for you and your family, in every way.

San Francisco offers much

In San Francisco—close to the State University and Stanford University, both nationally famous, and to Mills College, the only recognized woman's college of collegiate rank on the Pacific Coast—thousands of new families each year find exceptional cultural opportunities and corresponding advantages in getting ahead financially. A symphony concert seat costs twenty-five cents. The public schools are increasing at the rate of one new school a month. Increasing population provides increasing industrial opportunities of many sorts—for manufacturer and employe working together harmoniously for their mutual advantage and that of the upbuilding and development of the city. Industrial relations in San Francisco are exceptionally good, and the industrial development is correspondingly active.

Write for this booklet

Only a moderate nest-egg is needed in order to take advantage of California's opportunities. "California, Where Life is Better" is an illustrated free booklet that tells you all about them. CALIFORNIANS INC., a non-profit organization of citizens interested in the sound development of the State, will send it to you on request. Write for it today. Fill in the coupon and mail it to CALIFORNIANS INC., San Francisco, California.



Memorial Stadium, University of California, overlooking the Golden Gate. Just across the bay from San Francisco.

They came, they saw, they stayed

—How thousands of newcomers feel about life in California is indicated by these typical excerpts from letters to Californians Inc. We can put you in touch with the writers if you desire.

"In these two years I have lived comfortably, and have money enough in the bank to return and start a small business for myself, among my old friends. But why should I? They are coming out here singly, doubly and by the carload.

California can present opportunities so varied, inspiration so profound, and health so abundant, that you will almost be forced to succeed."
—G. T., *San Francisco*

"One of our five children, often troubled with malaria, gained 21 pounds in three months, and we all look and feel different.

California, by reason of her wonderful, sunny climate, is the ideal place for the intensive little farm."
—J. H., *Lodi*

"California has something to sell every day in the year. I handle at least ten times more money in California than I did before."
—C. C., *Anderson*

"I have a wife and family of two, one a Californian born—and I can say with all sincerity that nowhere in my travels have I seen healthier children.

The opportunities California offers a man willing to work cannot be found elsewhere, and the man who cannot find what he wants in California must be very hard to please."
—G. G., *Mission San Jose.*

Memorial Chapel, Stanford University. One hour by train or motor down the peninsula from San Francisco.

MAIL *this coupon for* **FREE BOOKLET** *about life in California*

SAN FRANCISCO BAY
THE GREAT VALLEY
California
WHERE LIFE IS BETTER

Californians Inc.
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140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 518

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name ________________________

Street, City & State ________________________

The New
WILLYS-KNIGHT

New Distinction ~ New Beauty ~ New Luxury ~ and
NO VIBRATION *at any Speed*

HERE is Distinction further distinguished—the new, improved Willys-Knight Sedan. Beauty has been added to beauty. Luxury has been added to luxury. Power has been added to power. A great car made greater!

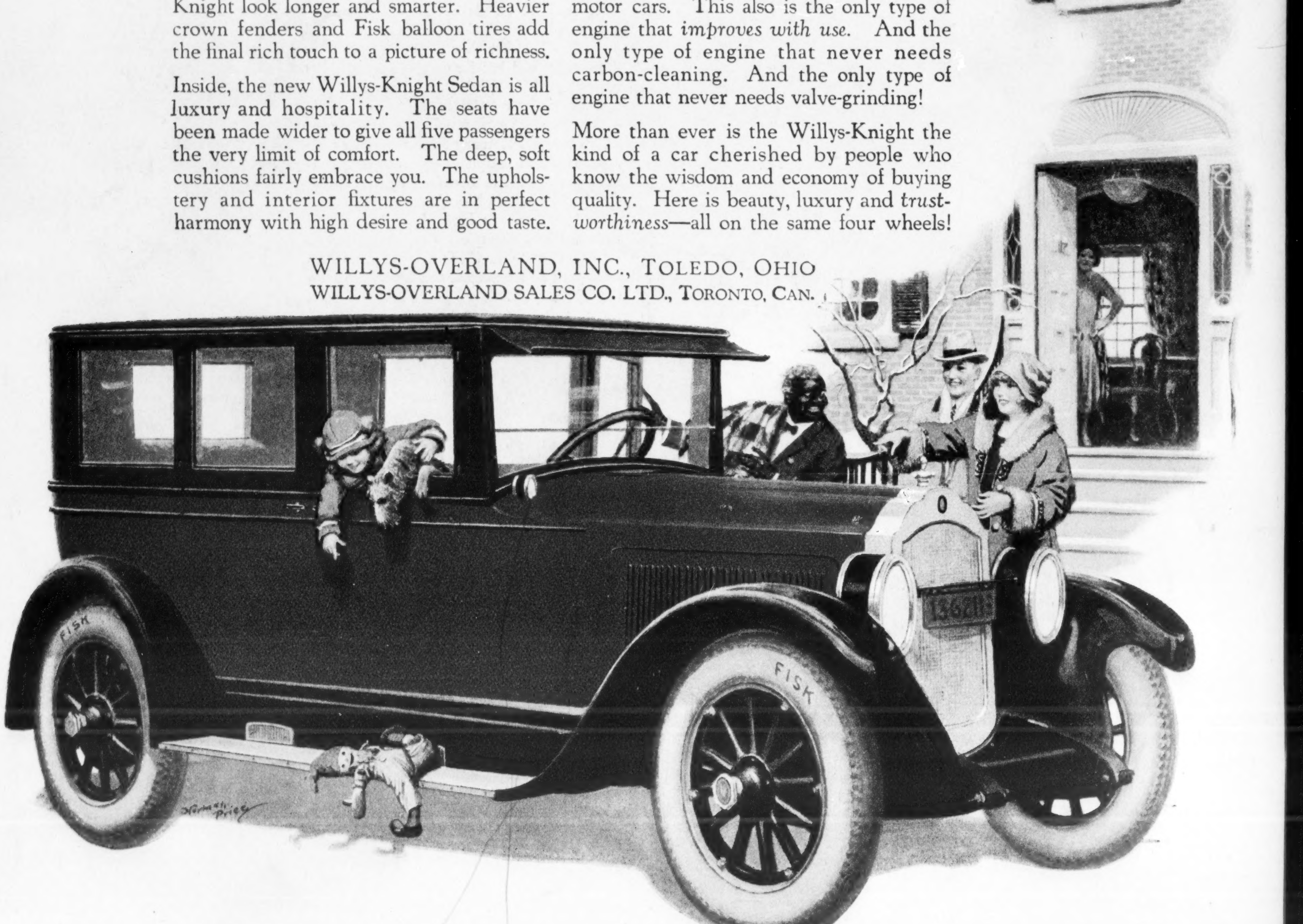
Longer, lower, lovelier lines. The radiator is narrower and slightly higher to give the new Willys-Knight that aristocratic sleekness so marked in the best and costliest cars of Europe. A double beading at the waistline of the body makes the new Willys-Knight look longer and smarter. Heavier crown fenders and Fisk balloon tires add the final rich touch to a picture of richness.

Inside, the new Willys-Knight Sedan is all luxury and hospitality. The seats have been made wider to give all five passengers the very limit of comfort. The deep, soft cushions fairly embrace you. The upholstery and interior fixtures are in perfect harmony with high desire and good taste.

And even the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine itself has been improved. No fundamental changes have been made—just a number of small, but important, engineering refinements that make all the famous advantages of the Willys-Knight engine even *more* advantageous.

This is the only engine in the United States that is equipped with the new Lanchester Balancer, a unique invention that gives Willys-Knight complete freedom from the engine vibration so common in motor cars. This also is the only type of engine that *improves with use.* And the only type of engine that never needs carbon-cleaning. And the only type of engine that never needs valve-grinding!

More than ever is the Willys-Knight the kind of a car cherished by people who know the wisdom and economy of buying quality. Here is beauty, luxury and *trustworthiness*—all on the same four wheels!

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CAN.